



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

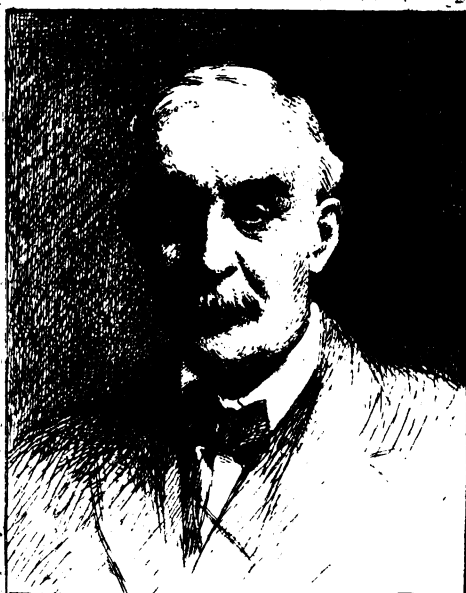
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



FROM THE LIBRARY OF
ROBERT MARK WENLEY
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY
1896 — 1929
GIFT OF HIS CHILDREN
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

*NHW:ckm del at sc
1938*

R. B. Bentley.
/

BX
5133
.M94
C9



THE CREED OR A PHILOSOPHY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

LETTERS FROM ROME, ON THE OCCASION OF
THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL, 1869-1870. 2 vols. crown
8vo. 18s.

THE WORD. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

'On all topics Mr. Mozley exhibits a sweet reasonableness, which is nowhere incompatible with a passionate solicitude that his readers shall not forfeit their inheritance of spiritual fellowship with Heaven. The volume deserves to be studied for its theory. Long before the reader has imbued himself with that he will have fallen in love with its scattered gems of wisdom, shrewd insight, eloquence, and even a certain humour, which has a vein in it of gentle malice without ever being sour or malignant.'—THE TIMES.

THE SON. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

'This is a new and powerful representation of the essential correspondence between the Christian faith and the nature, needs, and aspirations of man. It is the work of a man who thinks for himself, and borrows little from the theology of the schools. That it is interesting, instructive, and eminently suggestive, hardly needs to be said. Nothing that Mr. Mozley has ever written is lacking in these qualities, and there are few living writers who are entitled to be reckoned his superiors in the mastery of the English language. When such a writer, so original in thought, so persuasive in speech, undertakes to illustrate the great analogy between man's nature and the faith of Christendom, it cannot but be that his work is entitled to the serious attention of all serious readers.'—THE TIMES.

London and New York: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

THE CREED
OR
A PHILOSOPHY

BY THE
REV. T. ^{Thomas} MOZLEY, M.A.

FORMERLY FELLOW OF ORIEL: AUTHOR OF 'REMINISCENCES'
'LETTERS FROM ROME' 'THE WORD' AND 'THE SON'



LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
AND NEW YORK: 15 EAST 16th STREET
1893

All rights reserved

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON



1-10-39

2-28-39 JA

PREFACE

WHEN a writer, after spending a long life in a great variety of occupations and inquiries returns at last, again and again, to a theme of the greatest import, he has no reason to complain, as far as he is himself concerned, if he finds himself received with sharp criticism, prompt censure, and, what he may more care for, polite indifference. The manner of doing that which is intrinsically disagreeable to a nation, a class, or a Church, is always excepted to, and can hardly fail to deserve it. If the man who is lifting up his voice in the wilderness has not hit the right time, or the fitting circumstance; if he presents himself, as it were, in an unfamiliar garb, and is found to be stammering between a known and an unknown tongue, he may reasonably be asked why he has not given life, health, and strength to that upon which he now bestows a scant and, possibly, worthless

remainder. He may plead an urgency, a necessity, and even a call, when the world at large sees nothing unusual, or only a groundless, perhaps wanton, alarm. If he says that matters have been growing worse and worse for his whole life, and some centuries before, that will hardly account for his holding his tongue for half a century, and falling in very much with the prevailing mode of thought and sentiment. In fact, he cannot expect others to see his case in the same light that he has come to do, of course, with more knowledge of the particular circumstances.

I may add that my own long and varied experience leads me to regard with the greatest charity, not to say the profoundest pity, the ready writers invited to pronounce summary, final, judgments on long and laborious works at an hour's notice, or less. They cannot read a page without finding something that may be reasonably objected to, on the question of its absolute truth, or its propriety, or its tone, or its value, or its motive. In religious controversy it is always possible to give a man a bad name, which does not require that the critic should have read even the title or know what the book is about. In this respect the theological vocabulary is far more copious, decisive, and pungent than any other, for while politicians

mostly leave loop-holes, theologians do not. Controversy is internecine, devastating, and exterminating, and loves to contemplate an Armageddon fought on the smallest battle-field.

The Church has been, and still is, the great school of manners. It has purified and sweetened civilisation, and has produced the gentleman and the lady of our times ; but an enemy has sown tares in it, and these tares are apt to overshadow and stifle the crop. Anything like an attack upon current phrases and ideas, implies the charge of heresy, and against that every religious community has always had its weapons, and always will have.

I will not attempt any lengthened apology for the position in which I now return to the subject of this volume. The world is rather sick of apologies, and is of the opinion that, so far as a man excuses himself, so far does he accuse himself also, seeing that his life ought to speak for itself.

But I will venture to repeat a few facts, mostly to be found already in my former published volumes. I was puzzling over the Anglican dogma of the Trinity—mind, reader, not the Nicene, not the Athanasian, not the Catholic dogma, but the Anglican—when Wellington and Bonaparte were standing

face to face at Waterloo. In proof of this, I can adduce my well-kept, though much-used, manual of the Catechism, with questions, answers, and texts, by an intimate friend of Dr. Waterland. For many years the perfectly insolvable and, as I believe, the perfectly gratuitous, mystery intruded itself on my private and common devotions. Perhaps it was better that I should thus wander in a maze, instead of doing despite to truth. In my boyhood I inhaled much poison from the Evolutionary school—that hydra with fifty heads, each claiming to be the original, and all doubly reproducing themselves.

At college I was the devoted pupil, admirer, and friend of the man who shortly became the greatest writer of his age, and who then had only one wish or thought, which was to be the restorer of the Church of England. After committing myself entirely to him and his cause, whatever it might be, I took charge of an out-of-the-way country parish, to which for some years I gave my whole time, heart, mind, and resources. Following the order of the Ecclesiastical Year, I had to explain as well as I could the doctrine of the Trinity. Failing to satisfy both myself and what the Church of England seemed to require, I preached one or two of Newman's ser-

mons, and found that here and there, I had to diverge from the text. Then came a year of college life, plunging me deep—indeed, quite out of my depth—in what came to be called the Oxford movement.

Strange as it may now seem, neither the Athanasian nor the Anglican dogma of the Trinity ever made an appearance in the 'Tracts for the Times.' The Tracts entitled 'Athanasian Creed' were wholly and solely on the expediency of believing something or other, whatever it might be, and applies with equal force to the Mohammedan and Hindoo creeds ; while the voluminous and dull 'Tracts on Reserve' are simply on the old thesis, 'Milk for Babes and Meat for Men,' and, to the best of my recollection, contain not even a hint of the particular doctrines to be reserved.

I have already related, in my first 'Reminiscences,' that in this year (1836), having to read an MS. series of eight lectures on theology in the College Chapel, and finding them deeply imbued with the Anglican dogma, I went on correcting and delivering them for seven mornings without being called to account, till I found the last lecture utterly incorrigible ; that, after spending the whole night in attempts to mend it, I returned the MS. to the Provost about half an hour

before chapel-time, with a note explaining my difficulty, and that the result was a very kind letter from the Provost, and a very handsome—though, in the result, very disastrous—present of a costly architectural work from W. J. Copleston, who kindly took my place on the occasion.

Within a few days of finally giving up Moreton Pinkney, I was in the heart of Salisbury Plain, soon taking pupils, enlarging the parsonage, having daily morning service, and allowing myself to be committed, by the opportune acquisition of an ancient oak roof, to the building of a church in every respect unsuitable to the place, and dragging me into every kind of difficulty. The sober second thoughts of later years have much disposed me to regard that work as a prodigious folly, consuming to little purpose, and with some sad consequences, the best of my years, my heart, my position, and my circumstances, and comparable only to the enormous architectural extravagances of the Middle Ages which led to such abuses, and eventually to the Protestant revolt against the Church of Rome. But I take much comfort in the reflection that from the same royal demesne, Cardinal Morton brought the magnificent roof of Bore Regis Church, in Dorset; and Edward IV.

the simpler roof still hanging over the Manger at Bethlehem.

Then I began to write for the 'British Critic,' and before long to edit it, to write long articles, to read and briefly notice many books, and to deal with some of the most self-willed and intractable gentlemen produced by this prolific century. That could not last long, and it did not. On returning from my first visit to a Catholic country I was on the point of going over to Rome, but had first to consult Newman, who suggested two years' consideration. A much less time satisfied me that I was bound to finish my church if I could.

Only a month or two before the late Cardinal's death, I was surprised to receive from him a short but carefully-written letter, to the effect that he had never repented, even for an instant, of his joining the Church of Rome, but that he did very much repent of the advice he gave me on this occasion.

I was now stranded, helpless, lonely, and with no employment but the care of a few simple folk. To divert my mind from painful and harassing thoughts, I actually turned to the piano, and strummed out hymn tunes—first with my forefinger, and then attempting chords. In the midst of this there came a

proposal to write for the 'Times' on subjects I was known to have at heart. It was afterwards repeated, in one form or another, and in the spring of 1844 I went up to town. I soon took to the night-work, and from that time I wrote almost daily—that is, for portions of the year nightly—for many years. It involved frequent journeys to town, mounted messengers, sometimes daily, from the heart of Hampshire to Wilts, a very perfunctory performance of my pastoral duties, and an assistant curate. I knew that Edward Denison was aware of my employment, but had no wish to recognise it. He had already, in a well-known charge, denounced what he deemed the factious utterances of the 'British Critic.'

Some other circumstances, which I need not recall, added much to my difficulties, and, on the whole, I felt that the ground would be much clearer for everybody if I resigned my living, which I did with a pang, as if shedding my life's blood, and resolved, my present difficulties over, to accept any living of 300*l.* a year offered to me. My church was finished and consecrated in 1850. In 1852 I thought Twerton might be passed by all the actual Fellows of Oriel, and wrote to Church to say that if it were I should be glad of the refusal. Buckle took it.

Thus for sixteen years I was a journalist, but often, for long spells, doing as much clerical duty as many who pass for residents. My work was very engrossing, very exhausting, and, considering what else I had to do, too much for me, not to speak of the anxieties even a journalist can feel in the political problems pressing for solution.

In the year 1868 I accepted the living of Plymtree, at once felt a passionate interest in the place, and entered into a series of costly and difficult undertakings, more suited to a high-minded youth just come into the savings of a long minority, than to a sexagenarian who had never sufficiently attended to his health, strength, and affairs. I soon became Rural Dean, which in Devonshire is a laborious office, at least was in Temple's time. My humour then was to be at peace with all the world. This I soon found impossible if a man was to do anything.

Nor were my collisions confined to my parish, where for generations there had been those who set themselves against anything done, or proposed, by the rector. I had to preach a Visitation sermon, and I put it rather strongly that the main chance for the Church of England was a demonstration of its beneficent character. Archdeacon Freeman did not

agree with me. He thought the only remedy for the evils of the present day was the exaltation and accentuation of dogma.

Some time afterwards an attempt was made to train the yeomen of the county in the habit of free but well-regulated discussion in religious subjects, and after the usual charge, the payment of fees, and the presentments, the churchwardens were invited to a conference. The churchwardens had nothing to say, so the Archdeacons had it all to themselves. Freeman congratulated the churchwardens upon Convocation having passed an explanation of the Athanasian Creed, which would remove all difficulties in the way of its use. I could not help interposing, and said that the proposed explanation would remove no difficulties, and that it had not been passed at all, as the two Houses of Convocation were still exchanging suggestions on slips of paper when the clock struck the hour closing the session. The Archdeacon mildly replied that on his next visit to town he would inquire into the matter. On his next appearance in Convocation he was advised by the Prolocutor not to disturb sleeping lions. A churchwarden told me not long after that on this occa-

sion my words flowed out of my mouth like water out of a bucket, that being far from my usual manner.

Not long after there was a re-arrangement of the Rural Deaneries, and I was told that Freeman had a hand in cutting mine in two—a process in which I had to perform the office of executioner. I emerged from that cataclysm Rural Dean of Ottery with a miniature cathedral, a pretty and pleasant watering-place, and ten miles of sea-coast in my Deanery.

Some years after this, at one of our quarterly meetings, I read a long paper recommending a restricted and guarded use of dogmatic expressions in hymns intended for public use, on the particular ground that they interfered with the simplicity and warmth of devotion. I did not expect a single voice in my favour, and I had not a single voice. The paper will be found constituting Chapter XXII of this volume.

In 1880 a serious and increasing ailment led me to resign my Devonshire rectory and to take refuge in Cheltenham, where friends had preceded me, and to which friends now directed me, indifferent myself where I should go. I soon found myself with much time on my hands, less absorbed in the present, more

mindful, perhaps I might add, of the future. I felt that my time was short, and that I must redeem it. I was reminded that the story of the Oxford movement had to be told, and that none were so able to tell it as myself. Hitherto little had come before the public beyond the workings of one fervid and generous nature, one fine and subtle intellect, one prince of dialecticians. The work had to be done under difficult conditions. I could not do it without letting out the particular obstacles that had stood in the way of my complete adhesion and unqualified loyalty to the cause. This was done bluntly, informally, and, as some thought, offensively.

The same necessity urged me in my second set of 'Reminiscences,' with the same results. A volume on 'The Word' necessarily trespassed on the forbidden ground, but was more readily accepted as a speculation outside theology. I believe the judgment of the public on my last work, 'The Son,' is that I never was the man to write on such a subject; and at my age, and with my confessed infirmities, I was absolutely unfit. I am told that I have lost myself in metaphysics, that my topics are without order, method, or apparent design, that the reader has to find out for himself what I am driving at, and that I am

occasionally irreverent, and sometimes, it is darkly hinted, even worse.

I really have little to say in reply to these comments, and what I now say will be thought to justify them, and even to constitute a necessity for laying down my pen altogether. During the preparation of all these four works, as well as in re-editing my 'Letters from Rome,' I have had serious, painful, and disabling illnesses, besides ailments of a more local or more chronic character. For one whole month I was under continual apprehension of the immediate loss of life, reason, or eyesight; in which case I should leave behind me a mass of undecipherable, unrevised, unarranged MSS. I seemed to be running a race with pursuing death, and as if, every now and then, the shadow, and even the breath, of the foe was upon me. I have little doubt these illnesses have affected my memory, especially for names, my apprehensive powers, my judgment, my tact—I hope not my temper. In one illness I kept saying to myself, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.' Writing to a sister, I said, 'What do you say to a saint writing a book, correcting the proofs, and bringing it out, while burning at the stake?' To myself I said, 'She will

smile at the idea, but it is much nearer the truth in my case than she will think.' This is not very encouraging as regards the volume, which, as I write this, remains to be written, especially as I think the anxieties attending my four publications were probably the cause of my ailments. But the work remains to be done, and I can only hope for the best.

There is hardly such a thing as an honest and true biography, or autobiography either. Reasonable observers can always trace in a man's life and works tendencies and principles of action which he is himself ever declining to recognise. The net result is the question. I can and will attempt to justify what I am now proposing in this volume ; but I cannot justify having so long only dimly discovered its necessity, having failed to follow the kindly light that offered to lead me, and having, over and over again, even with my eyes open, and the course comparatively clear, put myself in a position, and brought myself into straits, making it impossible to do, for the present, that which I thought always incumbent and finally inevitable. I must add that though old age certainly does bring more leisure, more calmness, and dispassionateness, and a larger stock of materials

at command, the correspondence arising out of my recent works has painfully taught me that old men are very liable to forget what they ought to remember, and to remember what had best be forgotten. This means that memory follows the weaker side of the character. However that may be, I am sure there is a work to be done, and, by God's help, I will make what can hardly fail to be, in my case, a final attempt to do it.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. INTRODUCTION	I
II. 'OUSIA' IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.	9
III. 'OUSIA' IN THE NEW TESTAMENT	29
IV. THE ETERNAL AND UNCHANGEABLE	39
V. 'OUSIA' IN THE CREED	44
VI. HAS THE CHURCH BEEN EVOLVED?	57
VII. TRIUNITY	64
VIII. THE TERMS OF CONTROVERSY INDEFINITE	69
IX. BOETHIUS	74
X. ROME FOSTERING THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE CREED	84
XI. ANSELM	92
XII. ST. BERNARD	103
XIII. 'OUSIA' IN MEDIEVAL THEOLOGY	113
XIV. NATURAL WORKINGS OF PHILOSOPHY AND CREED	120
XV. AN UNINTELLIGIBLE CREED IN PLACE OF A SUPERSTITIOUS PRACTICE	131
XVI. THE REFORMATION HURRIED, INTERRUPTED, AND CUT SHORT	137

	PAGE
XVII. 'OUSIA' IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND	141
XVIII. 'OUSIA' IN THE PRAYER BOOK	149
XIX. 'OUSIA' IN THE LITANY	156
XX. 'OUSIA' IN THE SERVICES, COLLECTS, AND CATE- CHISM	164
XXI. CHURCH HYMNS	173
XXII. READ AT A MEETING OF THE RURAL DEANERY OF OTTERY	204
XXIII. THE INSTINCTIVE AND INSTANTANEOUS	213
XXIV. THE SONSHIP A REALITY	221
XXV. ALL GOODNESS RELATIVE, AND UNDER DIVINE ORDER	225
XXVI. TEMPTATIONS OF PRESUMED ORTHODOXY	234
XXVII. INFIRMITIES OF GOODNESS	240
XXVIII. THE VICAR OF CHRIST	250
XXIX. IS IT ALLOWABLE TO DISTURB LONG-EXISTING BELIEFS?	256
XXX. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE NICENE CREED	261
XXXI. WHAT WE ARE COMING TO	268
XXXII. MIRACULOUS ENCOURAGEMENT	281
XXXIII. FINAL APPEAL	292

THE CREED OR A PHILOSOPHY



I

INTRODUCTION

THE question I propose to ask and to answer in this volume is whether that which I have called 'the Anglican Creed' be a Creed or a Philosophy. As the reader of these words may not have read any other line of my writing, it is necessary to repeat that the Anglican Creed is that Father, Son, and Spirit are One God ; Three Persons and One God ; the Triune God ; One in Three, Three in One ; One God performing three offices and presenting Himself in three aspects ; and that He may with equal propriety be addressed as God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

Is this a creed or a philosophy ? If it is a creed it appeals to our faith ; if a philosophy, to our intellect. What is a creed ? The word itself has acquired its present general use from being the first in the so-called Apostles' Creed, which in its present form

dates from the eighth century, and comes to us with the authority of the Western Church, not the Eastern, and is, accordingly, in Latin. It is simply a compendium of Scriptural statements, and must be accepted by everyone who puts any faith in the Bible. We translate the word 'I believe,' and call the whole our 'Belief.' What, then, is meant by 'belief'? Johnson defines it: 1. 'Credit given to something which we know not of ourselves, on account of the authority by which it is delivered.' 2. The theological virtue of faith, or firm confidence in the truths of religion. 3. Religion, the body of tenets held by the professors of faith. 4. Persuasion, opinion. 5. The thing believed; the object of belief. 6. Creed; a form containing the articles of faith.

The phrase 'Credo in Deum Patrem Omnipotentem' is theological Latin, and it suggests the idea of committing oneself and all one has to that foundation. It is as when a man commits himself and his belongings to a ship bound for a distant port, trusting to the builders of the ship, its seaworthiness, the captain and the crew. It is, however, a literal rendering of the older Greek equivalent. The New Testament, of which the Apostles' Creed may be called a belief abstract, draws quite as much on our faith as the Old. We believe it because we believe the authorities, the chief of whom were St. Paul, and his biographer, St. Luke, neither of whom, as far as

we know, had ever seen our Lord in the flesh. They believed, and we believe, because we are sure they believed on good grounds, and were honest, sensible, and trustworthy men, with ample means of verifying what they were told and certainly under no temptation to invent.

As regards the correct use of the word 'belief,' something has to be added. The matters believed must be of primary importance, and of intimate relation to us. They must have a plain moral significance. Like other grand words expressive of grand acts, the word 'believe' is capable of depravation. When a bad man wishes to propagate a slander and is too cowardly to assert it as a fact within his knowledge, he says, 'I believe such a one did or said this.'

The origin both of the Apostles' Creed and of the so-called Athanasian Creed is so obscure that it is impossible to say with any certainty which is the older in the present form—nor does it at all matter. They testify to the co-existence of two schools or factions in the Church, respectively concerning themselves with the moral and the intellectual aspects of the Christian faith—its facts and its possible theories, its finite and its infinite bearings. On the whole, it must be said that authority, practical importance, and distinct relation to ourselves, are involved in the above idea of belief—that is, of a creed.

Turn we now to Philosophy : it certainly is not necessarily always dull, for it is often very pleasant, very fanciful, very irresponsible, and very little burdened with the tasks and charges laid on the shoulders of the rank and file. It is supposed to be always searching for the true account of matters striking the sense as extraordinary, inconsistent, conflicting, or suggestive of some cause or some law not yet revealed to human knowledge. The philosopher is a man at large in the grandest of international exhibitions—the world, to which is now added the greater world of the ever-growing universe. For the very reason that it is always expanding, ever stretching its cords, it is in vain that he labours to get behind it.

Till a few centuries ago Philosophy was hide-bound, cramped, and confined in a hollow sphere, canopied with an illuminated firmament, and surrounded by an irreclaimable, impenetrable, unapproachable chaos. Every human affair was deemed to come chance-wise, and to offer some choice of theories. So Philosophy indulged in abstracts, and as boys rub pebbles together for phosphorus, it tried to make one hard thing throw light on another. For ages the human mind was in quest of the great secrets that would solve all the mysteries of physical nature or of intellectual conception. The observation and study of actual phenomena was found to be

laborious, slow of result, full of by-paths and disappointments. What people wanted was something to save them all this trouble, and reach the goal by a royal road.

But the pursuit of knowledge itself, while one of the noblest and most necessary employments of the human mind, is sore beset by innumerable temptations. Among these is the desire of knowledge for the pride of knowledge, for its exhibition, for the sense of acquisition and of power. People are not content with that which leaves them learners. They must have that which they can grasp, wield, measure, and weigh ; that of which they can feel the edges and the corners and the shape, and so be in full possession. Orators, preachers, and writers are compelled to supply this demand, often without being conscious of it. They will disclaim, and even despise, style and rhetorical art. They only do their best to represent matters plainly, distinctly, and forcibly, leaving truth itself to work its way on its truthful exhibition.

But such an exhibition is not possible except by a wholesale sacrifice of truth. It is impossible to impart, or even to possess, perfectly distinct, solid, and measurable ideas, bounded by hard and fast lines, on moral questions. It is impossible so to describe characters, policies, situations, crises, events, relations, parties, classes, or any of the stuff that history is

made of. It is impossible so to describe the smallest possible sphere, even that of a family or a single household. Even if there arise the necessity of a succinct narrative, truth is not to be brought into a nutshell without much loss of edging. Of course we owe much to the proverbs and the maxims, in which laborious thinkers and multifarious actors have compressed and coined long experiences. But these are apt to become the mere formalities of wisdom in the heads and hearts of ordinary men, and truth itself fares better in the brilliant jewel on 'Time's forefinger.'

What now passes for philosophy does not much help us to understand what passed for philosophy so recently as in the Middle Ages, the philosophy that Bacon has the credit of putting an end to by the processes of observation, experiment, and induction. The subjects of curiosity and inquiry in these our days are much more generally physical than moral, and the discovery to be made is not a virtue, a power, or an isolated secret, but a demonstrable law reducing any number of various facts to the greatest possible simplicity—and if it may be, all that exists to some one universal law, and a spark of life or an atom of organism. Such a craving is very different from the old craving, but it exhibits the human mind still in quest of the key of all knowledge, that which shall dispense with the wearisome toils of examination,

comparison, and judgment ; in other words, the labour of apprehending, remembering, and weighing a multitude of different facts just as they have come to us, and waiting till time has thrown more light on them.

Religion and theology, or that which so describes itself, still occupy a prominent place in the inquiries of a considerable part of mankind and the practice of a larger. The inquiry, or research as it is now styled, is beset with the old cravings, temptations, and difficulties. Theological conceptions cannot be uttered or even entertained without passing at once from the finite to the infinite, that is to the incomprehensible. The multitude will not tolerate that which they can only aspire to, or which they cannot touch without its instantly escaping from their grasp. A large part of the world must have idols ; a large part must have national sanctities ; a large part must have rites and ceremonies ; so will a large part insist on dogmatic expressions which it is sufficient to utter, and which shall save themselves and those they wish to save, and ban those for whom they have no such wish.

But are these philosophies ? it will be asked. They are certainly founded on the old philosophies, which equally aimed at reducing the sum of human knowledge to a breath, in a few strokes of the pen. Very early had St. Paul to warn the Church against the knowledge that puffeth up, that is, the philosophy

that had intruded into the Church and put itself in the place of faith and charity. The men who in those days claimed to be the monopolists of real knowledge had some advantages over their modern representatives. They had a more recent antiquity, a closer firmament, a more bounded horizon, and a smaller store of facts to be mastered. So they could more easily people their comparatively little world. In these days infinity of space and time has to be grasped if possible, and that can only be attempted by inquiries into the Divine nature. This must needs be in itself a cold, unemotional study, demanding an isolation from all human entanglements. Indeed, so it was regarded generally in the early days of the Church, for it was the employment of monks and hermits. But it could lend itself to the passions, to faction, to ambition, to revenge ; and Christian philosophy became a more disturbing force in the political world than its heathen predecessor had ever been, or could ever have expected or wished to be.

II

'OUSIA' IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

THE word *οὐσία* will be new to many of my readers and can scarcely be said to have any existence except in the conceptions of grammarians, philosophers, and theologians. It is a derivative of the Greek word signifying 'to be,' and as much a form of that word as a participle or a supine is. In common converse we never say 'I am,' 'You are,' or 'He is' without adding a word which grammarians call the predicate. But 'being' has often a distinct and independent sense, as when we might ask 'What does this being owe his being to?' In no form whatever, either simple or compound, or abbreviated or changed, has the word 'ousia' entered the English language. It was never adopted into Latin; nor is it here necessary to consider how far it is represented by the words 'essence,' 'substance,' 'existence,' or by such expressions as the 'Nature of God.'

Starting thus, as 'ousia' does, by necessary deflections from a verb usually employed as a necessity of intelligible speech, it may be said that no word has

performed, or now performs, a more important part in the history and present state of the Church and the world. It has largely contributed to create a gulf that cannot be passed between the East and the West, between the Primitive Church and all succeeding ages, between the Gospel and theology, between the unlearned and the learned, between the poor and the rich, between those in whom the Gospel allays a hunger and a thirst and those to whom it is an amusement, a battle-field, an arena, or a market. Even now, in these latter days, we have to ask, with regard to this word, What is this Ousia? Nay, Who is it? For the Church of England bids us address our prayers, our litanies, our songs, our confessions, our vows, and other devotions to the Ousia as distinctly as to the Father, the Son, and the Spirit.

I am not ashamed to confess that I do not even know how to spell this all-important word. By one of the severest rules of the old grammarians the Greek *ου* becomes *u* in Latin. 'Usia,' therefore, is the right spelling. But the theologians and the historians have thought fit to set the grammarians at naught, and to retain the Greek diphthong in the words 'Homoousian' and 'Homoiousian.' They lead the way, and I must follow.

It must be premised that in the time of the great Hebrew Lawgiver, which is but thirty-four centuries

ago, or forty times the life of the present writer, there were, and had been for centuries, a considerable number and variety of religious beliefs and customs in the world. Indeed, the number and variety make it scarcely possible to accept unreservedly the received genealogies and the chronology founded upon them. Of these religious systems those that appear in the front of both sacred and profane history are the Assyrian, the Arabian, and the Egyptian.

Of these the Assyrian retained the idea of a Supreme Being, but with a fatal tendency to raise the king or the emperor to an almost equal place among the Divine Powers, and with the debasing corruption of practice always found in a large, mixed, and prosperous population. Arabia was intensely monotheistic, but peopling the heavens and eternity with sons of God and spiritual agencies much interested in this our creation, and taking their respective parts in our affairs. The tradition that the Pentateuch was written by Moses while in the wilderness of Sinai testifies at least to the faith and religion prevailing in his time. The Egyptians received from a remote age a belief in absolutely existing deities, unchangeable in their natures, universal in their dominion, in full command of the elements, and presiding over an enormous crowd of subordinate divinities. As in Assyria, their social condition had an overwhelming tendency to corruption of morals and

consequently of belief; but several recorded inscriptions—especially one over a famous temple of Isis—testified to a Supreme, Almighty, Infinite, undiscoverable, Self-existent Deity, compared with whom all that were called gods were only delegations, subordinates, or simply forms. It is clear there was one faith, or philosophy, for the educated and the initiated, and another—indeed, many others—for the people who wanted only spectacles, amusements, occasional rest from labour, and breaks in the monotonous toil of agriculture or public works.

Of all the changes known to history there is none so frequent, none so intelligible, as that from the simple faith, or the simple idea, to the superstitious. We have need only to look around us to find the cue to the old labyrinth of multitudinous inventions. By the institution of caste, by the laws of moral refraction, and by the madness of competition, every city in Egypt came to have its Deity and its festival, its observances and priesthood. There was a continuous round of ceremonies as attractive, as seductive, as they could be made, and appealing irresistibly to the imagination and the sense. With the melancholy desert on one side, and the liveliest of people on the other, the Children of Israel could not but suffer much moral contamination in spite of their singular obstinacy upon comparatively indifferent matters. While they were really much at one with

the Egyptians in the religious ideas derived from all time, like their neighbours they were always under a temptation to make compromises between reason and sense ; to catch the fleeting joys of the day, alike heedless of the past and improvident of the future, and feeling more certainty in the seen than in the unseen.

It is to the Great Lawgiver himself that we have to look, in the first instance, for the history of the world and the revelation of the Deity, leading up to the establishment of the one chosen race. No other authority has yet superseded him ; no other record has yet taken the place of the Pentateuch. If we are not content with that, we are left with nothing at all. If we must conclude that the greater part of the book was collected, compiled, and rewritten only a few centuries before the Christian era, in the time and place of the Captivity, that is only to connect the traditions of Assyria, Egypt, and Arabia into one library, as it has been called, and, as must be added, into one singularly consistent, sacred, and religious form. It is a remarkable fact, and has had but scant justice done to it by even religious writers, that while the other records of Assyria and Egypt abound with ridiculous and frivolous details, as if the object of the writers was to amuse at any price, there is nothing whatever of the kind in the Bible.

Then how did Moses describe the Deity, with

whom the Covenant of Works was made? The reader will possibly be aware of a widely organised design to represent that Deity as the head of a family, a household God, the God of a people, a racial or national God, such as the great cities and states of the heathen world had in one form or another, and at constant variance the one with the other. The design of these ingenious writers is to establish by careful suppression, addition, diminution, and exaggeration, the now favourite theory of evolution, from the lower to the higher conception of the Deity, indeed, from the physical to the intellectual and moral.

The Deity described by Moses was the Creator and Preserver of the whole universe and of mankind, to whom He granted, under conditions, the dominion over all the earth and all brute nature. He taught mankind duty, inculcated obedience, punished default, gave hope of a return to favour, and provided the means. This spirit struggled for ages with man's violence and lawlessness. Again He punished the human race, with a reservation and hope of retrieval. When the world combined, as it has often since combined, to raise the works of man and the political or social state above all proportion, God came down, and scattered the family across the surface of the world, thereby founding many nations in place of one. From time to time He sent good and bad harvests, blessings, and visitations, and not only to one race, but to

the whole world, and all conducive to one great object, the final elevation of mankind. In a very remarkable manner, and by a series of incidents to this day not surpassed by any fabricated story, He made the chosen people, and one member of it, the saviour of Egypt, and the founder of its economic system, its financial resources, and its mercantile position in the world.

One remarkable feature of the sacred record is its alternate periods of illumination and of darkness. The children of Israel, declared from the days of Abraham to be the objects of special love, alike blessing and blessed, appear and almost disappear in the history, or only appear now and then in the incidents of a tribe, a family, or a single career. There is little continuity but much congruity in the narrative. The identity of the people is found in domestic details, in rites, ceremonies, and customs, and in the relation established with neighbouring races. The religious ideas of the people are to be found by comparison with those of the surrounding world, as much as from the poetry or annals directly composed for the purpose.

For some hundred years there is an awful and mysterious blank. Israel in Egypt was like a man passing through a long and painful illness, that so effectually deprives him of all power of observation, reflection, memory, action, order, and judgment, that he cannot even remember his existence during

the period. It was literally a furnace of affliction, a bondage depriving the sufferer of his very self. For generations the Hebrews were outsiders, malcontents, and nonconformists. Indeed, they were all this everywhere, and the most probable meaning of the name Hebrew is Protestant. They retained their original customs, their pastoral habits, their lunar reckoning of time. That calendar had been rectified by solar observation when Abraham and his father left Ur of the Chaldees, but they brought with them the older form. It was again rectified by the Egyptian astronomers to a closer agreement with the solar period between the time of Joseph and of Moses, but the shepherd people still adhered to their old shepherd's calendar.

This peculiarity, as far as it goes, seems to countenance the opinion that the children of Israel regarded the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob simply as the God of their race, even as other races had their respective patrons and protectors in the heavens, and occasionally showing themselves. But it is the way of all the world, especially of England, to regard the Almighty both as the Maker and Judge of all mankind, and also as specially and pre-eminently interested in the safety, power, and prosperity of one nation in particular. The national hymn of this country, the one in which all join, takes for granted that the enemies of England are

also the enemies of God, and that He may be reckoned on to take the English side in all quarrels. It is not that we regard Him as less than almighty, nor less than universal, equal, merciful, and just in His relation with His creatures, but rather because we do not think about it. The simple fact of our asking His ready and effective interference implies that we suppose Him almighty, all wise, and all good. Were it ever put to an Englishman he would indignantly disclaim all thought of regarding God as a family God, a tribal God, or a national God.

After many years of oppression, culminating in a law for the annihilation of the servile but still rebellious race, and meanwhile the forced appropriation of its services, Moses appears on the scene. Through an extraordinary chain of circumstances, he acquires all the wisdom of Egypt at its court, which would be the very central school of its religion and philosophy. There, too, he would see the inconsistency and hypocrisy of the political system. At full age he conceived the project of rescuing his race from an abominable tyranny which was a standing reproach to his brethren, his forefathers, and his Maker. He shows his hand too plainly, and has to fly to the arid and almost desert land of Midian, where he immediately finds a nome and a wife with a priest of the most high God.

There, so runs the only record, he remained for

forty years under the heavens, which there alone show the glory of God, and the firmament that nightly displays His handiwork, and in that darkness which is no darkness to Him or His servants. There, free from ceremonies, festivals, and inventions, he could feel the Almighty both far and near, in the awful solitude, the mysterious horror, and the sublime aspiration. There he could daily hear the simple traditions current in converse or engraven on the rock that had been read and studied for many generations with no other literature. In that changeless region there is one object almost absolutely constant—the grandest emblem of divinity, but not itself divine; the life-giver, yet never losing vital power; consuming, but never consumed; an inexhaustible treasury; the maker of the paradise and of the desert. This was the sun, of whom the Roman poet says, *'Aliusque et idem semper nasceris.'* How could it remain the same from age to age without diminution or change. Even in populous cities and cultivated plains the ancients made frequent comparisons between the labours, the defaults, and the incapacities of the moon, and the unchangeableness of the sun. The sun never failed to give light enough for work and safety in his allotted hours; but when there was no moon at night the Desert was a black and hideous darkness, often with wild beasts prowling around the tent or the sheep-fold. In a

moment of inspiration, as of devotional fervour, Moses might well be assured that the Almighty, or His angel, spake to him through the most constant, most glorious, most beneficent of His created things. Such an opinion I cannot think an impiety, though it is plainly gratuitous and needless, and it does not put the Almighty out of the question, for we have still to ask who made the emblem, and who conveyed its meaning and its force and its special significance to the heart of Moses at that particular juncture, and who gave him the courage to act upon the sudden call. The earnest and hearty 'brother of our Lord,' after referring sadly and kindly to the burning heat of the sun, which is no sooner 'risen but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof faileth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth,'¹ is immediately led to speak of the Father of lights, from Whom comes every good gift and every perfect gift, and with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

I have to say at once that I cannot give more than a momentary glance at the vast mass of literature on the name, or names, of God or gods. At my time of life what I learned to-day I should have forgotten to-morrow, or only retained in some dim confused form. I cannot go farther back than the New Testament and the Septuagint. The latter was

¹ James i. 11.

often quoted by our Lord, by the Evangelists, and the Apostles, and cannot but be an unquestionable authority upon the beliefs of the more believing and more religious Jews at the Christian era. There is no reason to suppose that the ordinary pious Jews of the time troubled themselves with any critical questions of authorship, composition, or compilation. In regular course the books were read in their synagogues, and the Psalms sung according to the traditional usage.

It is enough that, while tending his father-in-law's sheep in the midst of awful scenery, Moses became suddenly conscious of a Divine presence, and heard a voice summoning him to a conference as on holy ground. It was the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob who now declared Himself, and commanded Moses without further delay to proceed to the execution of his long-cherished design for the deliverance of Israel, with instructions how to set about it, and with the assurance that he would succeed. But he had at once to convey a message to the people, who had only known him as an agitator, a rebel, and a fugitive. By what name was the sender of the message to be known? Egypt was full of sacred names, for every town there had its god, and its temple, and its oracle. According to our Authorised Version : ' God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM : and He said, Thus shalt thou say unto

the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.'

Probably there are no words in the English Bible that have acquired so strong a hold on the English mind, and that give so deep an impression of mystic—indeed, insoluble—significance. As a nation, we are easily satisfied with words we do not understand, and are apt to quarrel with those who would put a definite construction upon them. It cannot be said that the words as they stand in our Bible are so plain but that two meanings—indeed, several—may be put on them. A captious critic may say they mean nothing at all, for everything is what it is. So that tells you nothing. But no pious mind will allow the words to be designed to baffle our understandings. They must be intended to convey something. How does the passage stand, then, in the Septuagint? It is, 'I AM HE THAT IS,' and 'HE THAT IS hath sent me unto you.' Surely there can be no doubt as to the meaning of these words. They must mean, I am He that really and truly exists; the only one who so exists; not a sharer or receiver of existence; not one of the many gods the children of Israel have been hearing of and have been compromising themselves with. I am He who called your ancestors away from the false religions of Chaldæa, Padan Aram, and Canaan. In like manner I now call you to escape from the contagion and corruption of

Egypt. Thus the point of the answer given to Moses is the absolute and sole mode of existence of the Supreme. So, again, in the 90th Psalm, where we read in our version, 'From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God,' the passage in the Septuagint runs, 'From age to age Thou art.'

The Revised Version offers in the margin several alternative translations, upon which I can offer no opinion, as that would require some knowledge of Oriental languages, specially of Hebrew tenses. These are as follows: 'I AM BECAUSE I AM'; 'I AM WHO AM'; 'I WILL BE THAT I WILL BE'; 'I WILL BE.' The second and third of these alternatives are rendered by Poole, *Ero qui ero*. Now, is there any new revelation of the nature of the Supreme Being in these words? Do they add to the numerous Divine manifestations and interventions in the history of man and of all creation recorded by Moses, and commonly supposed to have been gathered and compiled by him in the wilderness before this great event? The children of Israel were recalled to their first faith, and commanded, as on several occasions afterwards, to purge themselves of all Egyptian leaven, to stamp out Egyptian idolatry, to roll away the reproach of Egypt.

The popular religion of Egypt was now a deification of all created things, from the monarch and from the Nile itself, down to the smallest flying or creeping

thing. Such a religion could present no barrier against the continual inroad of foolish fancies and abominable practices. There was no reality or constancy about it. It would change from place to place, from year to year. The God of Israel was, and would be, that which He had ever been everywhere. Scholars tell us that in the Hebrew the future is here used because it embraces the present and the past. But it must be added that while we cannot conceive the eternal past or infinite present, and only make the attempt to find ourselves on the brink of a dark and hideous void, we can and do conceive the infinite future, for the simple reason that it is the work of our lives to contemplate the future, and advance into it. But let it be observed, again, we are here told nothing of the nature of God, nothing of a supposed God-head attributable to different persons. The declaration is as simple as words could make it, and no more than the occasion required. In the Septuagint the same verb occurs in two deflections, the indicative and the participle, from the latter of which the word 'Usia' is immediately derived, signifying the being of a Being. In the 90th Psalm, ascribed by tradition to Moses, the indicative only is used, but in the sense of absolute and unchangeable self-existence, while in Exodus it rather attaches to the participle.

In these days any questions dealing with the text of Exodus will receive a summary treatment. If it

is a purely speculative matter when or where or by whom or from what materials the book was written or compiled, then any particular passage must share the general uncertainty. I cannot undervalue or deprecate such inquiries—indeed, they are to me most interesting ; but, knowing what I do of the literary manner, tradition, and practice, I have to content myself with probabilities. I feel sure that there did occur in a definite and particular form that which is recorded in Exodus and also that which is recorded in the Gospel according to St. John. In the course of this century the distinctive character of the Almighty declared at the Burning Bush has received great illustration from the researches of Egyptologists. The special wisdom of Egypt in which Moses had been instructed was undoubtedly not its polytheism of popular practice, but its theism, its central truth of an absolute Self-existent, Maker and Preserver of all things, King of kings and Lord of lords, Judge of all men, exercising a moral government over the whole world, and holding His own for ever and ever.

There can be little doubt that from the remotest period within our knowledge there was in every religion and every philosophy such an inner school and inner circle holding the tradition of a Supreme Self-existent. The Egyptians must have known it to be the central and fundamental faith of the strange

people occupying the borderland between them and monotheistic Arabia, though they might doubt whether He was the sworn protector of one chosen race hardly seeming to deserve that distinction. Pharaoh quailed at the mention of One for whom there was no name that man could venture to pronounce. He demurred, indeed; and had to be taught by the most terrible demonstrations that the Power with whom he was now face to face was absolute Master of all the elements of nature, earth and sky, fire and water, even of the heaven-descended Nile, of the ripening harvests, and every class of animal life, from the minutest and most multitudinous to the highest, rarest, and most precious, the first-born of him that sat on the throne.

That Pharaoh should recognise the one, true, omnipotent God, yet hesitate to recognise His actual presence and interposition, so far from being strange, is the almost universal attitude of the highly-educated, even if they combine strong religious sentiment with sound philosophy. There are philosophers, not without a certain piety, who hold the first Cause answerable for the government of the world, and both able and ready to vindicate His system, to amend its aberrations, and to repair its seeming failures without human aid. On the other hand, there are theologians, so styled, who hold the first clause of the Apostles' Creed as a sublime philosophy; the second

clause as an historical summary of some events constituting a new creation about two thousand years ago, and at once taxing our faith and demanding it ; the third as a grand ecclesiastical theory—all three leaving us much at liberty to do what we please under existing circumstances.

To my great loss, I am unacquainted with Hebrew, and cannot get behind the Septuagint. But if that is to be confided in, surely the passage of Isaiah xliii. 10, in the Authorised Version, 'that ye may know and believe Me, and understand that I am He,' ought to be rendered, 'that I AM.' So, again, Psalm xc. 2 would be rendered 'From everlasting to everlasting THOU ART.'

Critics who think it worth while may reply that they have no objection to the rendering, for all three passages referred to were written at the same time and place, that is at Babylon. But that only introduces us to a new question, viz., the influence of the Oriental philosophy and faith upon the Egyptian, whereby the latter was saved from that utter deterioration threatened by its African affinities. The popular religion of Egypt was the worship of the creature as representing in its innumerable forms the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of the Creator ; but that could not but tend to every variety of corruption, and the result was a people holding an ancient heritage of sublime truths, and a grand tradition fortified by the grandest edifices, the

most sumptuous establishments and the most gorgeous ceremonies, combined with an unequalled social and political degradation. It was the successive foreign element, the Greek, the Jew, and the Christian, that finally saved Egypt and gave it a place among the nations, making Alexandria for centuries the seat of literature, philosophy, and faith.

Now, what or who is this mystery of mysteries, this innermost core of all religions and all theories, this ever-recurrent visitor from another world, reappearing again and again, exploded by one generation to return triumphant in another? 'Who is He?' the believer can ask. 'What is it?' asks the philosopher. Both questions were answered from the 'Burning Bush' in the words 'I am He that is.' We cannot really say what God is, if by that we mean His nature and inner being. We can only know Him by His works, as they come within our finite sphere and finite apprehension. The Christian must brave the charge of Agnosticism if he is challenged to describe the being, the nature, and the attributes of Him whom the question supposes to have existed before all creation and apart from it. He knows what God has done and is doing and will do, and that is enough for him. Indeed, he cannot say or conceive more.

Virgil was well acquainted with the Septuagint, and it is possible he may have had in his mind the verb, with the texts in which it occurs, in several

passages of remarkable force: 'Sum pius Æneas,' 'Troja fuit,' 'His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono; imperium sine fine dedi.' The verb 'to be' is usually supposed to depend for its meaning entirely on that which is affirmed or denied; that is, to have no meaning in itself. It is supposed to require a distinct predicate, expressed or implied. But Virgil uses the word with a negative force for ceasing to exist, as Homer had done the equivalent word.

III

'OUSIA' IN THE NEW TESTAMENT

THE only appearance of this word in the New Testament is in two successive verses of the Parable of the Prodigal Son. It there designates first the 'living' which the Prodigal Son compelled his father to divide with him, and in the next verse the 'substance' which he immediately proceeded to throw away on his bad associates. But, though little used by itself, it had already entered into the composition of important words, notably of a word signifying, according to the context, liberty of action, privilege, authority, power, an angelic order, or a veil worn by a woman to signify that she was under proper protection.

It is also used as the composition of a word which occurs in both St. Matthew's and St. Luke's version of the 'Lord's Prayer,' and which remains the subject of a controversy sufficiently difficult to allow the Roman theologian to render the clause 'Give us this day our supersubstantial bread,' that is, our spiritual bread, food for our souls as well as for our bodies. For

my own part I cannot wholly give up this solution of what remains a real difficulty, and if it sounds like a surprise, or a mystery where that was not to be expected, so, too, did our Lord's use of the verb itself in his controversy with the Pharisees in the Temple.

I must also add that I feel myself haunted, as it were, by the reflection that the word *ousia* in the parable and *epiousion* in the Lord's Prayer are Divine utterances, proceeding from the lips of our Lord, while the *exousia*, signifying a system of authority, or of delegation from a higher to a lower rank of obedience, was addressed directly to Him. Is the parable prophetic as well as retrospective, and as well as bearing upon the inner life of every soul? May it suggest the distribution, the squandering of Divinity among the countless creations of fancy, appetite, superstition, tradition, and downright imposture, in all ages? Does it encourage the expectation of a universal return of a wandering world to the forgiving Father and his sympathetic Son?

In the Gospel according to St. John we read that in the third year of our Lord's ministry, the year before the Passion, our Lord's disciples had become impatient of what seemed a retreat, indeed, an abandonment of His cause in Galilee, and urged a visit to Jerusalem at the approaching Feast of Tabernacles. They were aware that it would be attended with

danger, for that His usual opponents, unable otherwise to confute Him, or to counteract His teaching, were seeking His life. Our Lord sent them up to the Feast, but at the Feast made His usual appearance in the Temple, and, as was customary, delivered addresses to the assembled people revealing His mission and authority. The Pharisees replied to the effect that it all rested on His own opinion of Himself, for He could show neither authority nor mission, and could not pretend to be a greater man than Abraham, who did not promise eternal life, and who had died himself like other men. Thus challenged to a comparison, and while the attention of His hearers were fixed on their great forefather and his high place in God's favour and intention, our Lord closed His case with an averment of surpassing interest and importance: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am.'

There can be no doubt that our Lord was here quoting the declaration heard from the Burning Bush. As, too, He did often quote the Septuagint, it is probable that He did so on this occasion. According to the received text the only word quoted is the first, the indicative present, but it evidently would necessarily have a much larger range of time than the present tense, as commonly used, and, to an indefinite extent, it implies the sense attaching to the participle in the Mosaic narration. Our Lord claims an

existence further back than human record, genealogies, fixed conditions, and creations, for there is no limit, and an indefinite future, an existence infinitely more real and abiding than that possessed by man, or attributable to any of the fictitious imaginings and traditional divinities of Egypt, Greece, or Rome. The astounding extent of the claim was at once apprehended by the Jews who heard it. They regarded it as blasphemy: 'Then took they up stones to throw at Him.'

It is not necessary to suppose that they had any distinct apprehension of our Lord's words, or that they agreed among themselves as to the interpretation of the words. The idea of pre-existence, involving transmigration of souls, was prevalent among the Jews, and would itself carry the range of possibilities very far back. It could not be this alone that offended the hearers on this occasion. The offence was the appropriation of the word 'I am,' itself without meaning, but full of meaning in the use of it in these two old and new passages.

Nor is it possible for us to put any exact construction on these passages and their relation to one another. We cannot comprehend the Father. We cannot comprehend the Eternal Son. We cannot comprehend the relation of the Father and the Son, created as we are. We cannot get out of creation. To use an old illustration, we only break our wings against the bars of our cage. The mere attempt sup-

poses a definite estimation and conception of our Lord's conscious and actual co-operation in all the works of the Eternal Father.

The human mind is incapable of conceiving that during this argument with the Jews in the Temple He was at the same time really conscious of every thing going on in the whole universe, and the movement of every atom, the thoughts of every intelligent being in it. But if it be a pious folly to go designedly beyond the limits imposed by the laws of our own physical nature, it is an impious folly to stop anywhere, and an impious tyranny to insist on others stopping at any point we may choose to name. Our only escape from such folly and such wickedness is to hold our tongue and to abstain from language that in our case cannot possibly have a meaning. While it is scarcely possible to doubt that His answer to the Jews was intended to close the controversy by an appeal to the Burning Bush, and to leave an awful revelation of Himself to be pondered over, it is not less apparent that He designedly stopped far short of the declaration made to Moses. 'I was before Abraham' is a very different thing from 'I am the only really and truly existent—the one source of all existence, the one unchangeable in a universe of change.'

It is true that the later declaration was quite as much an appeal to faith and a trial of faith as the

earlier, for nothing could well be more improbable, in itself, than that the Galilean mechanic who had suddenly appeared from the outer darkness of a despised province, and gathered round himself an ignorant and credulous crowd of followers, all of the humblest rank, should be earlier in time and greater in precedence than Abraham, and able to confer not merely a few years' enjoyment of an earthly inheritance, but the sure possession of a happy immortality.

The Jews fully realised this immense difference, and their sense of it would be but inadequately expressed by the exclamations 'Abraham is dead, and the Prophets are dead;' 'thou art not yet fifty years old.' Still the matter we have to deal with is not so much what the Jews thought or felt, as what our Lord says, and He certainly does not here say of Himself that He is the one eternal and only true and real existent. The more closely we connect the two declarations, the more do we find it necessary to discriminate between them.

Our Lord never claimed to be Himself the source and original of what He said or did. He never claimed inherent power or authority. He claimed a mission, a mandate, a divine and singular relation, the privilege of a certain access to the Father with an immediate response, and the certainty of a perfect correspondence and agreement between His intentions and the will of the Father. What He claimed,

and did, and said, He taught. He taught us all to do and to say nothing as of ourselves, but only as, with our best endeavours, we may discover what the Father of all wishes us to do and say.

But some of the Fathers, and a long line of theologians, have held that, by the use of the word *I am*, our Lord declared Himself to be Him who spoke from the Burning Bush. These Fathers and theologians proceed on the supposition that every Divine communication and appearance is to be ascribed immediately to the Word, the Son of God, whom, indeed, they would thus make absolutely one with the Father. Whatever to the sense and apprehension of man comes from heaven, they say, is a Word of God, and, as there can be only one Word, so they all constitute the Word.

It certainly cannot be necessary to come to such a conclusion, for, under the Divine Providence, by far the greater number of Christian people have been under a necessity not to come to it, having not even heard of it, and being certain not to entertain it. They take Scripture as it stands, and as it must stand to simple-minded men. True, there are matters to be explained to them, and questions best left unanswered when it really does not matter whether they are answered. Theologians themselves, when they have a theory to defend, will take an authority at his word, or not, as they please.

When the Protomartyr speaks of the voice from the Burning Bush, the Deliverer of the Law to Moses, the Guide through the wilderness, and the Conqueror of Canaan, as the Angel of God, these authorities pronounce that such a Personage must be the Son of God, and as such the one Almighty. Accordingly when it is stated that Stephen saw, in the rapture of his martyrdom, the glory of God, and the Son of God standing on the right hand of God, they argue that the Omnipresent cannot have a right and a left, and that what Stephen saw must have been God Himself in His glory.

What, then, is to be said of the utterances which, to human sense and apprehension, came down from heaven, directly to, or concerning, the Son? How are we to understand, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;' 'This is my beloved Son, hear Him;' 'I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again,' of which last words our Lord said, 'This voice came not because of Me, but for your sakes'?¹ If we do not take Scripture as it stands, leaving apparent inconsistencies to those who have theories to invent or to maintain, we have not much to say to those still more critical, still more imperious, still more courageous readers who are prepared to explain away the sacred record altogether, on the ground of its impossibility, improbability, or inconsistency. We

¹ John xii. 26.

certainly lead the way, and begin the breach through which the rising flood of unbelief will soon deluge the land.

Nevertheless, and after all, it must be borne in mind that there are two distinct questions before us, in whatever order we may choose to take them. There is the question of the mode of existence, whether original and absolute, or derivative and conditional; and there is also the question raised by the mode of declaration. It may be truly said of the One Almighty that He was before the days of Abraham, and we might suppose it the will of God to say that much and no more, leaving faith and love to discover what was left untold. So they who believe that our Lord could truly have said that He was the One only and truly existent may argue that He would certainly not have been believed by any one of His hearers, all of them being utterly unprepared for the declaration, and incapable of comprehending it, insomuch that it would have precluded all further communication even with His own most believing and most loving disciples.

Were these questions of philosophy or of faith? Was either the former revelation at the Burning Bush or the latter in the Temple an appeal to the intellect or to the religious sentiment of those to whom it was delivered? In both cases the whole surroundings and circumstances point to the one object of winning the

obedience, the loyalty, the hearty submission of the soul at a great crisis of deliverance on the one hand, impending doom on the other. In both cases the deliverer had to show himself, and, so to speak, deliver his credentials sufficient for the occasion.

In both cases it was an appeal to faith, to a right faith, and a properly educated faith. It does not peremptorily demand to know everything, to comprehend the whole matter, to put the informant on trial and seek occasion to discredit and dishonour him, to prove him an impostor, or what not. It is content to take the averment as far as it goes, leaving the *dé-nouement* to time. It does not go out of its way to invent a new issue to put the question upon. It does not search for a question that cannot be answered. Even if it be conceded that it is difficult—indeed, very difficult—to apprehend the distinctness and relation of the two voices in this matter, is that too great a trial for faith to undergo? Must it cut the matter short by roughly concluding that the two who thus severally announced themselves must be one and the same? Must it jump at the conclusion that the less must comprise the greater, the undefined part the infinite whole? Is it not rather bound to ponder over these things, till it is better informed, and has more of that knowledge which comes from above?

IV

THE ETERNAL AND UNCHANGEABLE

THEY who would make it a chief part of religion to keep the eyes fixed on the Ousia, have to be reminded that, in one form or other, every faith has its Ousia, that is, its eternal, imperishable, incorruptible element. Some have believed that there were eternal ingredients in matter, even if mixed with the perishable and infected with evil, yet reducible to order. The Epicureans contemplated with a scientific pleasure, even if with excusable envy, an order of beings who had no affairs, nothing to call business of their own ; and, happily for themselves, no right or power to take any part in the affairs of mortals below. Accordingly, a Greek or a Roman philosopher would speculate on the happy condition of those exalted beings as he would on that of the possible inhabitants in the moon and the planets. Oriental caste is a variation of the same religious idea, exhibiting at least the unchangeable element as prevailing over the changeable. But when the eternal is dissociated from the moral, it can only be by robbing the Almighty of His moral aspect and even of His spiritual.

The material philosopher has also his eternal and unchangeable, even if he credit it with creative and conservative functions. He regards the great physical laws and elements as eternal and incorruptible. They are the *Ousiæ* of his faith. Conditional as man is, and tethered by sense to a fixed place and time, he finds it simply impossible to regard gravitation, momentum, chemical elements, light, heat, electricity, as coming into existence either suddenly or by degrees, or in any conceivable manner. Christians who found their faith on the Bible are content to leave such questions alone, but the physical philosopher is ever casting such difficulties in their face, and demanding a solution, independent of Scripture and creed. Gaining, as he thinks, a victory on this ground, he pushes his advance further, and pretends to find a sufficient explanation of all moral questions on the physical basis.

The reply to this enormous pretension is not by depreciating science, or disregarding its moral bearings. If besides the immutable elements of nature—that is, immutable as far as we know—there are moral elements constantly in fervid and even violent action, and also that which is widely held to be Divine interference and a revelation, these have claims to our regard not only just but also highly important and not to be disregarded without certain loss and unknown danger. If a man wish not so much to wor-

ship a marble statue as to be himself turned into stone, not so much to be a philosopher as to be himself undefinable, he cannot do it better than by bestowing his whole regards and affections on those attributes of the Deity which are beyond all human comprehension. It is to make a great gulf between us and that Eternal who by the almost unanimous consent of all ages and climes is not so remote from us, or so indifferent to us, but that He is now and ever acting upon us.

The theologians of this age warn the less initiated in the tone of rebuke that they are apt to dwell on the humiliation of Christ rather than on His glory, the glory that he had ever had with the Father, and the glory He received on His victory. What a theologian includes in the 'humiliation' is best known to himself. Surely we need not regard the whole work of Christ, His life, His passion, His intercessions for us while in the flesh, His doctrine, His example, as humiliation. Surely we are not bound to deem it safer to dwell on that which passes understanding than on that which all can understand. Surely it is not necessary to regard the plainest teaching and the simplest example to be dangerous, and the rifts in the darkness separating us from the Eternal the only objects of a laudable curiosity, the only safe ground of religious conviction, the only matter good for the cure of souls. At all events, nothing is to be gained by

underrating that which must ever remain the most prominent, the most moving, and the most affecting of all human records, the story told by the Evangelists, supplemented, so God willed it, by the life and writings of the Apostle to the Gentiles.

In all matters whether of earth or of Heaven there is one rule always to be observed. It is the rule of proportion. Nothing must be pressed beyond its place, nothing must be allowed to exclude or overshadow the rest, and so to monopolise our limited powers of attention and observance. Neither the finite nor the infinite, neither the comprehensible nor the incomprehensible, is to be so insisted on as to put the rest into the background. Either aspect of these great questions is necessary to a just appreciation of the other. But all human life is in direct and immediate relation with that which we know of the Almighty, His Son, and His Spirit, as revealed to us in the New Testament. To neglect the Gospel history, or to allow it to dwindle and fade into the form of a mere representation, is to lose the most precious of all the gifts of God, at least the most appreciable.

It is fit—indeed, necessary—that we should now and then be reminded of that which passes man's understanding, of that which reduces the wise to a level with the simple, the philosopher to a level with the ploughman, the theologian to a level with a child. But if we take for our models our Lord's discourses,

or the Pauline Epistles, we must allow that the matter bearing upon our every-day life must occupy our attention every day—indeed, every hour—while in regard to the Self-Existent, the Eternal, and the Infinite, we have rather to wait for the Divine call and opportunity, and then promptly and humbly attend to it as best we can.

Taste as well as common sense resents the frequent introduction of the grander and sublimer truths of Revelation into the ordinary course of conversation and action. We do not really think a man the better Christian because he is always asserting and claiming to be our teacher. It is a violence done to our nature, which cannot but desire to work out the great problems of human and divine existence on its own lines. We can all enter into the feelings, not of the tyrant who demanded an immediate answer to the question, 'What is God?' but of the wiser philosopher who demanded first three days, then nine, and then failed to satisfy his questioner.

V

'OUSIA' IN THE CREED

IT is out of the scope of this volume to dwell on the faith and life of the Apostolic, primitive, and ante-Nicene age—that is, of the first three centuries. The records—that is, the materials we have to deal with—are scanty, intermittent, with many blanks, combined with many errors and now admitted forgeries, or writings passed off on Christian credulity like many of the 'good books' written for children in our days. It amounts to a special intervention of Providence that Christianity survived at all, and became a stronger and distincter tradition from age to age.

As for creeds, they make very little appearance in the first two centuries. Even as early as the first century—that is, in the 'New Testament' itself—there are several passages, much in the form of hymns or doxologies, that would be daily mementos for private use or mutual encouragement. The contemporaries, the eye-witnesses, the survivors who could witness to the testimony and faith of eye-witnesses, remained long; and the writer of these lines can

testify to the distinctness with which the early part of a century can be remembered and its story told to near the end of it. There was not so free or so constant a communication between the different parts of the world—that is, between the different provinces of the Roman Empire, as there is in these days, and there was consequently much room for variety, and even inconsistency, in the professions of faith. They were very often short, very simple, and they contained very little disputable matter.

So long as Christians were poor and despised, so long as the Christian profession was dangerous and unrewarded, the religion of the humbler classes and the road to the bloody arena, to deserts or to catacombs, there was not much competition for such prizes as it had to offer. At length it became 'a power, a force—a factor, as the expression is—in the great Roman realm. Emperors courted bishops, and before long created them—setting up one and putting down another. The bishops of the great cities were very great men, lived in palaces, held courts, conducted grand functions, and had multitudes in daily attendance, besides large gatherings upon occasion. Controversies broke out like sudden conflagrations—sometimes with as terrible consequences. They were, of course, not upon the facts of the Gospel history, not upon the truth of the Jewish or Christian Scriptures, not upon the sacred text, but upon the most

obscure, most mysterious, most unascertainable, points.

If the argument carried the disputants beyond the range of human intelligence, just as a rough game might carry the competitors in one entangled mass from the Campus Martius into the Tiber, so much the better. Some would live to tell the tale and reap the fruits of victory. The fate of the vanquished would be so much gain to the survivor. The survivors of a battle do not take much amiss the diminished company that meets after it. But something like agreement among Christians was of the first necessity to the Civil State and the Imperial power. Constantinople could not be made the capital of the East, and the link between two worlds—indeed, three worlds, so different as the three continents—without a common code of laws, religion, and belief. At that crisis in the world's history everything had to be put into an imperial form, and on an imperial basis, for imperial enforcement. The iron rod of empire, which had been recently used in open persecutions against all Christians whatever, was henceforth to be used upon those only who would not accept imperial Christianity.

The common idea of a Church Council is that of a number of learned divines, fairly and equally representative of the universal Church, meeting day after day, comparing text with text, authority with

authority, local tradition with local tradition, and in this way arriving at a conclusion that would be an impregnable barrier against creeping error or rampant unbelief. So long as truth held the ground, it is said, there was no need of Creeds, and the Church was better without them. But when the truth was attacked, then the Church had to put forth its strength, and, shoulder to shoulder, present a phalanx to the invading or the treacherous foe. The ill results, if any, are to be charged on those who compelled the use of such human inventions, which seemed, indeed, the Church's only defence against the misbehaving and aggressive world.

Alas for the poor simple folk who so imagine of the great Councils, with high-sounding names and over fifteen centuries of prescription! They were held neither in the stately council-chambers of great cities, where there would at least be order, nor in wilderness-like spots, where there would be at least quiet and seclusion. They were held in pleasure resorts, practically suburbs of the rising capital of Constantinople, having about the same relation to it as the watering-places that line our South-Eastern coasts have to our metropolis. They were summoned, held, and conducted with surprises, rushes, tumults, veritable mobs, menaces wisely regarded or fatally disregarded—indeed, with such disorder as is never found in our country now

even at a contested election. True, the armoury, the fatal weapons, the battle cries, the terrible engines, the crucial questions, the racks, and the Procrustean beds had been long prepared and carefully elaborated, just as it may take a whole generation of peace and confidence to prepare for one day's fighting. Whether it tell in favour of the so-called Nicene Creed, or against, it did not take its present form till centuries after the Council giving it the name.

Now I am not much of a theologian, nor do I even know what English man is, or has been, for some centuries. I am writing chiefly for those who are not theologians, and know they are not, but bearing in mind those who believe themselves to be theologians. I am forced to use what may seem an invidious expression, but it is universal, and apparently a necessity of the case, that everybody who has really given heart and mind to the study should find himself the only theologian in the world. Having arrived at the conclusion through dark and winding ways, with many ups and downs, he cannot retrace his steps or make out his bearings, and is, consequently, unable to identify his exact position with that of any other traveller in the same forest. It must be, nearly all of it, dead reckoning. It is true any new text or authority ought to have a fresh and corrective force bringing him back to the way if he has lost it, but

the actual possession has been won so laboriously, and held so long, that the possessor or possessed, as it may be, cannot amend his kingdom or his thralldom at the dictation of an hour.

I also labour under the supposed disadvantage of having avoided controversy upon matters of faith for the greater part of my life—indeed, of the century. If this seem a strange confession to make, and hardly consistent with my own little history, be it remarked that neither the ‘Tracts for the Times’ nor the ‘British Critic’ discussed matters of faith in what may be called theology proper, nor did the late Cardinal himself ever grapple at all closely with them—no, not even in his work on the ‘Arians,’ as some shrewd critics have abundantly shown.

However, I must give no more time or space to preambles. The word ‘Ousia’ first appears in the Nicene Creed. In the oldest known form of that Creed it occurs twice, the text running, ‘The only begotten Son of the Father—that is to say, of the substance of the Father’ . . . ‘Begotten not made, of one substance with the Father.’ Whether there is this iteration in the original Creed cannot be ascertained, nor does it matter. The contention had been between the words ‘of the *same* substance,’ and ‘of *like* substance’—Homousius and Homœousius. No question whatever has so divided this world, so shaken

the earth, and so agitated all the elements of society, as that between these two words. Was our Lord of the same nature as His Father, or only of a like nature?

No, we must not ask that question, because the word 'nature' is not admissible. It cannot be applied to the Father, who is born of no one, and therefore has no nature, which is that which we have by birth. Cicero wrote a treatise, 'De Naturâ Deorum,' but all those deities were born of some one, some time or other. Nor can the question be put in any other way. No words in our language would meet the case. After a long life spent in the serious consideration and sometimes happy solution of difficulties, the late Archbishop Tait could only pray, in what proved to be his dying hours, that the Almighty might some day Himself work our deliverance from this great linguistic, that is verbal, embarrassment.

It is simply for want of a better word, as the Roman theologians often deplored, that *substantia* was adopted—nay, in this sense invented—as an equivalent for Ousia; and we have accepted what must be called the *damnosa hæreditas*. It still hangs like a millstone round our necks. Ninety-nine out of every hundred members of our Church cannot possibly attach any other meaning to it than the material one, the pagan one—that is the matter, the elements, the airy and gaseous stuff out of which aerial

cosmic, and celestial beings may be supposed to have been made. I ask a particularly clever, well instructed, and religious school-teacher—indeed, one of the few who fulfil the promise of their earlier days—‘What do you understand by the words “of the same substance with the Father”?’ She is accustomed to think before she replies, and she does so now. ‘I never think about it, Sir.’ I tell her she is wise, and recommend her to go on never thinking about it. But would that be a proper answer for her to make, or a proper rejoinder for me to make with regard to any other article of the Creed?

Well, we have to return again and again to the very words. Words, indeed! It is only one word—the simplest and shortest of words, and the one most necessary to anything that can be called a statement, a truth, or a fact. It is our Lord Himself who makes and compels upon us a comparison of the two most important revelations ever made to man: ‘I am He that is’; ‘I was before Abraham.’ Is the being—that is, the existence, here the same, or something short of the same, that is, different in some respect? If the latter, then there are two, at least two, degrees of existence—one absolute, the other not. Literally, that is taking the words, ‘I am’ is common to the two revelations; ‘that is,’ not. Does the force of the second revelation consist in the word which is common? Is the difference significant?

But the questions that cannot be answered, sometimes, for that very reason, can be most tremendously and most advantageously urged. The history of this question is also the history of the Arians, semi-Arians, or whatever their opponents chose to call them. As they were stripped of their possessions, driven to banishment in remote and barbarous regions, mostly murdered on the road, their writings burned, and every Christian upon whom a scrap was found put to death instantly, we have to take their teaching on the word of their opponents. They were charged with the weakness of endeavouring to substitute, by the change of a vowel into a diphthong, a word signifying of like substance, or similar substance. This, of course, was held to be a bit of Pagan mythology. But to that charge one answer was sufficient. According to the Scriptures, and, it must be added, our reason also, man—the true Man, the perfect Man—is of a like or similar substance to the Almighty, being made in the image, or likeness, of God. The most religious philosophers of antiquity recognised a God through the nature of man.

Surely it is the wisest and most reverential course to take each of these revelations as it stands, to inculcate its distinct bearing and force, and so let it grow naturally in the mind—the Almighty, the only self-existent, the one source of all existence; the Son, existing before all creation that we know of,

Himself in a sense the Maker by whom or through whom and after whom it is made; its Heir, its King, the one solution of its mysteries, its difficulties, its seeming shortcomings and mischances. Surely this is enough to teach and to learn here, without importing new terms that utterly defy interpretation, that baffle the sense, and rather contribute to harden the rebellious heart than to soften it or to make men love either God or man. Surely, when learned and well-intentioned theologians urge us to hold fast to the word 'substance,' we may ask, Why? what good has it done? If it holds its ground, surely that is enough.

Then you avowedly and distinctly quarrel with the Nicene Creed, the very foundation of the Church, the ground all true believers stand upon. You would meddle with the glorious work of Divine and human art which has stood as a rock against the assaults of heretics, barbarians, philosophers, scoffers, and generation after generation of open persecution and muttered scepticism. Take that away, what do we stand upon? I reply that it stood for ages as the monument of a period that left for us many lessons, but its supersession is not so large a question. It is virtually superseded, disgraced, and degraded to a lower rank in authoritative precedence by the Anglican dogma which says that Father, Son, and Spirit are One God.

At the best, the statement that I or anybody else takes his stand on the Nicene Creed can only be true

in a certain sense, for the Creed admits of a great variety of interpretation, and has been seriously modified. It is impossible to bind the Almighty, or our conception of the Almighty, with words. If the expression 'God of God' have any sense whatever, which may be reasonably doubted, that sense itself makes a difference between the two uses of the word. The Almighty is here called God, simply and absolutely. Jesus Christ is called God, but, it is immediately explained, not God simply and absolutely, but in a qualified and derivative sense of the word. He that is 'God' cannot be 'of God.' He that is 'of God' cannot be 'God.' Nor is the statement at all affected by the use of the word 'very,' or true. Jesus Christ may be called God truly, but the derivative sense remains. The Son is not the Father, and the Father is not the Son.

To any serious Christian it cannot be a pleasant remembrance that by far the most interesting and most intelligible account of the controversy is Gibbon's. He plays round and round the Ousia with inexhaustible and almost genial wit, and if anybody would prefer the humorous treatment of it to the serious, he cannot do better than give a few days to the two celebrated chapters of his great work. It is scarcely necessary to observe that Gibbon neither could nor would suppose there to be anything in the matter beyond opinion, ideas, and beliefs. Even so it is

unphilosophical to think there is nothing in these things, for, if an opinion has contributed much towards making this world what it is, it is a much more important matter than any event in history, any war, or any convulsion of nature that we know of. The conquests of Alexander the Great entered history quickly, and almost as quickly passed out of it, but a few words in a Creed have contributed and still contribute much to separate one quarter of the world from another.

It may reasonably be said that only two courses are open to anyone professing to treat of the Nicene Creed. He may accept it unreservedly, or as unreservedly reject it. There is no mid course, it may be added, unless a man can set himself as another *Athanasius contra mundum*. But an honest man may find a great variety of courses presenting themselves, and not to be discussed easily or easily accepted, and the two alternatives proposed to him simply impossible. It is not possible for the reason to accept statements defining the incomprehensible. It is also impossible to discard, to ban, and to forget the conceptions that have occupied the heart, mind, memory, and loyalty for a whole lifetime. It is also impossible to most men to search out, to examine, to sum, and to compare, the writings of a whole library of ancient and modern authors on these subjects, the initial process in every stage being to find out what

an author himself meant or understood by his own words. It is impossible to do all this with even living writers, ready to explain what they mean, that is, if they can.

It is not so impossible, or even difficult, to arrive at some vague conception of the current theology of a Church or a sect or a school, or at least to accept the expression. But what is quite possible, indeed easy, not to say a downright necessity, is to accept creeds, or other theological expressions, in simple loyalty, and bestow no further thought upon them.

Indeed, what can the greater part of mankind do in this matter? They are often told to search for themselves. But their teachers also begin by an inquiry into opinions or reliable authorities. Yet it is frequently found, even by honest and gifted inquirers, that the search for truth in the open field of opinion is to begin with hope and end in despair.

VI

HAS THE CHURCH BEEN EVOLVED?

WHETHER we should or should not take our stand on any particular form of words or manner of Christian life, adopted at any particular place and time, remains, and must ever remain, a matter of controversy. If it much divides, much harasses, much weakens a people, it also strengthens the Christian world. Everybody has the idea of a standpoint and a rule of faith in his hand, in his will, and even in his heart, but everybody deals negligently with the idea, and even craftily, sometimes departing far from it, or stretching his tether to the breaking-point. Most educated men, and still more English ladies, think they have taken their stand on the Nicene Creed and are orthodox after the manner of the Nicene Fathers. Poor things, little do they know how they have departed from it, how indeed they have all long ago thrown it in the waste-paper basket. In that Creed there is not a hint or a suggestion of a Triune God ; and I feel as sure as I am that I am alive, and shall soon die, that the Fathers of that Council would have

regarded the idea of a Triune God as an invention of the Evil One, designed to discredit the Council and reduce its Creed to an absurdity.

It cannot fail to be noticed that the reiterated expressions intended to show and to demonstrate that the Son partakes of the substance of the Father are not repeated in the third part of the Creed. Of course, the people who think they stand upon the Creed, but do not, reply that it was unnecessary to declare that the Being described as the Lord and Giver of Life, proceeding from the Father, and whose very name is the Spirit or the Breath of God, must be of the same nature, and that all Three are of one nature, and consequently One. They will also add, if they are versed in the long controversy, that Councils and Creeds only say what it is necessary to say and are silent where it is unnecessary to speak.

But behind truth and all the controversies is a spectre, and that is the meaning of this word *ousia*, or substance. Is it an element or a relation? The former would probably be the prevalent supposition with most of the Fathers at that Council, for they were philosophers rather than theologians, and all philosophy then was apt to be materialistic. If we adopt, or try to adopt, the latter alternative, then it cannot surely be said that the relation of the Spirit to the Father is the same as that of the Son to the Father, or that the mutual relation of the Three Persons is the

same. The Council of Nicæa did not approach these questions, and therefore avoided the conclusion of an absolute Oneness comprising all the Three Persons. It was not till many centuries after that theologians could define the Trinity as an Individual, consisting of Three Indifferent Persons, that is one who could not be divided, but who consisted of Three Persons, not differing in nature, that is in properties, qualities, rank, power, and authority, from one another.

Cardinal Newman appreciated so fully all the facts of the question, as far as he could take cognisance of them, that to save them at any cost, including the great fact of human philosophy, he suggested evolution, as explaining different conceptions not only of the Church but even of the Almighty and of His only begotten Son. The word itself means procedure in a curve, which in this case is supposed to be affected by circumstances. No doubt, evolution has had a very important part in the history of the world, and in the formation of its institutions, its faiths, its languages, and its national characters. No doubt, it has worked powerfully upon the Church. If it has been usually regarded as the element of error, rather than truth, that does not determine the question. When Cicero said he would rather err with Plato than be bound to a straight line, he indicated the erratic course always pursued by free agency. Flocks and herds wander, and it is best they should, even if they have to be

watched and kept within bounds. The facts of the case are on the Cardinal's side, and he was not the man to speak without a good basis in facts. The elder Church was seriously affected by every successive race, nation, and religion that it came into contact with, and the evolutionary theorists try to make out that from the beginning the Jewish conception of the Deity was entirely racial, and so far no novelty or exception to the general rule. They may have something to say for themselves, but, in fact, the one universal opprobrium against the Jews has been their obstinacy, their bigotry, and their unchangeable adherence to their own beliefs.

Nor can it be denied that our Lord's own life and ministry has a certain look of development. A new Creation, a course of instruction covering the whole ground of ethics, the Atonement with all that it won for us, the preparation for the gift of the Spirit, and some insight into the near and far future, had all to be done within brief limits of time, under the most difficult conditions. Indeed, how was our Lord straitened till all this could be done! The new creation had to be as broad as the old; the teaching had to be the correction, the purifying, the elevation, and the sanctifying of all that is good in any philosophy, tradition, or belief. Our Lord always took His text, so to say, from the incident, the persons, and the place; and whatever He said or did

it was a distinct addition to all He had said or done before, and, to some extent, a variation. There is no other record of so great a work, so multifarious, so effectual, so complete and so abiding, done in so short a time, so many places to be visited, so many races, classes, schools of thought, ruling powers, languages, and traditions to be dealt with in detail. While all this gives a variety to the Gospel history, by which it never palls, it gives also to some an occasion for charging our Lord with either a change of front or an extension of design, or a retreat from His original plan, or an inflated ambition, or disappointed hopes. Plainly it is a development which the objectors misinterpret, or have not the sense to understand. The faithful and loving disciple saw a perfect consistency and absolute identity of character, the change being not in the Divine object but in the human conception and estimate.

When we come to the Acts of the Apostles, the case is easier for the theory of development. Though on three particular occasions the Apostolic mission has the look of contracting, it expands by leaps, as it were, as Samaria, Joppa, Damascus, Antioch, Tarsus, Athens, and Corinth come into view. The First Council (that at Jerusalem) can hardly be thought to have fully realised the great change already wrought in the spiritual status of the world.

It is on the decidedly impulsive and erratic move-

ments of the Church in after-times that the Cardinal relies for the strength of his favourite argument, not so much in favour of his own views as to confound objectors, 'How do you know that so and so is not the case?' The Church does seem to describe a curve as it impinges and rebounds from Antioch, Ephesus, and Alexandria, to Rome, whither also thence possibly the Cardinal does not say. The curve would be round an invisible stem or axis. Practically, straightness most gratifies the eye and the intellect when it is always reverted to after various aberrations, and is found to be the fundamental law. One does, however, rebel against the notion of the Church being a creeper or a bine.

But there now presents itself a greater question than any calculation of ecclesiastical or dogmatic curves; and never more imminently or more imperiously than now, and in this our own country. How, and where, and in what form, upon the whole, has Christ most revealed Himself to the rank and file of the great Christian army, to the flocks themselves, to the children of toil, the unlearned, unwitting of controversy, really incapable of creeds—at least, of such documents as the Nicene? Do they see anything of a curve, or a succession of impacts and rebounds? To them Christ is a constant effulgence straight from Bethlehem, or Nazareth, or Jordan, or the Lake, or the Mount, or the Temple, or

the Judgment Seat, or Calvary, or the Tomb, or the Mount of Ascension, it matters not, all somewhere afar off, and from the Almighty behind. It is in the Gospel they find the law of the Church and the character of the Saviour. They made no attempts to scan the infinite past or the infinite all round. They are soon dizzy on the edge of those abysses. They can no more describe curves in historical matter than in prehistorical space. Such feats they leave to the men who offer you stones for bread, and instead of fish give you serpents.

But the mental condition of the great Christian flock is little more than that continued childhood to which the highly educated will often return in old age. It is a constant recurrence of the same thoughts, indeed, of the same words, gathering round some centre of affection and admiration. The religious mind, in all classes and conditions, will find this centre in Him of whom the Gospel tells the story. It is a straight, undying, even if intermitting and sometimes clouded, effulgence. It ever falls in with the effulgence of Nature in its most genial moods, and with the most spontaneous emotions of the heart in its greatest trials, its deepest sensations, and its best won triumphs over its worst enemies. So far Nature and Grace are ever coincident, though not the same.

VII

TRIUNITY

ALL the dogmatic expressions implying Threeness as an attribute of the Almighty are an unwarranted foreclosure of a grave question which cannot but continue to engage the human mind with ever-increasing interest and urgency. Science now reveals to us millions and millions of suns, with probable worlds, probable occupants, and probable circumstances and histories like our own. All that we know of our own world and ourselves constitutes a probability of the like in other systems and spheres. We are repeatedly told by theologians that man can only become good by probation, that he must have the opportunity of falling and of restoration ; and that this can only be by Some One entitled to be called God's Only Begotten Son, as being in a special sense partaker of the Divine nature. The probabilities of the case thus point to an infinite number—if there be such a thing as an infinite number—of only begotten sons of God, and in that sense a multiplicity, not a trinity, in the Godhead. Of course it is not necessary that

anyone should attempt to follow up such a question, and answer it, but we certainly do pretend to answer it when we talk of a Triune God, or say that Father, Son, and Spirit are one God. Revelation throughout is addressed to the existing state of human knowledge, and, it may even be said, to existing notions, existing beliefs, and existing ignorance.

This is the usual answer given, and very properly given, to the busy mockers who tell us that Christ was mistaken, or misinformed, upon various points on which science or criticism has thrown more light than there was in His time. In His time man knew only of one world, occupying the centre of all things, and resting upon some solid and eternal foundation, with a universe, as that word itself indicates, revolving round it. Absolute Oneness is the prevailing idea of such a conception, the only one possible under the circumstances. Can we suppose our Redeemer doing at the same time one and the like work in an infinite number of worlds? No, we cannot, and the attempt is gratuitous as well as presumptuous. True, our Lord says, 'Other sheep I have that are not of this fold,' and that bears a large, and still larger, interpretation. But the difficulty of conception must ever remain on our part.

There is no such difficulty in the interpretation of Holy Writ, which only tells us what concerns ourselves.

It is we who make difficulties by saying more than the Bible says, and by adding to its simple and profitable teaching much that is inscrutable and unprofitable.

Yet the speculation—the mere speculation—as to various forms of spiritual existence must be permissible, for it cannot be suppressed, and it receives every day what seems to be positive encouragement. We cannot but feel much curiosity as to the inhabitants, if such there be, of our planetary neighbours. As their condition of material existence would differ much from ours in gravity, heat, light, atmosphere, length of days, nights, and years, and relation to the other bodies in our system, we cannot but conclude a difference of spiritual and intellectual constitution amounting to a real difference of being. Such a conclusion, while it expands the range of our ideas, must tend to check all dogmatising—that is, all narrowing, fixing, and hardening of our lines—by the mere force of words.

The Canon of Holy Writ concludes with a book which, though only a series of dreams, and, like other dreams contained within the limits of mental conception, stretches that faculty, and of belief also, up to breaking-point. It has caused more speculation than any other book in the whole Canon, by admitting us, as it were, into the innermost heaven, the remotest past, the most problematical future, the

most rapturous vision of glory, and the most awful sights of moral downfall and just retribution. The Saviour no longer appears with no more terrible tokens than a scourge of small cords, picked up from the floor of a market, a few withered leaves, or the casualty of a herd of swine, but as the vicegerent and wielder of Almighty Power and the Judge of all men. Yet this very book concludes with an emphatic and ominous warning against those who would add subversive or needless words of their own to the sacred text, and so at once weaken Divine authority and narrow the lawful range of human thought.

The idea of an eventual absolute Oneness in all spiritual existence may be said to cover the East, and to find favour in the West. It is always something to fall back upon, whether in argument or in meditation. 'Would that I were but a leaf in the Tree of Life,' says George Herbert. 'What do we know about numbers,' said the late Cardinal to those who objected to Threeness, or whether there will be such a thing as number in a future state? But the idea of an absolute unity in all spiritual existence certainly tends rather to multiplicity than to Trinity of Persons. The explanation would be that the multiplicity is comprised in the Person of the Son, thus saving the dogma of the Trinity. Perhaps the idea is equally important and valuable to some serious minds as saving the countless host of saints in

Roman Hagiology, all elevated to the rank of saviours, redeemers, sanctifiers, and even creators, and wielding together an omnipotent power.

Let it be borne in mind that we are peopling the universe with an increasing multitude of saints assured of eternal happiness, death as regards them being swallowed up in victory. We may be going beyond the letter of the record, but we certainly are not going beyond a reasonable interpretation when we suppose that this process has been going on much longer than six thousand years, and that it will go on for ever. We cannot reasonably or piously suppose that Heaven will ever be too full, or the Almighty ever wearied with well-doing, or ever exhausting His creative and sanctifying power. The probability is that, as He will always be what He is now, so He will be always doing what He is doing now. That consideration alone ought to stop all dogmatising in the narrow lines of human thought with which the world had to be content fifteen hundred years ago. St. John had visions which theologians tell us amounted to an enlargement, explanation, and definition of all that had heretofore been revealed to us. So have we. The angel of Science has opened to us new heavens, a new earth, and new Jerusalems, demanding recognition in our faith and worship.

VIII

THE TERMS OF CONTROVERSY INDEFINITE

THE conclusion that I have myself come to, after a much longer consideration than one man in ten thousand has been able to give to it, is that all these words—Ousia, Homoousia, substance, consubstantial, existence, co-existence, essence, or being—are indefinite, and depend on that which circumstances, and the mind of the hearer, reader, or speaker bring to them. They express adoration, veneration, admiration, religious sentiment, but are not philosophical in any exact sense. Whether they are religious depends on the religious feeling brought to bear on them, and this may be very slight indeed—nay, none at all. Our Lord nowhere says that the Son is all that the Father is, nor does the Creed say it, nor can any reasonable being say it, except with a reserve—that is, in a certain sense, still leaving the Father the Father and the Son the Son. As Father and Son they must be co-existent, or, as the Creed expresses it, consubstantial.

Indeed, at the date of the Creed the one universal

argument for the use of the word was that drawn from the earthly and physical parallel. 'Begotten, and not created,' was heard from ten thousand mouths. The Son must be of the same substance as the Father. There they rested. They did not proceed to interpret this into one absolute unity. They evidently saved the Fatherhood and the Sonship. They would not confound the Persons. They allowed the Father to differ from the Son in being the Father, and the Son to differ from the Father in being the Son, even while they saw that, in a certain real sense, the Son must be in the Father and the Father must be in the Son. All these necessary reserves are swamped and drowned by a deluge of nonsense now filling our churches, reducing the Father, the Son, and the Spirit to One Supreme Being, whom we certainly make a composite Person, that is, an Idol of our own intellectual conception, when we worship Him, and render Him divine service as here we do now continually.

When a word has been in use for fifteen hundred years, though for the greater part of the time in a dead language, and sung rather than said, there may be abundant reasons for retaining it in use, even if the original mistake of its adoption becomes at last the fruitful seed of dangerous error. We should deem a man absurdly scrupulous who objected to the word 'universal' as implying that all created things re-

volved round our own little globe every twenty-four hours, and worse than foolish if he insisted on making that an article of faith. In our own country innumerable instances assure us that a man may be a sound astronomer without losing a particle of his faith and loyalty to Holy Writ.

The Latin Fathers complained, as Cicero had done long before, of the poverty of their language, which did not readily produce equivalents for the terms of Greek controversy, but it was something deeper than the language that was at fault. Greek was more the language of theory, Latin of life. The Greeks retained much of their Oriental origin and affinities; the Romans, though they too could boast an Asiatic ancestry and foundation, had long been mainly a conglomerate of all the nations under the sun, rapidly embodied in a municipal code that accepted, digested, and utilised all the elements of social and political life. The word *ousia* certainly is suggestive of Oriental theory, that is, of elemental.

From that point of view the Latin 'substance' was a great downfall. It was a business expression—'We understand one another'—impossible either in fact or conception, but practically sufficient for the occasion. Not but that it too had its dangers and mischances. Cardinal Newman several times expressed his horror at alleged 'understandings,' which it was impossible to bring to any proof or test,

and of which, at the best, there must have been two distinct apprehensions. Even in so fundamental a matter as truth, the Greek and Latin words are not quite equivalent, the Greek *Alethe* referring rather to physical law, including human infirmity; the Latin *verus* being rather an appeal to what we mean by the honour of a gentleman.

But while the Latin Fathers were in the second class of tradition, receivers, imitators, and copyists, and so far admittedly less authoritative, the Eastern Fathers had even more difficulty in settling among themselves what was their common meaning and the net value and form of the theology they had to impose on the whole world. The most critical question—indeed, the turning-point—was the difference between generation and creation. On this point the arguments are sometimes shocking to the taste as well as to the reason of theologians who may be said, in this respect, to live in happier times. It may be reasonably and hopefully doubted whether these arguments were more than words, and whether they obtained any place in the understandings of those who used them.

Seeing that the Almighty is a Spirit, filling all space and time, with a conscious and active existence, and seeing that nothing is entirely external to Him, and everything is foreseen, it follows that, even on the premises laid down as fundamental in our own

theology, our philosophy is not equal to the task of explaining that which our Creed commands us to believe. We cannot force such inquiries upon the common apprehension, unaccustomed and untrained as it is. We must be content to put these matters as they were put to the simple fishermen, craftsmen, women and children of despised, ill-favoured, benighted Galilee.

IX

BOETHIUS

I HAD often wished to fall in with Boethius, and to see in print what manner of man he was, and how far a real personage of sterling merit and likely to yield a little good. I was aware that he had written a work '*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*,' which long had a great reputation, and many translations, including one into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred. This feat of the royal scholar is commonly described as an agreeable diversion from the cares of fighting and governing. More probably Alfred had to do it as his daily task during one of his two long sojourns at Rome before he was twelve, for his education had not been so neglected as historians are pleased to imagine.

How was it I never came across the book, or even saw it quoted? How was it that the man himself had disappeared from history? The ecclesiastical historians describe him as the one shining light that redeemed the sixth century from utter darkness; yes, the one philosopher, one poet, one Christian, as I

then supposed, doing duty for all the arts and sciences, all mental culture, for one whole century, five hundred years after the prodigious, preternatural galaxy of the Augustan age.

In March 1891, after toiling for many days through the flat and barren sands of the 'De Imitatione Christi,' in the vain search for some living and growing thing, I saw 'Boethius' in a catalogue. I immediately wrote to 'The Bodley Head,' in Vigo Street, and, at the very moderate charge of three shillings, secured a pretty little well-bound volume, worthy of a place on any shelf. The title-page informed me that the once-famous work had now been made English, and illustrated with 'Notes' by the Right Honourable Richard Lord Viscount Preston, that this was the second edition corrected, and that the names of Tonson and of Round vouched for the printing. The date was MDCCXII.—that is, two years before the final extinction of the Stuart dynasty. Several pages of advertisements at the end of the volume announced that Mr. Tonson had on sale the works of Mr. Dryden, Mr. William Shakespeare, Mr. William Congreve, Mr. Abraham Cowley, Mr. John Milton, Joseph Addison, Esq., and some other literary gentlemen; while W. Taylor, at the Ship in Paternoster Row, was selling, among other religious or controversial works, 'The Comments of a Presbyter on Mr. Hoadly's Views upon

the Lawfulness of Resistance to the Supreme Magistrate in Certain Cases.'

On turning over the leaves I soon perceived that Boethius was somebody. After a dip here and there, I further perceived that to do some justice to the work I must begin at the beginning. There are five books divided into forty chapters, each chapter consisting of a 'Metrum' and a 'Prosa.' Of the former the translator gives the original of the first two lines. All runs easy, and his Lordship has fairly accomplished the difficult task of importing the rhythm of both metre and prose into the translation. I see that a learned work has been published on the metres, which are sometimes classic, sometimes those of a later age.

Whatever the reason of it was, I had scarcely read half a page before I became conscious of a certain hum that had set in my inner hearing, and which returned every time I took up the book, and never ceased till I put it down. What was it? How shall I describe it? Was it the distant roar of old Rome? Horace calls that a *strepitus*, and it contributed to drive all who could afford it to the surrounding hills. Was it the music of the spheres? An Irish dean once assured me that he had heard that distinctly. He did not say on what occasion and what it was like. Was this the grinding of the earth on its axis? Americans tell us you must get

near the pole to hear that. For many months after my break-down at Colchester, in 1832, I had the sound of a water-mill in my head. It was not like that; nor was it the sound of a cotton-mill, or of bees, or of hornets.

The last is a decidedly musical creature. The Irish, as I conclude from Tennyson's 'To-morrow,' call it 'the piper that piped before Moses,' and helped to drive the Canaanites out of the land. I was once dining in company with Lord Eversley. After dinner he observed to our host, 'I did not know, Sir Erskine, that you had an organ.' 'Nor have I,' was the answer. 'Then, what's that I hear?' We listened, and soon discovered a big hornet poised about a yard over our heads, evidently considering upon which of us it should make a swoop. The napkins were all put in requisition, but the hornet was hard to drive away. His Lordship was about a foot taller than I was, and I took comfort in the lines—

Feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.

Well, if the reader is not tired of solutions for what he may consider a mere fancy, here is one more. Macaulay mentions that William's first speech from the Throne was received by the gentlemen who crowded the bar—that is, by the Commons—with the deep hum by which our ancestors were wont to

express admiration, and which was often heard in places more sacred than the Chamber of the Peers. He afterwards mentions that Viscount Preston heard that hum, and did not like it, for his heart was with James. In fact, the hum haunted him, and impelled him to conspiracy.

This strange return of an old world never ceased while I was reading through a third of the volume. But then came on a painful illness, which disabled me and threatened to cut short the volume I was engaged on—that is, ‘The Son.’ I had to finish my work, or, rather, to bring it out unfinished. I have now resumed Lord Preston’s book, and, after a glance at the unread portion, at what Gibbon has to say of Boethius and his work, at the elaborate article in the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*,’ and at the sad—but, I fear, too just—picture of the unhappy translator given by Macaulay, I have concluded to write as much on these matters as the present purpose will allow, while my hand can still hold and guide this pen.

The singular distinction of the man rests on somewhat better grounds than as the occurrence of an oasis in a desert, or of a solitary rock in a level plain. He was in several senses the last of the Romans; the last of its citizens, the last of its patricians, the last of its politicians, the last of its philosophers, and only not the last man to defy the barbarian king then ruling Italy and half the world from Ravenna,

because he paved the way for Belisarius, who was more of a warrior and a man of action. He persistently intrigued and made some open demonstrations to obtain the intervention of the orthodox Emperor of the East and of the Patriarch of Constantinople for the expulsion of the Arian Goths from Italy. Strange as it may seem to us, he was regarded as the pillar of orthodoxy, for no other reason than that he was a Stoic philosopher of the then universal school. At last his efforts, more provocative than efficacious, exceeded the limits of common prudence, and were more than Theodoric could safely tolerate. Boethius found himself a prisoner at Milan, or at Pavia, held for a time as a hostage for the better behaviour of his fellow citizens at Rome, but under sentence of death and daily expecting it.

From a merely literary point of view it is to his credit that he could write the book under such trying circumstances, but there is not a particle of Christianity in it, and it has been even doubted whether Boethius so much as professed to be a Christian. The philosophy is that which even to the present day is synonymous with stolid, apathetic endurance, and which is regarded as a fossilised survival of the old world. It consists in maxims more likely to silence complaint than to alleviate pain or to bring out the proper fruit of adversity. This is a world of ups and downs. You've had your day ; it

is somebody else's turn now. You cannot expect the heyday of life twice over. Chance, destiny, envy, malice, indeed, all kinds of evil, will pursue their inexorable course. Necessity is ever driving her iron chariot over all human institutions, marking her path with ruin, wreck, and blood. If there results a *summum bonum* you must not quarrel with your place in the world. Very great men have suffered as much as you, and as undeservedly. The art of life is to become indifferent to it, for it will assuredly come to an end.

For many a century this dreary landscape and this dismal drone were deemed the fittest ornament and the sweetest music for banqueting halls and presence chambers. It was the skeleton of the feast and the 'Remember thou art mortal,' whispered in the ear of the conqueror. Dress up such consolations as you will, they are nothing more or less than to surrender self, body, soul, and everything else in earth or heaven, to the blind rage of an infuriated chaos, a tornado without order, purpose, beginning or end. It is to give the worst an eternal mastery over the best.

But we must not be too hard on Boethius or hold him singularly at fault. Has Christianity a high and distinct place even in the writings of Addison, Dr. Johnson, or any of the novelists from Miss Austen down to the legion now engaged in the manu-

facture of 'airy nothings'? Has it a high and distinct place in the press, at least in that portion which is not devoted to the advocacy of some particular sect or school? Has it a becoming position in the legislature, or in the general policy of the empire? How about the schools in which England of the future—if it be indeed England still, and if it have a future—is being industriously taught and trained? Well. It must not be omitted that Boethius met his fate with dignity, and a very few years saw the Goths driven first out of Rome, and then finally and utterly cleared out of Italy.

But now for the English Boethius, Viscount Preston. He was a man of high standing, of figure, and of letters, and as such was a great favourite of James II., who gave him his title and made an attempt, too late as it proved, to advance him higher in the peerage. He submitted with the rest to the Prince of Orange, and must have been present when the Prince announced to the Parliament his intention to be neither Regent, nor Lieutenant, nor simply the Queen's husband, but King, and he perceived by the general 'hum' that the announcement was well received by the Commons. Was that the 'hum' I have described above as mysteriously accompanying the volume? No, it could not be. So the mystery remains unsolved.

Preston was nobody at the new court, and his only chance, so he conceived, was the return of the old

one ; and, with many others in a like case, he entered into a correspondence with the deposed monarch at St. Germain's. With half-a-dozen hare-brained confederates, and some bundles of letters in curious varieties of cypher, he dropped down the Thames on a dark night, had been already betrayed, was overtaken and captured, tried and found guilty, and had then the alternative of betraying his accomplices if he would escape immediate execution. It proved too much for his weak nature, and he soon found himself consigned to present and eternal ignominy, beyond all chance of reparation, in a remote corner of Yorkshire.

What could he do ? He could not purge himself, but he might palliate the crime or put his pursuers on a wrong scent. Something suggested a certain correspondence between his case and that of Boethius. True, the one had not betrayed his accomplices, the other had. The one had met his fate nobly, the other had not. But there was this saving difference. Boethius was a man of strong nerve, Preston had no nerve. Boethius was born a strong character, Preston felt himself a weakling. Such facts had to be taken into account. What is a poor soul to do when it finds itself a crazy tenement, and shivering in the blast ? Some dread Power must be held answerable for the result. That dread Power is Necessity, which its unhappy victim makes out to be

a moral anarchy. The outcome or summing up of such a career, including the crime and the attempt at self-restoration, is that Preston is forgotten, that he has contributed to make Boethius forgotten also, and that it was in vain that Dr. Johnson recommended a favourite lady friend to undertake another translation.

X

ROME FOSTERING THE CORRUPTIONS OF
THE CREED

STRANGE to say, nowhere is it so difficult to discover the present local ideas and conceptions of Divine persons and things as at Rome. It presents an enormous number of churches with their respective dedications and names—the Divine Mother in a boundless variety of characters, Saints innumerable, a church or two of late dedication to the Trinity, the Angels more distinctly recognised than on English soil—and a prodigious quantity of relics generally in aisles, chapels, cloisters, and vaults, numerous commemorations, crowds of clergy and students, sacred pictures and sculptures more or less in modern taste and rather less than more pleasing to an English eye, several edifices surpassing all others in the world, and a central living personage also surpassing all other sovereigns in antiquity, in political or ecclesiastical descent, surrounded, it is universally admitted, by the most assiduous and efficient court in the world.

In all the material garniture of Rome, perhaps

there is nothing so grand, so significant, or so famous as the fresco over the altar of the Sistine Chapel. It occupied what may be called Michael Angelo's spare time from about 1533 to 1541, the most critical period of the Reformation, when Luther had well nigh finished his work, Calvin was establishing the Genevese Republic and Church, Loyola was forging the Jesuit Order into the weapon of a spiritual despotism, and Rome was busily laying down the lines of the approaching Council of Trent. The one piece of sculpture contributed by Michael Angelo to the illustration of the Old Testament is Moses about to dash down the Tables of the Law on seeing that in his short absence the children of Israel had lapsed into idolatry.

What does the picture represent? It wants not space, for the painter was not cramped and confined in a niche as the sculptor had been. It fills the whole end of the chapel. Time has told sadly on its colours and its effect, and few Englishmen take the trouble to find out what it is meant for. It is called the 'Last Judgment,' but it is very far from representing either parable or prophecy associated with the second advent.

In the centre, suspended in the air between heaven, earth, and the spectator, is a tremendous figure expressing just indignation and unappeasable wrath, with a wave of the arm separating the damned from

the saved—more distinctly the condemnation than the invitation. The vision of the Almighty Father in the heaven of heavens is indistinctly and partially developed from clouds of glory, but on either side is seen an army of Apostles and Saints bearing the instruments and emblems of their martyrdom. Below angels are assisting the saints to extricate themselves from their graves, and lashing back the impenitent sinners into the hell gaping for them.

All is final here. There is no Purgatory. In view of the great question before us—indeed, of Roman Catholic theology—it would be interesting to ascertain the relation of the central figure to that only partially revealed, far above, in clouds of glory. The central figure is projected from the higher figure. Did it bear any resemblance whatever, it might represent the Almighty as seen through some refracting medium, His image, or radiance. But it is exceedingly unlike and represents only one act of Divine vengeance. Was the artist bound by his instructions? Authorities describe the picture as singularly characteristic of him.

Was this simply a menace to the increasing multitude of reformers? Has the picture any dogmatic character at all? It certainly has some correspondence to what the present writer has described as the Anglican Creed. Here is the Redeemer represented as much as possible absolutely one with the

Father, and performing that final act of condemnation so frequently associated with the inscrutable mystery. The Sonship disappears in a sort of optical unity. Christ is not at the right hand of God, nor in the judgment seat Himself. As to the former point, scientific theologians often point out that there can be no right and left of the Almighty, as He fills all space. But by the same rule there is no above nor below, no far nor near, no presence nor absence, no local heaven nor hell. Then what did the Protomartyr see? The Divine glory, some will reply. But that is not what Stephen said, if we are to credit the narrative. Of course we do not know what he saw, but that is no reason why we should say just what we please about it.

Upon the whole we may be thankful that the picture is not in the best preservation, that it is not very attractive, or very intelligible, or very likely to make converts; that it does not occupy so much space in the imagination of mankind as it does on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, and does not share the extreme interest felt in the Transfiguration, the Last Communion of St. Jerome, and the Cartoons.

Sixty years ago Oxford men used to watch with a significant curiosity to note whether the University preacher in the bidding prayer designated it the judgment seat of God or of Jesus Christ. In his earlier sermons J. H. N. used the former expression ;

but very soon the latter. There is Scriptural warrant for both. If any difficulty be felt, it is one of our own making, for we cannot possibly fashion the scene, if indeed scene there be. But there is nothing to justify the reduction of the Son of God to a figure of the Deity—indeed, the absorption of the Son into the One Almighty God.

No wonder that when the actual faith of Rome was thus pictured, the whole work of the Son was distributed among an enormous, multitudinous, and multifarious delegation, infected with all the errors to which human agency is liable. No wonder that the confidence and loyalty of the weaker part of mankind were transferred from One whom they could no longer apprehend to objects expressly fashioned and described to meet their erring expectations. No wonder that they had a curious variety of saviours and intercessors when they knew not what had become of the One, the only prevailing One. No wonder, indeed, that, inasmuch as they still naturally yearned for One to possess their hearts wholly and solely, they elevated the Divine Mother into the place of her Son, and found in the Virgin Mary one whom they could both worship and love, and who could command with maternal claims the obedience of a Son possessed of Divine power.

But if this be a true account of the celebrated picture, and of the actual faith of Rome at the era

of the Reformation, what becomes of the allegation repeatedly made in this volume, and in some former volumes, that it is distinctively the Creed of the Anglican, mediæval, and local Church? Well, it must be supposed that the allegation can only be made with reserve. Rome has ever been very hospitable to beliefs that gratified national vanity, that practically contributed to her own power and importance, and that allowed her to have her own way in more pressing questions. Almost everything that we have been accustomed to regard as Popish invention, as Popish exaggeration, has been forced upon Rome, and is the price she has paid for obedience, for tribute, and for aid against the world of Cæsars she has had to contend with. Thus it is commonly said, and has been said truly, that at Rome you may believe what you please, if you will only be quiet about it ; and that in no other place in the world is discussion so free, and all views or opinions so candidly and fairly discussed. To the world at large the great boast and special claim of Rome has been her almost absolute unchangeableness ; indeed, change only in the direction of greater uniformity. Now, it cannot be said the Church of England can make this boast, when it has quietly condoned, indeed encouraged, so immense an outburst and development of the Triune theology in the course of this not yet completed century.

The superstructure of observance, rite, ceremony,

and belief that Rome has built upon a simple foundation is indeed enormous, and in its very bulk a reproach. But there is no part of it for which Rome cannot adduce Scriptural as well as primitive warrant. For every miracle, dogma, and definition it can bring proof, or possibility, not to say probability. Anglican theologians may find it convenient to lay down hard-and-fast lines restricting miracles to the Apostolic age, or even to the Scriptural record, but they are simply putting themselves out of court altogether in the Roman controversy. They may find a comprehensive definition of Two Sacraments easier to maintain than one to meet Seven. They may find their faith and practice much more economical of time, tongue, pen, and money, than that of Rome, which certainly does make unlimited demands on those who have to work ten hours a day if they would keep pace with their neighbours. But if we can take Scripture text by text—indeed, word by word—nothing doubting, all believing, and all doing also, we certainly find ourselves at issue with the world as it is, and human nature as we wish to estimate it.

What, then, is the antidote and corrective of this great and inevitable danger? Why need we not run into extreme upon the Scylla of a thousand acutely pointed inventions, while avoiding the Charybdis of a deeply contrived mystery? The answer is ready, and plain. It is that common sense, moderation, modesty,

caution, consideration, and other homely virtues are as much gifts of the Spirit as anything claiming to be distinctly a theological virtue or a special faculty of spiritual discernment. Indeed, as has been abundantly demonstrated by one of the most sensible divines England can boast of, the strongest proof of the truth of the New Testament record consists in the fact that the writers had full possession of their faculties, full command of their passions, and had none of the marks of enthusiasm, fanaticism, credulity, or imposture. But if we are, indeed, to be for ever pulling the motes out of our brother's eye, we are, at least, bound to take some account of the beam in our own—the fierce refractory ray that dazzles our vision and disturbs our calculation.

XI

ANSELM

OF the men that I have not seen in the flesh, but only heard and read of, none have caused me more perplexity and discomfort than Anselm and Bernard. I could not but admire them, but I never could quite suppress the misgiving that they were wrong in their politics, their economics, and, most of all, in their theology—the very root, as I thought, of their aberrations. Times and times countless have I had to hold my tongue while all about me were full of their praises. Then it has occurred to me that it sometimes is found that a good work has to be done, and cannot be done on the lines of truth and justice, so a wrong line has to be taken for want of a better. Even in our own times it may be asked whether truth, justice, or common sense are not sometimes impossible. If so, we must certainly allow that excuse for the enormous blunders, follies, and excesses of the dark ages, as we are pleased to call them.

Anselm has been quite recently evoked from the

shades by that veritable necromancer, the late Dean Church, whose graceful and poetic pen has done more for Anselm than historians and Popes have been able to do, in making him live and speak again. But the Dean never allowed his pen to fly away with him and soar to heights from which it was impossible to descend safely. Indeed, he wholly and consistently disclaimed himself all pretence to theology. So uniformly did he adhere to this wise abstinence that not even can his silence be interpreted one way or the other with regard to Anselm. He admires him as a chivalrous Christian might admire and even love Mahomet, or Buddha, or any Crusader, pirate, or adventurer.

Whence came these two men who left such a mark on English and European history? They both hail from Aosta—Anselm as a native, Bernard as Archdeacon. To the untravelled English Aosta is best known as one of the chief titles of the House of Savoy, now reigning over Italy. In this way it is now borne by a descendant of our Charles I. To the travelled English the city of Aosta is the most extraordinary combination of greatness and meanness, dignity and squalor, glory and misery, to be found anywhere on the much varied surface of this earth. It lies at the foot of the three greatest mountains in Europe—Mont Blanc, Mont Cervin, and Monte Rosa, and is 'fed' by their confluent streams. It is on the track of the Little

St. Bernard pass, once the easiest. It must have been the first considerable town to receive Hannibal and what was left of his enormous host after reaching the lower earth. But it was not then a Roman, or even an Italian, town, for it was held by the Salassi, whose name would seem to indicate a sea-going people, and various mountain tribes—Gallic, Celtic, Teutonic, or what not.

It was not till 28 B.C. that Augustus conquered it, and built a great city, calling it Augusta, a name borne by our own London during the Roman occupation, and by some score other cities, generally retaining the Roman name, with many varieties of corruptions, to the present day. Aosta, on the usual Roman plan, with cross streets, rectangular walls, forts, a Prætorian palace, triumphal arches, bridges, courts of justice, survives wholly or partially to the present day. But in vain do the guide-books descant on these interesting remains, so eager is the traveller to reach the Alps one way or Rome the other.

But for the inhabitants, woe, woe, woe! What a contrast! What a downfall! Nowhere on the face of this earth is the human kind physically so debased, so deformed, so ugly, so corrupted, so stunted, so twisted, so crooked, so utterly perverted from all proper form, grace, and comeliness. All are blighted one way or another. Many are crétins, more have

huge goîtres, some are humpbacked, some paralytic, some palsied, some are incapable of locomotion and have to be laid out in the sun, or in tubs, or sprawling at large, some are baying at the moon all night or howling all day, some are incapable even of that sign of vitality.

The Church does what it can under difficulty far surpassing those which are said to baffle all effort in our own country. You stand before the painted front of the cathedral. Suddenly the great west door is thrown open. Out there issues a grand procession, with banners, pictures, crosses, men in showy vestments, choristers, and chanters—the processionists themselves as if the occupants of a lazar-house or an asylum had broken loose and had a grievance or a cause to demonstrate upon.

There is every reason to believe that this mass of uncouth wretchedness has existed from a remote antiquity ; and so long ago as in Pliny's time it was attributed, as now, to the snow water from the neighbouring glaciers. One might suppose water fresh from the mountain tops would be absolutely pure. Perhaps it is, but may want something we know not of, necessary to sustain complete and perfect vitality. More probably the injurious quality of the water is owing to the presence of rock in it, which the look of the stream everywhere shows to be the case.

Out of this city of Calibans there issued, shortly

after our own Norman conquest, almost simultaneously, two men to impose new relations of Church and State, new sacred and civil institutions, and a new conception of the Almighty and of His dealings with men, very confident of success, and by no means unsuccessful. As to their mutual relation, Bernard is called the last of the Fathers, and Anselm the first of the Schoolmen, but it is not easy to see the difference, for the outcome is the same. Both were men of good family, position, and high personal endowments, who had received from some quarter a call to a higher life than it was easy to find the opportunity and the means for in those days. The soil about Aosta was very fertile, the population mixed, and the disturbing forces great. There was a universal contest for land, for adherents, for all the prizes of life, and it was impossible to escape entanglement in faction and in war. Everybody had to take one side or another, and to be compromised in its iniquities. The clergy might escape partisanship, but they had to renounce a good deal more, more than flesh and blood could easily endure. Even the clergy were bound by local ties, had local masters on whom they depended for position, pay, and protection, whose pleasure they had to consult, and at whose frailties they had to connive.

Very early, even in the lifetime of the founders, these ideas expressed themselves in the demand—

indeed, the fact—that half the world was to spiritualise at the cost and toil of those who were content to secularise, and that saints were to enjoy the fulness of the earth which poor, hard-worked, underfed sinners were to bring to their doors. Well, the saints, some of them at least, were to contribute something to their own sustenance and to the relief of their poor dependants, but they were to be secure from anxiety and common vicissitudes by a first claim to the fruits of all vulgar industry.

These recluses and monks, soon an army of them—indeed, armies—wanted something to do, something more suited to young and energetic natures than fasting and praying. Their minds wanted exercise as well as their bodies, and a contagious zeal led them all into the difficult paths of philosophy and polemical controversy. All had been versed in philosophy, for the whole world were still philosophers first, Christians afterwards, and the one universal study was to harmonise Christianity, regarded still as a comparative novelty, with the much older intellectual system that had been acquiring form and force for nearly twice a thousand years.

It may seem that these two men appeared rather too late in the great drama of human affairs to be credited with any novel and original part in it, but such was not the opinion of their contemporaries, or of their successors. As a fact they stand out, not

simply as restorers, but rather as founders ; indeed, as founders of as distinctly new opinions, and new institutions, as those which give an original character to Luther, or to Calvin, and even to less-known leaders of thought.

As to the new institutions, which in this part of the world came to regard Anselm and Bernard as their most effectual, if not absolutely original founders, the tale is soon told. These good men, finding the world in a very chaotic condition, and wholly engaged in internecine quarrels for land, inheritances, royalties, dignities, titles, alliances, wives, and all that the world, the flesh, and the devil have to offer, joined the scramble with certain reserves favourable, if not quite necessary, to free action and success. The reserves may be summed up in one great reserve. They were to renounce all natural and universal duties, all domestic, social, and political relations, and become a legion of angels under the command of my Lord the Pope of Rome. From him, and not from any earthly potentate, they were to take their orders, their possessions, their privileges, and their exemptions, and to him they were to owe their undivided allegiance, render homage, pay tribute, customs, and dues. The notion was that by an obstinate persistence in this plan they would find all temporal sovereignties melt away like so many icebergs, and earth would become a New Jerusalem,

the City of God. That is not promised in the Gospels, or imagined by St. Paul, or, indeed, by any other specially inspired writer. It is an idea and nothing more, only resuscitated in these our days, now and then, by some harmless fanatic, or some vile impostor ; but for four centuries it kept this part of the world in an incessant conflict, between the temporal and the spiritual powers, culminating in sanguinary wars, cruel persecutions, hideous scandals, impious devices, shameful dishonesties, till at length the fictitious fabric thus founded on the violation of common sense and common feeling, fell to pieces, it may be said, in a day, leaving in this country nothing but ruins to tell its tale.

Anselm's theology, so far as I am acquainted with it, is as simple as his ecclesiastical and political system. The work by which he is chiefly known in this country is '*Cur Deus Homo*'—why God was made man. That idea runs through the book. 'The Son of God,' 'Christ,' and even 'Jesus,' make an appearance late in the book, after long arguments based on philosophical principles, and but still only as representative and relative ; as names for the Divine operations and attributes. There is no actual personality allowed in the matter, except that of Almighty God. The necessity of an atonement is proved on legal grounds. 'No man,' says Anselm, 'can make this satisfaction except God Himself.' The question is

asked, 'Who was it that of His own accord willed to make Himself man?' The answer given is, 'God, the Son of God.'

Any one might read through the volume, that is if he had patience to remain so long in the frame of abstract discussion, and yet remain absolutely ignorant of the history, moral teaching, and characters recorded and described in detail in the New Testament. Predestination and necessity are harsh enough when applied to created man, conscious as he is of free will; but they are not less harsh when applied to the Uncreate and Only-begotten. We feel we must attribute free will and distinct personal action to the Son of God if we are ever to believe Him our Saviour, Redeemer, King, Lord, and Judge. If we love Him it must be for what He did Himself voluntarily; that is, freely.

Anselm's episcopate was but a name. He was only a few months, at long intervals, in this country. How his place was supplied and his duty done for him is a mystery. Was the rite of confirmation thought necessary in those days? Was it commonly, or at all, observed? Were the parochial clergy kept in order and at their posts in those days? The work actually done by Anselm was not, as regards his diocese and his province, either spiritual, or theological, or disciplinarian, or philosophic—the side to which his natural proclivities leant. It was one

long wrangle between him and the Norman sovereign on the purely secular question of investiture. His lands, his manors, his fees and his dues, his civil rights, such even as his right to be protected by the law of the land, his right of assistance in the enforcement of his claims, and his right to have a sufficient military force at his disposal—all these was he to receive from the king or from the Pope? To which of the two was he to do homage? The king said 'To me, of course.' The Pope said, 'No, not to the king, but to me.' No English king could acquiesce in such a pretension. He might temporise. In fact, a compromise was come to and quickly broken.

Anselm's quarrel broke out again in the immediately succeeding reign, and led to the long and finally disastrous conflict between Henry II. and Thomas à Becket. The modern historian and the modern juridicist very justly says, '*Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites*,' and that is about as much as he can have to say on the philosophical and theological controversies of those days.

In the reign of Henry VII. Rome declined to canonise Henry VI. on the ground that they had canonised many innocents, but never such a mere innocent as he. As a solatium for this refusal, they canonised Anselm. Now, Rome is very clever at compromises and anything in the nature of a bargain, and in this case the concession and gift was not from

Rome to England, but from England to Rome. Dean Church, with characteristic candour and simplicity, grieves to have to add that it was Cesar Borgia who negotiated this affair. Now, the said Cesar Borgia has always been regarded as an emissary of Satan. If so, he knew what he was about when he inserted Anselm in the most sacred Choir.

XII

ST. BERNARD

IN any attempt to trace the lines of Providence and to declare the fairness and wisdom of the Almighty as shown in His actual dispensations, we often find ourselves driven to accept and to warrant much that our reason condemns and our hearts have no liking for. All the sects, all the schools, all nations are alike in this difficulty, and the solution of it. In this country we hold ourselves free to criticise and utterly to condemn all the institutions and customs, religious, political, or social, in the world, and to find a good deal of fault with one another at home. We cannot, therefore, pretend that in any special sense we are at one with the Almighty in His management of human affairs.

Upon one point, indeed, all men of thought, of learning, and of that which is called candour, have a standing difference with the Almighty. It is upon the ever-prevailing sense and acceptance of the preternatural in the hearts and minds of the industrious and uneducated. The poor workers will still be ready

to believe any tale of marvel or of miracle as much as they would the most reasonable narrative of current history and yesterday's addition to it. In spite of the great pains taken in these days to disinfect them and disabuse them, our rural congregations are ready to accept 'as gospel' the most amazing details, the most exceptional particulars, the most flagrant inconsistencies, as they may seem to us. Nothing comes amiss with them. Now and then a village critic will ask a curious question, but it will not challenge the right of the Almighty to do what He pleases, and to pursue His ends in His own way and fashion.

If, therefore, the great majority of the Christian world are agreed in a matter of faith, and the rule, 'Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,' is good for anything, we have to be always ready to accept much that our reason revolts from. It is not necessary to say that Paganism was a good thing, or that Buddhism is good, or Hindooism or Mahometanism is as good as Christianity, but it is allowable to admit that they fill a void which, through the hardness of the human heart and the vagrancy of human affection, cannot be, or at least is not, better filled.

The truth is, the great human flock is a very wandering body. Its history, whether in or out of the Christian fold, is one story of aberrations, the stragglers being only driven out of one error to fall into another. They are suddenly enlightened every now and then

and retrace their steps, but it is only to be again misled and started on another divergency by the apostles of some new gospel. As it certainly is not absolute truth that mankind love and follow, or are even capable of receiving, we must conclude that it is goodness, whether of a higher or a lower quality—that is, the moral development of our natures—that wins the battle in the great conflict. But as the moral sense is quite as liable to imposition and misleading influences as the intellectual and rational, we must also conclude that there is One who sitteth above, and who gives to moral influence such part as it may naturally have in the determination of human affairs.

About the last thing to be found in the Gospels and Acts is that there would come a time in which Christ's truest disciples, those most in the place of His mother and brethren, and most representing His Apostles, would occupy magnificent palaces, sit high on thrones and under stately canopies in temples far surpassing the Temple, exceeding David in royal progress and Solomon in glorious worship, drawing large revenues from the sons of toil, and rendering dues and allegiance neither to Cæsar nor to God, but to the Annas or the Caiaphas of the day. But much the same may be said of that development from primitive simplicity of which Rome is the centre and of that of which London is the centre, not to speak of

many other national or voluntary communities, adding the errors of private licence and local peculiarity to those of political or ecclesiastical corruption.

Bringing these considerations nearer home, we may find that we have at least to make allowances, in common charity, for the great doctrinal aberrations of the Middle Ages. We may find ourselves regarding, with the sympathies of equals rather than the contempt of superior wisdom, the vast schemes of ecclesiastical reform and renovation which Anselm and Bernard have the credit of originating, and which their admirers still regard as the salvation of the Church in the period of its worst decline and greatest peril, when, indeed, it was trembling for very existence. It is very true that they covered England, France, and other countries with abbeys very unlike the stable at Bethlehem or the home at Nazareth, but these became the refuges of faith, of learning, of civilisation, and of life itself, and their ruins are still the most interesting ornaments of the land. But after ten generations of increasingly fastidious grandeur in this country the morrow came and they were cast into the oven. In France they only endured longer to meet with a more terrible and universal downfall, dragging down with them the greatest of European monarchies and the oldest of aristocracies.

The doctrinal foundation of this movement is

what we are now concerned with, and it shall be given by no mean authority. The following account of a discussion at the great Council at Rheims is extracted from 'The Life and Times of St. Bernard,' by Dr. Augustus Neander, Professor of Theology in the Royal University of Berlin, translated from the German by Matilda Wrench. Rivington, 1843.

The investigation was to take place in the abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, before a council presided by Eugenius in person, during the Easter week of 1147, and Bernard appeared there as his accuser, supported by two masters of arts. But Bernard was no match for so dexterous a logician as Gilbert, and the decision of the matter was therefore adjourned by the pope to the great Council at Rheims, where, assisted by his cardinals and by the most learned men of France, he announced his intention of hearing both parties. Bernard had now an opponent far more difficult to overcome than Abelard had been : Gilbert had followed the scholastic course in his studies, which had been pursued under the direction of the most celebrated theologians, and he had always confined his investigations within the limits of the Church system. He thus enjoyed universal respect and consideration, and numbered many of the most distinguished men among his disciples, and many of the cardinals among his friends. He now solicited the protection of the latter, and these were generally ill-disposed towards Bernard on account of his great influence with the pope, who submitted himself in all things to his guidance.

When all the other business of the council had been disposed of, Gilbert's business was brought forward, in order that it might be investigated at leisure by the most learned

of the prelates, who alone remained in attendance. After a whole day had been well nigh spent in disputation, the pope, who was unaccustomed to follow such subtleties, said to Bishop Gilbert, 'Thou canst indeed talk much, my brother, and hast, it may be, caused many things to be read which pass our comprehension : but tell us now plainly whether thou dost call that Supreme Existence, by virtue of whom the Three Persons are one God—*God?*' This was the point of the dispute most interesting and comprehensible to the pope. Without taking any time for consideration, Gilbert, exhausted by the length of the argument, answered '*No*;' for, according to his opinion, that the quality or property of the Godhead was one general conception, common to the Three Persons : it was already decided. Bernard immediately desired that this confession of the bishop might be taken down in writing, in order to bind the slippery disputant.

On the following day the dispute was renewed, and Bernard, in the course of the argument, expressed himself in a manner displeasing to the cardinals : whereon Gilbert, in his turn, rose and said, 'Now, let this also be written down.' 'Yea,' rejoined Bernard, with his wonted firmness, 'it may be written with an iron pen, and graven in the rock.' When at length the disputation had been continued long enough, it was terminated by the intervention of the cardinals, who were desirous of showing their authority. 'We have heard all that can be said on both sides ; we will now determine how the matter is to be decided.'

These words, by which the cardinals of Gilbert's party appropriated to themselves the right of decision, aroused the fears of Bernard ; and he resolved by means of his authority in the French Church, and his influence with the pope, to be beforehand with them. He quickly assembled

the remaining prelates, abbots, and masters, and represented to them the necessity of preparing a creed in direct opposition to Gilbert's errors, to be presented to the pope and consistory, in order to preserve the Gallican Church from those errors. They united in the following confession of faith, which was probably drawn up by Bernard, and which was to be delivered to the pope.

‘ It is our steadfast belief that the *nature of the Godhead is God, and that it can, in no Catholic sense*, be denied, that the Godhead is God, and God is the Godhead. And when it is said that God is wise by virtue of His wisdom ; great, by virtue of His greatness ; and God, by virtue of His Godhead, &c., &c., we must so understand it, that He is wise, great, and God, only through the wisdom, greatness and Godhead, which are God Himself, and so forth ; therefore that He is *of Himself*, wise, great, and God. In speaking of the three Persons of the Godhead, we recognise Them as one God, one Divine Being ; and on the other hand, in speaking of one God, one Divine Being, we acknowledge that this one God, this one Divine Being, is Three Persons. We believe that the Trinity alone is Eternal ; and that no things, relations, qualities, or unities can be asserted to have been from all eternity, without being God. We believe that the Godhead Itself, or, if it be preferred, the Divine Substance or Nature, did, indeed, in the Son of God, become flesh.’

This symbol of faith was presented by three distinguished prelates, with these words : ‘ We, also, do herewith deliver to you our confession of faith, that you may not judge of one party only, but of both. Our opponent has presented his unto you, with this postscript, ‘ that you may amend whatever you find to censure therein ; ’ but we exclude any such condition, and declare, in delivering to you

this confession of our faith, that we must always abide by it, without the slightest alteration.'

The pope was satisfied with this confession, and pronounced it to be in harmony with the doctrine of the Church of Rome. This greatly displeased the cardinals, and they unanimously declared to the pope the disgust they had so long entertained on the subject of Bernard's influence with him.

'You are to know,' they said, 'that it was by us you were exalted to be the ruler of the Church, and from a private man became the common father, and it concerns us as well as you, that you should not presume to prefer your private friendship to the common good, but that you should provide for the common weal, and assert the dignity of the Romish court, according to your duty. But what hath your abbot, and with him the Gallican Church, thought fit to do? What audacity is this, that they should rebel against the Primate of the Apostolical throne, to whom alone appertaineth the right of binding and of loosing, and of deciding matters touching the Catholic faith, and who cannot be prejudiced, even in his absence, in these his peculiar rights by any man, unless he be himself a party to the wrong. Yet now observe, these men, holding us altogether in contempt, and as though it were for them to decide upon the question which has just been discussed before us, have presumed, without consulting us, to draw up their confession of faith. Yet even in the East, when any such question is agitated before all the patriarchs, they can determine nothing positively without our authority. How dare these men then to do that in our presence, which is not permitted to the more remote, to those who are greater than we? It is therefore our pleasure that you oppose

yourself to this impertinent innovation, and at once reprove their refractory spirit.'

Eugenius, who, on the one hand, durst not oppose himself to the will of the cardinals, and, on the other, was most anxious to avoid mortifying his former master, was thrown into a state of the greatest perplexity by this explanation ; he did his best to soothe the irritated feelings of the former, and sent in haste for Bernard, to intreat that he would devise some means of adjusting the matter. Bernard appeased the cardinals by the submissive turn which he gave to his proceedings, declaring that it had never been his intention, or that of the bishops, to *determine* the question ; but that since the bishop of Poitiers had desired him to set down his confession of faith in writing, he had, in order to avoid doing this solely on his own responsibility, expressed his individual opinions under the authority and with the concurrence of those prelates. The cardinals were satisfied with this, and only required further that the creed should be regarded simply as a private memorial, not as an authorised creed, such as those drawn up by general councils in opposition to heresies, and they were undoubtedly right in their decision, although they erred in the grounds which they alleged for it. Why overwhelm the Church doctrines with logical definitions unintelligible to the generality of men, and tending to paralyse the energies of the mind and the heart, by abstracting the mind of the disciple from the realities of religion ?

The authority of the cardinals prevented any definite sentence against Gilbert of Poitiers ; the pope confined himself to the condemnation of his first doctrinal article (on which indeed his whole theory was based), declaring that without distinguishing between the Divine Nature and Persons, the Godhead is in the strictest sense to be called

God. Gilbert submitted himself to the judgment of the pope, reconciled himself with his clergy, and returned with undiminished honour to his diocese. The spirit of the times was opposed to the total suppression of the speculative theology ; and the attacks which Abelard and Gilbert had sustained, had only the effect of clipping its wings and driving it to shelter itself under the authority of the fathers, and to confine its activity within the limits of the Church system. Such was the origin of the work which became a text-book for succeeding generations, the *Libri Sententiarum* of Petrus Lombardus.

There was nothing in the speculative theology which could lead to any reformation of the Church, or to any separation between the earthly and the heavenly, in the doctrinal conceptions of the Church. The speculative theologians received the doctrines of the Church just as they were presented to them ; and then, in virtue of the universal capacity of the human understanding to construct and to deduce, they built up an organised system, framed of artfully mingled truth and falsehood, by which the mind and heart were alike led captive.

XIII

'OUSIA' IN MEDIEVAL THEOLOGY

THE formation of the Creeds did but give a new impulse and a distinctive direction to a movement of the human mind that had then been long in progress. This was the shattering, the mixing, the fusing, and the compounding of all ideas, all faiths, all principles, and all systems into one huge, indistinctive miscellany. The Roman Empire had grown in this way to what it came to be, and as the Empire was now the Church and the Church the Empire, it was bound to follow the example. In the earlier, fresher, and keener stages of the human intellect, it had asked many questions, like an inquisitive, bright, quick developing child opening its very eyes wider to the larger the more distinct, the more glorious objects within view, and more and more desirous to give a name, and a place, and a distinct character to everything that it sees or hears of. In course of time the wish to know everything, and to be everything, and to let everybody know that you had thoroughly explored and mastered the common good of all subjects, proved an

ambition that overleapt itself. There was something like loyalty, there was a fervour of devotion, there was religious expectation, the sublimity of hope, and occasionally a certain saintliness in the earlier philosophical schools that divided society all over the inhabited world. Some were even content to converse and enquire, leaving no record, in the hope that new comers would start afresh, perhaps on higher ground.

But when every youth in the well-to-do class had to be taught all the philosophies, and men were everywhere found ready to teach any or all, they gradually lost their distinctive features. It is hard to say what was the philosophy of any one author, any one poet, orator, or historian, even of the Augustan age. As regards the next and all succeeding ages it is hopeless. It was a return to chaos. Deity, necessity, fortune—that is mere chance—speculative systems, like gossamer webs, floating in mid air, divinity in gradations and layers, untold treasures in unknown depths, final causes with or without a deity to conceive them, virtues in plants with celestial affinities, material thirsting for quality, and quality for embodiment, spirits good, bad, and indifferent, luck—that is chance—running in streaks or with personal attachments, a universal soul or spirit leagued with matter or free all that man has ever dreamt of, were formed as much as possible its one bulky whole, the ingredients of which were used as they were wanted. Personality

fared but ill in the *mêlée*, but philosophy and faith almost disappeared. For a millennium and more, philosophy was a resignation to an inevitable necessity, to blind chance, to violence, to tyranny, to casual or providential politics, to everything one could not guard against or foresee. So sure a footing did philosophy obtain in this character, as the wisest result the human mind could attain to under the actual circumstances, that the word is still used in the sense of resignation to the casual or inevitable. We still talk of a man bearing disasters or annoyances with much philosophy, when he has no more of the philosopher in him than his horse or his dog.

This doggedness, this apathy, this stupidity, this utter selfishness as it often proved to be, came to be regarded as fixedness of purpose when there was nothing to be called purpose ; firmness of character when there was no character ; patriotism when a man had been all his life subordinating all the rights and duties of the citizen to his own convenience or pleasure. But it was regarded as the right human expression of that which alone was fixed, eternal, and so far reliable in the universe, and the only ground to stand upon. The holder of this position might bear without a quiver the crack of doom and the collapse of the great vault with all its star-lit furniture. Within him was the eternal, the unchangeable, superior even to the possible deities weakened by human affection.

During the whole of this very long period, described as the Decline and Fall of a Great Empire, and seldom rising much above the level of anarchy, there were two kinds of religion in this Western Continent, both of them showing a very partial recognition of the Christian revelation, or a reaction from it. The uneducated, the proletarian, and the village folk, were still Pagans at heart and in their superstitions and their celebrations; the educated retained their old eclectic philosophy, with some change of titles and forms. It is the latter, that is, the educated, that we are most concerned with when we come to any question of creed, for they had some chance, some opportunity, and some capacity for distinguishing between one creed and another, or between a creed and no creed. It is not too much to say that for more than a thousand years the conception of the Son of God, sent by His Father to save and redeem fallen humanity, actually assuming it, teaching by precept and example the homely lessons of humility, love, purity, self-denial, common sense, reverence, forgiveness of injury and insult, and the hearty co-operation of all believers in the Divine mission by the contribution of their various services, had all but disappeared from the human mind.

True, it still loved the imagination and representation of these things in self-chosen, romantic, and picturesque forms. In the God of Nature they still

recognised a great artist, a painter, a sculptor, a dramatist, the author of spectacles and ceremonies, the manager of mysteries. This kind of teaching, this worship, they could appreciate and enjoy. But the inevitable result of theatrical ideas and customs in religion is to regard that which is thus represented as imaginary, and to look for a more solid basis of faith that cannot be thus represented. That at least is what the intellectual and cultivated minds will do.

The Western Church came, in fact, to accept, to teach, and to transmit the notion of a Supreme Being, personified, exhibited, illustrated, in the grandest and most touching of dramas. This was, in truth, to send the Almighty Himself back to His own dreary, solitary, unfathomable eternity, and with no concern, as far as could be seen or felt, in the everyday movements of human life ; with a beautiful phantasmagoria to supply His place and keep up the semblance. He remained the only real Existent, the Ousia, the Divine Substance.

For a thousand years the earth was full of violence, outrages, and frauds. All the West was engaged in one continuous struggle, scramble rather, for the fragments of the Roman Empire. There was unbounded license of manner. The powerful defied opinion as well as right. Poetry, such as it was, lent itself to any vice. Courts were popular as they were abandoned to every indulgence, and any chief, any league had

only to adopt some religious war-cry—a word only—and it had a charter of libertinism.

To men of strong personality, men of action, natural leaders, it was a golden age, and all they had to do was to press into their service men over whom they possessed or could create any claim to their allegiance. The sword and the lance everywhere prevailed over the spade and the plough, and the only chance for a proper man was to enlist in the service of some lord or some adventurer. They who could not handle the sword or the lance, who had learnt no industry, who could neither acquire nor retain a sufficient share of earth and its gifts, had to betake themselves to the Church, which became, in time, the very Adullam of the world. Of this they could not be free till they had learnt the proper watchword, and, as often happens, the less meaning it had the better it suited its purpose as a Masonic token of brotherhood.

For many centuries the great controversy had to be fought round a word that ill expressed the Greek *Ousia*, and sadly hampered the disputants. This word, for want of a better, was 'substance,' which remains in the Western version of the Nicene Creed. I cannot find the Greek word *Ousia* in any one of the many thousand hymns particularly noticed in M. Julian's monumental work, excepting only in one out of a thousand Sequences. These Sequences came late

into use. They were the prolongation of the last note of the Alleluyah sung between the Epistle and the Gospel. In a missal printed at Würzburg in 1484 is a Sequence, of which the first line is 'Adoranda, veneranda est Trinitatis usia.'

The date is significant. This was a few years after Constantinople and the Eastern Empire had passed into the hands of the Turks. In our own country the Houses of York and Lancaster had not yet been united, and everything indicated an approaching struggle for the crown of England. It was shortly before the discovery of America, the Conquest of Granada, the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, and the expedition of the French King, Charles VIII., with the best appointed army yet seen, to Naples, on the invitation of the Pope, a Borgia, and his better known nephew. On that occasion our own Cardinal Archbishop Morton took a part in the delicate arrangements necessary to save alike the pretensions of the Pope and the dignity of the King, when the French army were committing great outrages. Morton did his work so well, that when Charles VIII., with his army, had to pass through Rome on his return, and the Pope and his friends preferred to be out of the way, Morton did the honours of Rome to the French King, who then and there inaugurated the Church of the Trinity on the Pincian.

XIV

NATURAL WORKINGS OF PHILOSOPHY
AND CREED

THE difference between the natural working of a creed and the natural working of a philosophy, is very great and most important. Resting on authority and the record, a creed is ready to recognise, to embrace, and to associate with a distinct and special interest, every fact, every utterance thus commended to the believer's notice. Philosophy, on the other hand, is ever for reducing facts to laws and principles—indeed, any number of facts to one—and in that way to throw aside anything that does not immediately tend to serve the particular conclusion aimed at. It will be replied, indeed, that if philosophy can subordinate everything to a theory, and accordingly be too simple and one-sided, faith has an almost irresistible tendency to multiply its objects and to hold many so-called beliefs without regard to credential or moral significance, and so inviting imposture. Yet the fact remains. Faith is conservative, philosophy destructive; and as regards religion, the result is a store-

house and a library in one case, and a few abstractions in the other.

As to their bearing upon moral and religious matters, there is all the difference in the world between faith and philosophy. Faith is a habit founded upon a moral instinct and on a certain estimate of character. It cannot help taking others into account and forming ideas of duty, moral design, and personal qualification. Philosophy engages itself in generalities and flies away from personal and particular obligations. The difference is most seen and most flagrant in religion, and in what aims to be theology. Here faith is simple and straightforward ; avoiding excuses, evasions, complications, and needless obscurities. It is even charged with bestowing itself too freely and lavishing its too kindly service. It is readily duped, and it falls an easy prey to impostors and charlatans. But without this spontaneous acceptance of these proffered relations and those exaggerated reliances, this world that we live in, not so unhappily, would be nothing better than a sand-hill.

Philosophy quickly extricates itself from man as he is and things as they are. It extracts and manipulates airy conceptions. It is a perpetual levitation, a dream in which you are flying across hedges, ditches, wood and water, with delightful facility, and wondering how it was you never did this before and that nobody else ever did. But when

this process is applied to the matter of religion, some of which it has to accept in order to generalise upon, it can only create difficulties, which it charges upon the darkness of untutored apprehensions. It is true, indeed too true, that simple folk are sadly tormented by philosophised religion, especially when they find their own way of taking the Bible as it stands, verse by verse, treated with contempt. They don't like to be told that besides the Bible—indeed, over and above the Bible—there is the sense of the Bible, which only a few scholars can understand, but which is the only truth of it.

But these obscurities, labyrinths rather, have a far worse effect on those who flatter themselves they possess the clue. They are like the corners and dark places which are ever found to harbour dirt and vermin and worse evils. Man is unkind to man, unjust to man, ungenerous to man, because he thinks himself entitled to regard without sympathy or common justice those who cannot accept what his own accustomed lips can glibly utter. Let anyone consider where lies the field of moral religion and religious faith. It is not wholly or chiefly in questions of justice, or even of that which can be distinctly called generosity ; it is in the indistinct, soft-hued border or fringe surrounding what can be called either justice or generosity. It is that which a man, if he be conscious of it, which is not always the case, holds to be

entirely at his own disposal, insomuch that when he conceives he is acting fully within his right and only doing his duty at once to his neighbour and to himself, he may yet do it in what manner or with what overflow he pleases. May he not give of his own at discretion?

It is here that the social bond grows or decays. Here is the very point, or the very surface, as it may be properly described, where there is moral contact. The proud possessor of an inscrutable mystery constituting the watchword of social warfare and of social position, may present to a neighbour a hand of stone or the warm blood of fellowship as he pleases. Nobody has a right to challenge the distribution of that which a man is under no obligation to give at all. If he gives or withholds by rules of his own, what is a man made for but to discharge an individual responsibility? But it may easily fail to be the Communion of Saints, the Fellowship of the Holy Spirit, or Christian Brotherhood. It is not Life unto Life, and may easily be, in a very wrong sense, Death unto Death. Indeed, in the whole history of the Church, the most prominent and the most lamentable feature has been the very ill use made of the cardinal truths themselves, let alone the points on which it seems permissible for the human intellect to rest content with different conclusions.

Thus, when philosophy is applied to religion, and

places itself in direct antagonism to faith, it can only produce sterility and moral desolation. Philosophy has fields of its own—all creation, all history, all language, all literature, to wander over, and to marshal into something like order. It must be allowed—indeed, it does not wait for leave—to notice such matters as the Bible history and the Church after its own fashion, its own sweet will and pleasure. It can regard these matters as picturesque phenomena, and as worthy of notice among other apparent violations of the order of nature, such as earthquakes and volcanoes, epidemics and pests. It can arrange an endless procession of personages in proper costume, action, and bearing, with the grandest of all figuring as the conquered and doomed foes in a Roman triumph to swell the glory of their conqueror—that is, of the writer himself. It can do this and more, but it can never satisfy the soul with an assurance that it has learnt all it had to learn from human affairs.

In all matters of faith there is the person to be believed, his character to be apprehended, certain facts to be accepted, their distinct relation to ourselves, the homage to be paid, and the duty to be done—including the command to be understood and the obedience to be rendered. There need not be any difficulty on any of these points when the Person commanding our allegiance and surrender is the Father, or the Son, or the Holy Spirit, understood to

be speaking to us through the word and the Church. But when a philosophy steps in and substitutes for these the Triune God, the Trinity as One God, then personality, character, distinct relation, particular duty, and specific obedience all seem to disappear, or recede from us, leaving us to speculate as piously as we can on the being and nature of that for which is claimed our hearts, hands, and souls. This certainly must leave the ground more open to the intrusion of the idle thoughts and vain wishes always ready to invade the mind of the worshipper, to darken the Divine radiance, and to make His presence a curious enquiry. What is more than all, it gives more scope and sufferance to that self-will that begins of idle wishes, and that predetermination to have one's own way in the end, which even the best man can be guilty of and the less good can hardly escape from.

Justice and generosity divide between them the whole ground of social, indeed, public affairs; sometimes very markedly, for there are those who are said to be just but not generous, and those who are said to be generous at the cost of justice. There is strict justice, and what some will describe as moral virtue and as practical justice when it suits them; and there is also generosity, which is regarded sometimes as a positive duty, sometimes as a spontaneity, and to be hailed when it shows itself. There are those who can play fast and loose with all these ideas, riding first

one horse then another, now playing first one card then another, and who can thereby impoverish and even exhaust those who are not as wise in their generation.

Now, everybody carries about him a treasury of justice and of mercy, and can deliver law from one mount and mercy from another. He is, however, answerable for his exercise of both these endowments. If he follows his own capricious affections and fancies, he will preach from one mount to those whom he does not like, or regards as rivals, from another to those who are dear to him, including his own dear self. Surely he wants monitors, counsellors, and comforters, in the discharge of functions so delicate and so liable to error. Now, it cannot be denied that any representation of the Deity, however vague, however deformed, however impersonal, however grotesque, may have some effect in shaking a man's overweening self-confidence, and reminding him of that which is above him and yet all around him. It cannot be denied that even an 'unknown God' may be sufficient for this. But the Gospel was to tell us who and what this is, not to send us back still to search for Him in vain, or recognise Him, if we could, in a new disguise.

Is the fact of an inscrutable mystery in the teaching of a church so far its own defence, inasmuch as it may be said there is no other account to be given of it except that it is the truth? Can it be said that we

are promised we should be led to all truth, and therefore must expect teachings that would not have been understood by earlier Christians, and are but imperfectly understood even now? Can we call it development? Can it be added that good men and educated Christians would not hold the doctrine except for its unquestionable truth, and that there can be no other reason for holding that which, it is admitted, confounds the human intellect? Why, if anything is to be expected, anything that needs no inspired prophet to warn us against, it is that the aspiring intellect and mind of man should find this very escape from the school of Christ and the teaching of His Gospel.

In all the records of humanity, sacred or profane, European or Oriental, there is no character so humane, as well as so Divine, as Christ's; none so touching, so calculated to abate the pride of man, to disappoint his earthly hopes, to moderate excessive desires, to chasten the lust of power, the greed of gain, the rivalry of equals, the tyranny of the great, the indignation of the weak, the resentments of the oppressed, the vengeance of the victim. There is no warning voice and manner so directly addressed to those that seek mastery, not without just claim to it, pre-eminence that has devolved upon them, undeniable and indefeasible rights, wise unions, just partitions, and sound prerogatives. Above all, it is

the pride of intellect, the golden apple contended for by a hundred schools of philosophy, and the one axis of all the spheres, the only key of all the enigmas, that the Gospel bids us to seek no longer anywhere than in the perfectly simple and absolutely intelligible life and words of One Man, and His immediate companions and followers.

Of the direct and distinct meaning of each act and utterance in this record, itself the sublimest of histories, there surely is hardly the possibility of one honest doubt or misgiving. But it certainly does lay genius at the feet of simplicity, and levels the most towering ambition to the rank of brotherhood, not to say servitude.

It is a universal error of the natural, that is, the self-seeking undisciplined intellect, to look out for something that you may ask the sense of it, and to throw away the bark while you take the kernel into your own keeping. But what most tempts the good, the wise, and great to achieve this escape from the Gospel call, is that it is a continual summons to a great fight, to be fought in the arena of home affairs ; in the mere discharging of domestic, social, and political duties. Neither in Gospel nor Epistle is there a hint of monasteries, hermitages, pilgrimages, crusades, or any of the exceptional expedients by which whole classes and crowds of men were to discharge by one step, as it were, all their moral responsibilities.

The Gospel finds and leaves men in the market, in the field, on the waters, at the customs, in the counting-house, in the shop, on military service, and at public posts fertile of embarrassing questions. For every variety of position it supplies help and guidance. Only suppose a man tender enough to feel all this, but unable, that is unwilling, to accept the Guide who bids him first and foremost to be humble and meek, and to think little of himself, and there you find the too-willing victim of a delusion which would reduce the Gospel to a philosophy, a riddle, a recipe, or a charm, and give yourself some virtue in its holding and some power in the monopoly of distribution.

Many instances in the Gospels justify us in taking an illustration from commercial affairs. We may suppose a young man early engaged in business, with singular natural qualifications. He is quick of apprehension, subtle, and retentive of names, places, and facts. He can take in a financial statement at a glance and calculate differences speedily and exactly. He knows the resources of States and the material conditions upon which credit is demanded ; but he has made up his mind not to be over-scrupulous either in his own undertakings or in those he has to deal with—that is, neither in the transactions he will have to take part in, nor as regards the known character and antecedents of the persons he will have to act with. He does not expect others

to be better than himself, and if they are a little worse he feels himself well able to outwit them and to profit by their dishonesty without being directly compromised in it. Such a man—and certainly there are many such—makes the mart a philosophy, but most undoubtedly not a creed. He trusts nobody on the ground of his proved and consistent honesty, and he even thinks the better of him for not being quite honest ; and his final and decisive trust and confidence is in himself, as well able to take care of himself under any circumstances. Of course he often finds himself sadly mistaken.

XV

AN UNINTELLIGIBLE CREED IN PLACE OF
SUPERSTITIOUS PRACTICE

THIS temptation there certainly was at the time of our Reformation—a temptation that amounted to a sort of practical necessity, that is, a case of self-preservation. It cannot be called simply historical, a thing of the past, for it survives in a chronic form. The Reformers had to give up a world of directly religious acts, forms, institutions, and ideas. The old stock-in-trade, as they regarded it, had to be destroyed. Seven sacraments had to be abandoned altogether or left contingent on spiritual conditions. There could now be no confessions or pardonings; no pilgrimages or stations; no indulgences, penances, relics, ex-votoes or rosaries; no forty paternosters, and as many ave marias; no ashes, no palms, no monks or nuns; no mendicant orders; no calvaries, no crosses or shrines of miraculous sanctity.

Nearly all the externals of the Church were gone. The country was covered with its ruins, and its spoilers laid down garden and ploughland in grass for the

profitable sheep that now supplied the place of a priest-ridden, unprofitable people. The once glorious edifice, competing with Jerusalem the Golden, had now vanished like a dream, and its place had to be supplied. The new ministers were unlearned, indeed many could hardly read; they were singularly destitute of preaching power; they were ill paid with the crumbs that fell from the spoiler's table; they had not their hearts in their work; they trembled between the halter, the axe, and the stake that threatened them on all sides. They had misgivings as to their commission, for they had believed themselves to be originally derived from Rome, and Rome they were now told was Antichrist. A holy commission from a Tudor seemed a contradiction in terms.

So what was to be done to fill the terrible gap, and arm the naked and defenceless pastors alike with weapons against the wolves and food for the sheep? As for the Bible, in such raw hands it was found to reduce pastor, sheep, and wolf to a mixed multitude, each his own interpreter, preacher, and devourer. As far as can be concluded from the actual documents, all that could be done was to take the most impossible, inconceivable, self-contradictory form of the so-called Trinity ever devised by ignorant and presumptuous theologians, and constitute it, by Act of Parliament, the special secret and property of the national church. The holder of this talisman, no

longer a priest, but rather a magician, was to offer to them that hungered and thirsted after righteousness something better than their own heart-yearnings and scruples, and to the ruder sort a freedom from high moral responsibility.

If this was all, and if the very virtues of the invention consisted in its bold defiance of Scripture, Church, and common sense itself, what else was necessary? Why stint of any enjoyment within reach when an incoherent jumble of words, pronounced now and then, would save from all ill consequences? It may seem unwarrantable, or at all events uncharitable, to associate a fictitious orthodoxy with worldliness and moral licence. But it has been always seen and deplored that men will seek in religion a discharge from high morality and condonation for habitual disregard and positive breaches. That it had been so in all ages of the Church it is needless to admit, for it cannot be denied.

Did the Reformers put an end to this old and universal custom? Did they eagerly seek and gladly embrace a faith that by its commanding simplicity and plainly moral force should irresistibly draw the hearts of men from earth to heaven, and make obedience both easy and delightful? When the slaves of superstition found themselves free from their chains and masters of their own movements, did they walk into the Temple, like the poor cripple healed by

Peter and John, walking and leaping and praising God? Not only history, whether of politics or of private life, but even still more the existing appropriation of landed property, testifies to the triumph of the world, and worldly men and worldly ideas, over the Church, over common morality and over the public good. It was a day when everybody was for himself, and he was the best man who secured the largest armful of spoil. With rapine came licence, as is always the case. Ill-gotten gains were soon spent, spent in building up houses and families committed by their own family affections to a share in old crimes.

Thus the Reformation came on the Western Church as Mahometanism had on the Eastern, devastating whole regions and climes, and substituting what claimed to be simpler worship and simpler faiths in place of an excessive and abnormal growth of usages, beliefs, and institutions. As in the East, so in the West, the iconoclasts were not content with clearing the earth of its superstitious burdens, they must also clear the air of pious phantasms, and heaven itself, as far as that heaven is conceived in the human mind. An effusive and inventive faith had peopled the skies with angelic legions and successive ranks of mediators, principalities, and powers. Perhaps it is not too much to say that these local or domestic saints—these heavenly patrons of churches, families,

nations, classes, and professions—had been so many lesser Christs, more or less encroaching on the sovereignty of the Divine Original. Once on the move the Reformers could not, or would not, stay their hand till they had swept heaven and earth clean of them. They allowed saints, prophets, and martyrs to survive only as pious memories.

But in England, at least, they did not stop here. There remained One whom Christians were bound to believe still living, still interceding for them, still hearing their prayers, still present with them, still conveying to them the benefits of His work and Passion, His death and rising again. With His last words still ringing in the ears of an expectant world, He might be still supposed the Leader of a mighty cause, the Captain of a great army, the Judge of a trial to come once for all. He was always omniscient, indeed, immanent.

The scoffers of the period had early warned the Reformers that they must cut at the very root of the mischief, and extinguish preternaturalism at its source. There was no security so long as you allowed Jesus of Nazareth to be King of kings and Lord of lords, present here and in the heaven of heavens. If there be such a being as the Son of God, is a matter, they said, which need not much concern us. Banish Him to an infinite distance, shut Him up with a strong definition conclude Him in the Deity—the two really

one, theoretically or what you please, so as He trouble us no more. Let Him be a long way back, or a long way off, and we will do Him cheap and easy service in return for competence and honours. But let's have no more of His actual presence amongst us, except as God is everywhere. Speculate as you please on His nature and His doings through all space, and beyond all reaching of time, before and after this creation. That is a sublime and safe employment, and if it cannot do much good, neither need it do much harm. You can be as positive as you like when there is none to call you to account. In the realm of the immeasurable and incomprehensible, you can always make your own rules, lay your own basis, build what you please upon it, and confound whom you please.

Such was the language heard in high places all over Europe in that period, and it had its representatives in this country—men of action, strong in deeds if not in words. The Church had to come to terms with them, and promise what one now hears of so often—a *modus vivendi*. This it found in the conception of a Deity embracing in Himself all the attributes of perfect humanity, requiring no son because Himself Son, and no Holy Spirit because Himself Spirit—at once the All-sufficient Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier.

XVI

THE REFORMATION HURRIED, INTERRUPTED,
AND CUT SHORT

BUT justice, as well as pity, is due to the men who had to encounter a vast league of opposition from many quarters, and rebuild the Church in evil times. There are situations in which the best thing that can be done is only the least of many possible ills. The enormous scandals of the Church of Rome had now disgusted all reasonable—indeed, all religious—men, and driven them to the conclusion that everything which could be called human invention must be cleared off the ground before Divine truth could have a chance. The good was now indistinguishable from the evil, and the cry was to root up the crop altogether. The very atmosphere had to be purified. In the early days of the Church the conception of a Being distinct from the Almighty, yet of the same nature, or a like nature, had never been a difficulty to the mass of the Christian people, fresh, as it was, from the very lap of polytheism.

Both Jew and Greek did find great stumbling-

blocks in the personality, the words, and the work of Christ; in His humiliation, His humbling doctrines, His sufferings, and His ignominious death. In these respects the new divinity presented a very great and distasteful contrast to the principal personages of the Pagan Pantheon. On the other hand, the 'elect,' at first few among many, and generally of the humbler classes, did apprehend and appreciate One who should be Saviour, King, Mediator, and in all spiritual respects should enable man to communicate with his Maker. Such a Being would, of necessity, be God and man, as regarded His relation to God and His relation to man.

The only difficulty was to secure this idea from corruption, multiplication, and degradation. The two great Churches of Christendom vied with one another in the race for popularity, and in a ready acceptance of new pretensions, which, like other imitations, bore witness to the truth and potency of the original. For more than a thousand years mediation was becoming more human than divine, till saints, miracles, legends, and usages became neither human nor divine, but mere romances and fairy tales. The Breviary itself, forced by the Church of Rome on its subject clergy, became encumbered with stories which they could only understand as well-meant and edifying fictions. So the Reformers had to make a clean sweep, even if it should seem a massacre.

They seemed, indeed, to make heaven and earth a solitude, and then call it a pure faith.

Presumably they trusted that all would end well, that even in this world, and in a spiritual sense, the true saints that had once been in Christ would rise again, and the earlier stars of the Christian firmament would shine the more clearly for the extinction of false fires and meteoric illusions. It is, too, quite certain that, after the violent oscillation of three Tudor reigns, the Reformers hoped and expected more time and opportunity to perfect the work in the quiet days of the young Protestant queen.

In some respects we may deem it happy they were disappointed. They were encountered by a succession of statesmen of the sort that perform a necessary function in human affairs without contributing much to the dignity of their office. The order of the day was to settle questions as quickly as possible and have no more controversy. If anyone wishes to see what becomes of debatable matter under such peremptory conditions, let him compare the Church Catechism as we now have it with Dean Nowell's two Catechisms, of which it is the merest *débris*. In the work commonly understood as Nowell's Catechism, entitled 'A Catechisme for the Instruction and Learning of Christian Religion, translated out of Latine into English (by T. Norton), an. 1570,' and running to 125 closely printed pages, the question

before us has very little prominence and occupies little space in comparison with that given to it in our present Catechism. The Dean was in the service, and at the service, of the greatest ecclesiastical personages of the day, and at their beck and call. He adopts the current theology of the West ; but in several places he is careful to state that the unity is in the ' Godhead,' that is, in the Ousia ; he nowhere expressly states that this is an object of worship ; on several occasions where this seems to be approached the language is ambiguous, and it is not easy to say whether he is speaking of the Ousia, or of the Father, and after a bare half page he cuts the matter short by the very significant words, ' The infinite depth of this mystery is so great that it cannot with mind be conceived, much less with words be expressed ; wherein, therefore, is required a simplicity of Christian faith ready to believe rather than wit to search, or the office of the tongue to express, so secret and hidden a mystery.'

XVII

'OUSIA' IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

WHATEVER we are in other matters, in theology we are a rough and ready nation. For two centuries and a half—that is, from the Reformation to the end of last century—there was no such thing as theological education or properly conducted theological enquiry in this country. We were content to avail ourselves of the labours of remote ancestors and foreign divines. Even now there is no school of theology in the world that does not look upon us as barbarians in this matter. Italians, Germans, Greeks, Orientals, differing as they do between one another, agree in regarding the English as simply incapable of theology. As a rule the Englishman, obliged by his profession to accept the creeds, to use a common expression, 'bolts' them, and resolves to trouble no more about them. When his majestic calmness is ruffled by some circumstance, or casual encounter, he speedily settles the question by calling the man a heretic or a fool as the occasion may require or allow. That done, he resumes his wonted placidity, and feels he

has witnessed to the truth, and is so far a confessor and even a martyr.

Age has conferred upon me some right to speak out in these matters, and speak out I must. Of a loyal and emotional nature, circumstances put me early on the track of free enquiry, and made me a precocious thinker as well as writer. Now, for three quarters of this century, a good way on to the whole of it, I have been trying to 'crack the nuts of theology,' as Burton expressed it, and to allow 'its bones to be forced down my throat,' as John Newton once expressed it at a meeting of the Eclectic Society. True, the study has been only intermittent, and for long periods forcibly repelled, but only to return with fresh urgency and fresh sense of a 'call' on my part.

It is needless now to recur to the tenor or the episodes in my protracted existence, but here is how the matter now stands—that is, since I felt bound to deliver myself, now ten years since. Writers who, for anything that appears, have not given a quarter of an hour to the perusal of the volume they were invited to review, or five minutes at a time to any question in theology, have pronounced me, off-hand, as a rejecter of the creeds and a traitor to my Church. They speak as if they hold their ground firmly on the Nicene Creed as the divinely ordered and final

summary of the faith once delivered to the Church—the truth to which the Spirit would lead it.

Alas ! Upon how small a pretence will an English theologian deem himself a good and true man !

The Nicene Creed has been simply knocked to pieces and absolutely superseded by the Church of England. That royal and Parliamentary institute declares in the Thirty-nine Articles, in the Litany, in the Catechism, and in many additions to the old English services, that the Father, the Son, and the Spirit are One God. There is no such statement or anything to warrant it in the Nicene Creed. A man may please to say that it follows necessarily from a comparison of different clauses in the Creed, but that remains his own private inference, the value of which is included within his own personal dimensions, which may be infinitesimal.

The Church of England says in the first of the Thirty-nine Articles, ‘In the unity of this Godhead there be three Persons of one substance (that is Ousia), power, and eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.’ There is no such statement in the Nicene Creed. It says that the Lord Jesus Christ is of one substance, or Ousia, with the Father, but says nothing about the substance of the Holy Ghost, or about the eternity of the Holy Ghost. A man may please to say that it was needless, inasmuch as the Spirit of God, or the Breath of God, must

be of the same substance as God, but this involves a certain conception of the said substance which one man may have, and another may not. One man may understand by substance a certain element in nature, and undoubtedly till long after the fourth century philosophy and theology were deeply infected with materialism. Another man may understand by community of substance that which must be in common between anyone and his son; also that which must be in common between anyone and his utterance or that which proceeds from him, and yet hold that the community is different in the two cases, inasmuch as it is defined by the relation itself, and is, therefore, relative and not absolute. Should the holders of these two different views attempt a common understanding, they would find the question left open in the Nicene Creed, not in the Anglican.

The Church of England says that the Son took, and has, and will for ever have, a community of substance with the Blessed Virgin. There is no such statement in the Nicene Creed. Could that Council have foreseen that one day a great Church would compel all its members to hold that the Son of God has, and will for ever have, a community of substance, or Ousia, with the Father and the Spirit, and also with the Virgin Mary, they might possibly have been more guarded in their expressions. The Nicene Creed says nothing about the reconciliation of the Father to

us, or 'original guilt,' and is quite silent upon a great number of other questions decided dogmatically in the Thirty-nine Articles.

That very miscellaneous, incoherent, and arbitrary document, roughly framed, and roughly, if ever formally, agreed to, has the character and force of a creed, being for the avoidance of diversities of opinion, and for the establishment of consent touching true religion. Its history is about as obscure as that of any other creed ; and were that better known, it would have all the less weight with conscientious and scrupulous people. But certainly its claim to have added nothing to the Nicene Creed is not only utterly untrue, but is simply ridiculous. The great moral to be drawn from it is that no one body of men has a right to impose what it may please to regard as sound and safe opinions on all the world ; and that no one generation has a right to foreclose any number of difficult questions for all time to come. The condition of affairs in this country, now, as I write, 330 years after the supposed passing of these Thirty-nine Articles for the establishment of universal and everlasting peace, shows not the impotence of such designs, but rather their very great power of evil, culminating, possibly, after an allotted term and some time for repentance, in the disruption and ruin of a great kingdom and of a world-wide empire.

May be, it is happy for us that we cannot

foresee from how small a beginning a purely human conception, assuming the character of faith, may acquire an obstinate hold, a long development, and an enormous prevalence. The very idea is enough to deter from all religious action beyond the personal, the dutiful, the official, and the necessary. Here is a word coined by philosophers, who were, perhaps the very year before, earning small fees by teaching rhetoric or Roman law, in order to express more distinctly that a son, so far as he is a son, must partake of the nature of his father. The authors of this device presented it with hesitation, and on repeated occasions without effect. It germinated and struck out roots. As the Roman poet says of Rumour, this figment of grammarians planted its foot in the ground and now hides its head in the clouds. After some fifteen hundred years we have still to ask what it really stands for ; that is, if we continue to declare that it must be brought within human comprehension. What is this Ousia ? Nay, who is He ? For the Church of England bids us address our prayers and other acts of worship to Three Persons and One God, that is to the Ousia.

Hooker is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of our prose writers, and, for aught I know, still the greatest of our divines. But he died young—only forty-five. He was an Achilles, not a Tithonus. I do not know him, or consult him, as often as I

ought, but when I do read but a sentence of him I feel like Jacob bowing his head to the stripling Joseph. To the last he was more than mature ; he was still maturing and still pursuing truth as if not having attained to it. At near twice his age I may venture to comment upon him. He accepts the Anglican dogma, but with a diffidence amounting to a decided reserve :

The Lord our God is but one God, in which indivisible unity, notwithstanding, we adore the Father, as being altogether of Himself ; we glorify the Consubstantial Word, which is the Son ; we bless and magnify the co-essential Spirit, eternally proceeding from both, which is the Holy Ghost.

Here we find Hooker doing his best to adhere to the lines of Scripture and of the Nicene Creed. The Son, he says, is consubstantial, the Spirit co-essential. If it be interposed that substance and essence mean the same thing, then it may be asked, why did not Hooker use the same word, and why did the Roman Church shrink from importing the word 'Ousia' into its version of the Nicene Creed, and, also, whether in common use substance and essence mean the same thing ? Hooker distinguishes further as to the worship respectively due to Father, Son, and Spirit. We adore the Father ; we glorify the Son ; we bless and magnify the Spirit. Are these distinctions only so many ornaments of style ? When we talk of the judicious

Hooker we mean surely something more than that he wrote, like his great contemporary Shakespeare, with an inexhaustible grace and variety of style. In fact, he was more judicious—that is, *judiciosus*, than judicial. He was judging—that is, modifying and so far suspending his judgments—to the end, and he thereby becomes the best guide we can have under existing circumstances.

XVIII

'OUSIA' IN THE PRAYER BOOK

IN order to present the fact of a great deviation, or irregular development from the earlier teaching of the Church Catholic, it is necessary to contrast some passages in the English Prayer Book with documents of greater antiquity and, so far, authority. In the history of the Prayer Book the most remarkable points are the hastiness, the roughness, and the obscurity with which the important work of selection and composition was done; the peremptoriness of its completion, and the obduracy with which it has been stereotyped and forced ever since on the conscience, at least the practice, of the nation, with the entailment of very serious penal consequences to the most honest and peaceful non-compliant.

Such an account of the matter seems to reflect on our Reformers, at least, if we are to suppose the novelty of doctrine entirely theirs and the creation of the period. Did the Reformation itself produce the very exaggerated—indeed, monstrous—conception which, in this volume, as in some preceding, is styled

the Anglican dogma? Once for all, it must be answered that the Reformers did not. They found the dogma the leading dogma of the English Church, not to speak of other churches, and they had to choose between rejection, revision, and acceptance. What they felt about the matter it may seem bootless now to enquire, but political and ecclesiastical necessities pointed to a general acceptance of what had then been for many centuries the prevailing Western dogma, which, as it happened, would bring it more to the front than it had ever been before, and give it a distinctly national character.

The origin of error is seldom, if ever, so personal, so occasional, so limited to place or time, as is supposed by either the upholders or the denouncers. It may be said of heresies, as of truth itself—

Multosque per annos

Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.

The first preachers of the Gospel could not leave what must be called its native soil without immediately encountering a polytheistic Paganism which had occupied the whole world from prehistoric times. Philosophy was but a feeble light compared with a vast, indefinite chaos of confused and intermingled traditions, ideas, elements, and fictitious personages severally holding their own by their strength, their beauty, their art and skill, their convenience, and, more

than all, by their ready compliance with human appetite or convenience, as might be. It is scarcely realised in these days, even by well-informed people, how large a part of Europe itself remained absolutely, indeed, hopelessly, Pagan, for many centuries after the Christian era, and how readily, indeed universally, the Christians themselves made compromises with the surrounding and permeating flood of many-formed superstitions. It was in this direction that the danger was supposed to lie, and had to be guarded against by direct, vigorous, and unmistakable protests. As philosophy had always been the chief, indeed the one prevailing weapon against Paganism, so it continued to be, as was supposed, against all doctrine that tended to diffuse, to divide, to qualify, and to graduate the Divine Essence, and to create gods many and lords many, principalities and powers in heavenly places.

All this long and dreary period, in the midst of what seemed insurmountable difficulties and struggling for existence, worm-eaten with scandals and contending with foes, the Church had been hiding its light under a bushel. Its services were in a dead language, and, for the most part, sung rather than said. The musical part had always had a tendency to predominate, and in the larger edifices and best-sustained choirs the organist and the choir obtained at last sole possession of the ground. On any pretence they

interpolated, added, and extended music with words, music without words, music with sense, music without it, with utter indifference to what are now called the spiritual needs of the congregation. Their maxim seems to have been that all have ears whether or not they have hearts, brains, or souls. An immense and increasing array of monks, friars, and 'religious' persons of many orders, grades, and characters had to employ their time as well as they could. A large proportion of them occupied themselves in the composition of hymns, which had to be original, on subjects in which originality was difficult and dangerous. They rang continual changes on the most mysterious themes, and there ensued a universal ambition to be the discoverer of grand secrets that had escaped the eye or the understanding of less holy saints, or less gifted philosophers.

In the discharge of his *grande munus* Mr. Julian reveals a world of hymn-writers exceeding one another in the race of reckless invention and audacious irreverence. No part of holy ground—not even the throne of the Divine Majesty—have they spared in digging for the treasures that might be found in so rich a soil. All the cathedrals had their respective missals, which, within certain limits prescribed by Canon Law, allowed endless variety. The Sarum Missal obtained the greatest popularity in this country, and the highest authority as a standard ; but its hymns

are appreciably in advance of the more cautious traditions of the original service.

Of course, it is a very ordinary thing for a discourse, or a commentary, to go beyond the limits of the text. The orator or the writer 'improves' upon it, and feels that he has to bring out of it more than the common folk thought there was in it. He will linger for an hour, with much variety of expression and illustration, upon a few words spoken in a breath; and his own expressions and illustrations become the text in their turn, and take the place of the original. If this is done every day in the vulgar tongue, how much more is it likely to be done in a dead language!

The monasteries were everywhere formidable rivals of the secular clergy, and a mitred abbot might have forty or fifty choirs in his peculiar charge, owing no allegiance except to him and the pope, his only master. So long as he served the pope's turn he had his own, and nobody was likely to interfere with him in so small a matter as the verses set to music in his churches. No modern frequenter of the opera would think of studying or criticising the libretto, and it is evident from the songs that gain the most street and music-hall popularity that utter nonsense is what the majority like best when music is in the question.

The Reformers, however, found these extrava-

gances of dogmatism in possession of the ground, and they had also to provide against the possible charge of rejecting dogma altogether, at least the Trinitarian dogma. Might it not be in their minds to transfer these dogmatic innovations and excesses, in a succinct and unpretentious form, from the musical parts of the service to the prose, when they were so considerably curtailing the musical? The Book of Homilies shows that they regarded the choir, rather than the altar, the pulpit, the lectern, or the reading-desk, as the stronghold of the old system and the great obstacle in the way of reform.

I must confess, however, that I have to leave to those who have been able to give more time to theological and liturgical studies, the origin, growth, and history of that which I understand as the Anglican dogma—the dogma that the Almighty is Triune, and that the Father, the Son, and the Spirit are one God, Three in One and One in Three. History is always a long and difficult matter, requiring time, opportunities, means, and special qualities apt to interfere with one another. The historian has to bear continually in mind important facts, grand principles, leading characteristics, while descending to details frequently of no value except in their relation to great issues. It is enough that I put the above dogma before the reader as it is professed and enforced in the Church of England, side by side with the so-called Nicene

Creed, and even with the so-called Athanasian, that is the original Latin text of the *Quicumque vult*, and ask whether the Church is really standing on these two last-named creeds, or standing—staggering, rather—on a creed of its own directly at variance with them.

XIX

'OUSIA' IN THE LITANY

THE Litany is ordered to be sung or said three times a week, on some other occasions, and whenever commanded by the ordinary. It is a very old act of worship, formerly of a special, occasional, and sometimes picturesque character. In the successive stages of the 'Reformation' it was adapted to English use by striking out many invocations and commemorations, and by the substitution of the English Creed—viz. that before us. It contains the above-mentioned antithesis between the Father of heaven and the Son the Redeemer of the world. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost it gives severally the supreme title of 'God.' The Holy Ghost it describes as proceeding from the Father and the Son, according to the Western variation upon the Eastern—indeed, Catholic—formula. This variation, it must be observed, is a step towards that unity of conception which really impairs the conception of distinct personality, for if the Holy Spirit be supposed to proceed equally from Father and Son, it seems to suppose them a unity,

while the Spirit itself cannot easily be conceived as distinct from Him whose power, utterance, and very breath it is.

The first four invocations of the Litany in use before the Reformation were :

Pater de coelis, Deus miserere nobis.

Fili redemptor mundi Deus, miserere nobis.

Spiritus sancte Deus, miserere nobis.

Sancta Trinitas unus Deus, miserere nobis.

These have been in use in the Western Church for many centuries, though not found in any MS. earlier than the tenth century. They have never been used in the Eastern Church, which from a much earlier date has recited at this place in the service :

Kyrie Eleison.

Christe Eleison.

Kyrie Eleison.

Having regard to the order of the words, the second and third Latin invocations are not so expressly dogmatical as the English substitutes. The fourth Latin invocation certainly contains the dogma, but does not introduce the word 'Person.'

It has frequently, too frequently, occurred to me to ask to whom I am addressing the several supplications in our Litany. I have sometimes suggested, rather than urged, the question to others. The answer in that case has been 'to God,' or 'to the Trinity,' or 'to

the Three Persons of the Godhead.' This has never satisfied me. Even when I thought I must accept it, in a theological sense, it seemed to do me no good. The answer, however, seems justified by the express terms of the Litany.

The fourth and last of the introductory invocations is—

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God : have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

The well-known and meritorious writer of 'A Church Student's Manual' says: 'The Litany opens with an invocation to each Person of the Blessed Trinity, but avoids the charge of tri-theism by a united invocation to the Three Persons in one God.' In the same page the writer proceeds: 'The Litany is divided into four great parts. 1. Four invocations to each Person of the Blessed Trinity,' and under this head observes: 'In the expression "O God, the Son," instead of "O Son of God," we recognise the divinity of Christ.' The above writer, it will be noticed, has thought it necessary to insert a comma as an additional protest against tri-theism.

The minister immediately proceeds :

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers ; neither take thou vengeance of our sins ;

spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

To this the congregation responds, 'Spare us, good Lord.' At first sight, or thought, it might seem that, after addressing Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and declaring their unity, we proceed to address the Son, but I expect that most educated Church people, in submission, as they suppose, to the Athanasian dogma, conceive that they are still addressing the Trinity, and that they are justified in the use of these terms by the text, Acts xx. 28, in which St. Paul, according to the Authorised Version, calls the blood of Christ God's own blood. That text will ever remain a controversy, but no reasonable scholar or divine can venture to give it a meaning exceeding, or varying upon, the simple statement in the Nicene Creed, that the Lord Jesus Christ was crucified for us. May not the text be rendered, With the blood of His own Son? However, in that sense, the blood of Christ might still be called God's own blood.

The next five petitions might be addressed with equal propriety to the Father and to the Son; and I expect that some in an ordinary congregation do the one and some the other; but the two following supplications can only be addressed to the Son—at

least, will be addressed to the Son by any simple Christians not versed in theological subtleties. This must be their intention when they say :

By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation ; by thy holy Nativity and Circumcision ; by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation,

by thine Agony and bloody Sweat ; by thy Cross and Passion ; by thy precious Death and Burial ; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension.

The learned author of the *Origines Liturgicæ* appears to have been unable to find ancient examples for the words last quoted as parts of the Litany ; and even with regard to the previous quotation, 'Remember not,' &c., can give us no older authority than the Sarum Breviary. The latter is obviously addressed to Jesus Christ. This address evidently continues to the end of the Litany, where for 'good Lord' are substituted 'Son of God,' 'Lamb of God,' and 'Christ.' In a manual of private devotion by Bossuet, edited by Dupanloup, I find the words included in *Litanies du saint nom de Jésus*. They begin with the invocation, 'Sainte Trinité, qui êtes un seul Dieu,' but it is immediately followed by the invocation, '*Jésus, Fils du Dieu vivant.*' There can be no doubt here that we are invoking Jesus, the Son of God, by His Passion. Such doubt there is, almost necessarily, in our Litany, and the doubt is not unfrequently settled by the conclusion that the Trinity may be said to have suffered all that

Jesus Christ did, and that this is, in fact, the orthodox doctrine. Certainly, if we are to be allowed to explain revelation by philosophical conceptions overriding and destroying personality altogether, we may say that the Almighty, be He one, or triune, or, say, multiple, is everything, does everything, and suffers everything, and was on the Cross at Calvary as surely as He then was everywhere.

But this is perilous language. It is not common sense. It is not on the face of Scripture. The doctrine that God the Father suffered on the Cross and died has been repeatedly, and I can't but believe justly, condemned by that Catholic Church to which some supposed Trinitarians are so often appealing. In the fifth century a great stir was made by a theologian well known as Peter the Fuller, who maintained it to be the teaching of the Church that God had suffered and God had been crucified. He was, however, everywhere strenuously opposed, and his doctrine was condemned by both the Eastern and Western churches. With several other sects, still holding ground in the Church, the *Theopathitæ* were held to be a branch of the Eutychian heresy involving a denial or ignorance of the two natures in Christ. In 'The Catholic Doctrine of the Church of England,' by Thomas Rogers, chaplain to Archbishop Bancroft, edited for the Parker Society by Mr. Perowne, I find it described as an error and a wicked

opinion, 'that the whole and Holy Trinity was crucified, as saith Petrus Antiochanus.' Yet if the English Litany be regarded as a grammatical composition, it favours this opinion.

In the 'Manual for the Sick,' by Lancelot Andrews, there is a Litany for the sick person when in danger of death. It begins, as our Litany does, with an invocation of the Trinity. The petition that immediately follows appears to me to have been retained in deference to the common reading and interpretation of the text, Acts xx. 28. But, after several petitions, Bishop Andrews proceeds: 'By the manifold and great works of Jesus Christ, Thy Son; by *His* agony and bloody sweat; by *His* strong crying and tears; by *His* bitter cross and passion, &c.' It is plain that the good bishop, having to deal with a dying man, would not disturb his mind with any difficulty as to the object of his worship, but instructed him to approach the Father through the Son.

There are differences in the character and purport of the twenty-one latter petitions in the Anglican Litany as compared with the first nine, which need not here be dwelt upon, but they generally suggest that we are praying to Him whom we commonly understand by the One Almighty God. Immediately after these twenty-one petitions, which are such as any Theist might use, we proceed to address suffrages, or brief heart utterances, to the 'Son of God,' 'Lamb

of God,' concluding with alternate and repeated prayers to Christ and the Lord to have 'mercy upon us,' and the 'Lord's Prayer.'

There certainly is a great confusion here, in the transition from one Person to another, from three to one and one to three; indeed, from one to two and two to one; while the grammar of the Litany indicates four Persons, Father, Son, Holy Ghost, and Trinity, the last containing all, or over all. Impious and blasphemous as the jest may seem, it has long been a standing jest, let us hope no more than a jest, at Rome, that the Pope may declare four Persons in the Godhead if he pleases. The insinuation is that the Pope may or does declare himself a divinity. It has frequently been said, with only too much truth, that the Trinity in careless or unskilful hands, that is, in the hands of rude and semi-barbaric theologians, does become a fourfold Deity. How far this confusion and entanglement in the composition of our Litany and Catechism were accidental or intentional; or in the mind of some one so-called theologian; or arising from the vain attempt to reconcile discordant views; or, it is not impossible, from the wish of the orthodox to establish a *modus vivendi* with unbelievers,—it is now impossible even to conjecture; but it is enough to say that there is no such confusion, no such appearance of wilful entanglement, in the Scriptures, or in the Fathers, or in the two really Catholic Creeds.

XX

'OUSIA' IN THE SERVICES, COLLECTS, AND
CATECHISM

IN our Communion Service there is what sometimes suggest a momentary doubt ; indeed, I have often felt it. What is called the Trisagion need not have the particular significance which Athanasians give to it ; but many educated Christians do so use it ; and they are certainly encouraged to do so by the Proper Preface on Trinity Sunday. Most people, however, suppose it addressed simply to the Almighty Father. They are justified in so doing by the Proper Prefaces for Christmas, Easter, Ascension Day, and Whitsunday ; by the prayer before Communion, and by the prayer of Consecration ; for all the six contain the words 'Thy Son.' But the Proper Preface for Trinity Sunday determines the Trisagion in the Athanasian sense, and for that purpose omits the words 'Holy Father' in the opening clause. The alteration, even if it be allowable and proper, is not complete, inasmuch as the Priest immediately proceeds to address the Father alone.

But that is not expressly stated till the middle of the prayer.

There are those who will tell me I may as well leave people alone to address whom they please as the Godhead, for that it is much the same whom they address, and whatever is addressed to one is addressed to Father, Son, and Spirit. But is it not important we should have clear and definite views on these matters, and understand what we say? The Athanasian Creed begins with condemning confusion of Persons, a much more intelligible error than division of substance. Any child may know what it is to pray to the Father; what it is to pray to Jesus; what it is to pray to the indwelling Spirit, long before it has any notions at all on the Divine substance.

In the Collect for the First Sunday in Lent, the closing words, 'to thy honour and glory, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end,' are entirely additional to the very short collect in the Sarum Missal, and the somewhat longer form quoted from ancient liturgies in Palmer's 'Antiquities of the English Ritual.'

In the First Collect for Good Friday, for '*Qui tecum vivit*,' the Prayer Book has 'who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.' This was adopted into the Form of Prayer for the day of intercession for missionary work, 1880. To the Third Collect are added

the words, 'who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end.' This also was adopted into the above missionary service.

In the service for Good Friday in the Sarum Missal there is a long succession of collects, whether for a choice to be made from them, or for all to be used, I know not. There soon follows an Adoration of the Cross, in ten stanzas. If the last of the stanzas be compared with the following Collect in the Adoration, it will be seen that the hymn is more intensely and distinctly triune in its conception of Him to whom it is addressed :

Let us pray also for Pagans, that Almighty God may remove iniquity from their hearts ; that, leaving their idols, they may be converted to the living and true God, and his only Son, Jesus Christ our God and Lord, who liveth and reigneth with the Holy Ghost, God, world without end.

Concluding Verse of Hymn.

To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting as is meet ;
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son, and Paraclete.
Trinal unity, whose praises
All created things repeat.

In the Collect for Ascension Day the words 'and with him continually dwell, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end,' are added to the Collect for the

Day in the Sarum Missal, for which Palmer gives ancient authorities.

The Proper Preface in Communion on Trinity Sunday is—

Who art one God, one Lord ; not one only Person, but three Persons in one Substance. For that which we believe of the glory of the Father, the same we believe of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, without any difference or inequality. Therefore, &c.

Palmer gives the original, of which this is a reduced but faithful rendering, and observes that it is as old as the time of Gelasius, patriarch of Rome, A.D. 494. The reference proves the antiquity of the 'Preface'; but it also directs our attention to the character of the period to which we owe it. Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, and as such a reputed Arian, had just completed the conquest of Italy, and established himself at Ravenna, with the evident wish and avowed intention of enjoying the fruits of victory in peace for the rest of his days. For this purpose he left Rome to itself as much as possible, and under the forms of its old constitution. Boethius, as stated in a former chapter, was then the idol of Rome, the representative of its past, its present, and its future ; of its history and philosophy. Whether he was a Christian at all remains a question, so little does Christianity appear in his writings. So far as he was a Christian he had to reduce it into accordance

with his philosophy, and this could only be done by taking texts out of their context and forcing them, indeed twisting them, to suit the requirements of a philosophic system.

Of Gelasius himself I know nothing ; indeed, I believe nothing is known. Nor does it matter. Rome was entirely in the hands of the philosophers, and would then accept no doctrine except so far as it was compatible with the current philosophy of the whole civilised world and could be expressed in its language. This may seem a strong thing to say and to put in print ; but if any one will consider how large a part Greek and Latin philosophy, and poetry, have in the education and the character of our own educated classes, and how small a part the Bible or Church history has, it will certainly be a step towards understanding how Rome, as it stood in its last agonies face to face with a newly converted barbarian world, found itself more philosophic than Christian.

In the Marriage Service the benediction immediately following the declaration of marriage was :

Benedicat vos Deus Pater, custodiat vos Jesus Christus, illuminet vos Spiritus Sanctus, ostendat Dominus faciem suam ad vos, &c.

The English form substituted for this is :

God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you ; the Lord mercifully with his favour look upon you, &c.

The Latin original is simple and intelligible ; not so the English paraphrase.

In the Catechism the three Persons of the supposed Godhead, or Ousia, stand without any summing up or explanatory clause. The catechist is left to explain the manifest inconsistency as best he can, or according to his own particular creed, if he has one. He or she has to decide for the catechumen, a child of six years, or a young woman of fourteen, whether God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, mean Divine Father, Divine Son, and Divine Spirit, or God, who art Father, Son, and Spirit ; or, possibly, some *tertium quid* of his own invention.

The catechist upon whom devolves this serious function may be a pupil teacher twelve years old, bred on Church, or dissenting, or nothingorian principles, or may be a business-like old schoolmaster, who knows how to impose and extort the proper answer, and satisfy the clerical manager and the diocesan inspector. It is left to him or her to harmonise the three divers utterances. This creed, without the fourth clause, is adopted in the service for the Public Baptism of Infants, in which the godfathers and godmother are directed to see that the child shall be instructed in the Church Catechism.

A similar creed, virtually the same, appears in the final Blessing pronounced by the Bishop in the

Confirmation Service ; 'the Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.' This certainly does not incline to tri-theism, for it is almost outspoken theism.

The creed of the Catechism appears in the Blessing pronounced by the minister immediately after the declaration that the persons whose hands have been joined are man and wife. The last-mentioned declaration is made 'In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost' ; and as if this were not sufficient, it is immediately added, 'God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve and keep you ; the Lord mercifully with his favour look upon you.' It is needless to ask whether this is a proper time for introducing such a theological paradox as is implied in an attempt to reconcile the three first clauses with the last. The framers of the office evidently thought the Scriptural doctrine of Father, Son, and Spirit incomplete and therefore requiring to be supplemented by the Anglican innovation. That, however, it was felt had its own danger—the danger of a tri-theistic interpretation, and to obviate this there was added, 'the Lord mercifully with his favour look upon you'—including in the title 'Lord,' Father, Son, and Spirit.

The Anglican creed is interpreted in the tri-theistic sense, not only by many simple and half-educated Christians, but also by some who might be supposed

utterly incapable of so serious an error. Our English theologians consider the danger of the creed to lie in that direction, and even think that most of our religious enthusiasts, whether in or out of the communion of the Established Church, are practically tri-theists—that is, believers in three Gods. As far as can be judged from the different forms of the creed, they who incorporated it into the formularies of our Church, and made it the keystone, as well as the symbol of English Christianity, were fully sensible of the danger. What they felt or saw, and what were their reasons, their system, or their authorities, it is impossible to say, certainly beyond an ordinary range of opportunities to inquire into. The formation of our Catechism, like the introduction of this creed into our prayer books, is among the darkest deeds done in all history. It was done only about four times a long life-time since, but for any exact knowledge to be ever obtained about it, this great innovation might as well have been done in the days when England was evenly divided between the Danes and the Saxons.

So the documents have to be taken as they stand. The danger of a tri-theistic interpretation is boldly faced in some instances, while in other instances an attempt is made to guard against it. It can be called an attempt and nothing more. There are people who say the wrong thing and then try to set it right, or pretend to set it right, all the time knowing that

the wrong thing, having first possession of the ground, will survive the correction. A man says something quite plain, striking, and indelible, and then adds, 'I don't mean to say so and so.'

In the case before us a simple Christian finds three Persons invoked—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, with a prefix common to the three. That is a puzzle. He does not know what to think about it. He may, or he may not, exercise his mind about it. In the course of time he settles into some habitual mode of viewing the matter, and that will be according to his disposition and temperament. But certainly, as the words stand, the three invocations suggest three Gods, three Divine beings equally entitled to be called God.

XXI

CHURCH HYMNS

IN order to bring home the very serious charge of heresy against the dogmatism of the day in this country, it is necessary to produce what may be regarded as the *corpus delicti*. The cry will be, 'What is it you complain of? Who is it that's to blame? Put your finger on the objectionable matter and then we shall know how to deal with you. Mere generalities are not sufficient in such a case.' The requirement is just ; but now, for many years—indeed, since I became conscious of a distinct call to move in this matter—I felt the greatest repugnance to comment critically on the devotions of the good people about me—friends, ministers, and fellow-worshippers. Even when noting and collecting materials, I wished it might be long before I had occasion to use them. The pace of the day, however, has little regard for tender consciences, and tramples upon scruples. It will not admit of delay, and it accepts silence as consent. Nothing has struck me so much during the last sixty years as the utter self-abandonment with which

men with some pretence to theological acumen allow themselves to be carried away, as in a torrent, by men with no pretence whatever. The rush wins the day. I can assure my readers that the feeling remains in me. I would rather let my good and kind neighbours use what words they please, in the agreeable certainty that they never think of their meaning, or that they take for granted there must be some meaning in the words, though they cannot themselves see it. But I can wait no longer. Every day is bringing me sensibly nearer to the fated hour when memory, judgment, consciousness, life will cease, and when I may have to leave unfinished work to those who will shrink from the task of completion, or prefer peace to a controversy. The hand that writes this is already half-paralysed with gout or what not.

Nothing remains under this heading but to lay before the reader the matter in question, and to say in a succinct and unmistakable form what I have to say about it. I object to the expression and the notion of a 'Triune God'; to such expressions as three in one and one in three; to the use of the singular pronoun in referring to the Father, the Son, and the Spirit; to the summing-up of the three Persons with the words 'one God'; to the phrase 'God the Son,' and to all expressions favouring the opinion that the Son and the Spirit are nothing more than Divine aspects, procedures, and offices; to the title of God given to Jesus Christ in such a way as to

imply that it was God Almighty who was born of the Virgin Mary and nursed and taught by her, and that it was He who walked about the Holy Land with the disciples, who ate, drank, and slept, who was struck in the face and spit upon, who was crucified, dead, and buried ; to all gratuitous intrusion into the manner and form of the Divine existence, and into the unfathomable and inscrutable eternity supposed to have preceded creation. All these expressions I must regard as unwarranted additions to the teaching of the Scriptures, of the early fathers, of the early councils and creeds, and as offences placed in the way of those little ones whom Christ came to save. I must regard them as heresies and sins against the Holy Ghost. So shall I regard them as long as this hand can hold a pen or this tongue make an intelligible utterance—to my last breath, my last moment of consciousness.

Church Hymns. 7. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
 Early in the morning our song shall be of
 Thee ;
 Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.
 REGINALD HEBER.

This hymn recalls the second vision in the Revelation of St. John, as that recalls Isaiah. A student must have got confidence in himself if he arrives at any certainty, even at any clearness of conception, as to the meaning of the Revelation ; but it may be said

with certainty that there is not a single passage in it expressing, or countenancing, the doctrine that the Father, the Son, and the Spirit are one God. The Son is always described as receiving from the Almighty, and as delegated by Him. In this vision He is figured as the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, as the Lamb in the midst between the Throne, the Elders, and the mystic 'Beasts,' and as the Recipient and Opener of the Sealed Book.

10. Now that the daylight fills the sky,

All praise to God the Father be ;
 All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee ;
 Whom with the Spirit we adore,
 One God, both now and evermore !

Anon., from the Latin (fifth century). Translated by
 J. M. Neale, with alterations.

12. O God, who canst not change nor fail,

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
 And Holy Spirit, God of Grace,
 To whom all glory, Three in One,
 Be given in every time and place.

23. Holy Father, &c.

Holy Saviour, &c.

Holy Spirit, &c.

Holy, Blessed Trinity,

Darkness is not dark to Thee ;

Those Thou keepest always see

Light at evening time.

R. HAYES ROBINSON.

33. The splendours of Thy glory, Lord,
Hath no man seen nor known.

Grant us Thy peace, blest Trinity,
Fair love and saintly might ;
And for this dim and fleeting day,
Give us immortal light.

40. The dawn of God's new Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again.

When angels' hands have gathered
The first ripe fruit for *Thee* ;
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
Most holy *Trinity* ! Amen.

Ascribed in the Preface to 'Mrs. Cross.'

45. O Day of rest and gladness.

- v. 2. On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

- v. 6. To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,
Bishop of Lincoln.

65. Advent.

Creator of the starry height,
 Thy people's everlasting light ;
 O Christ, Redeemer, bow Thine ear,
 In mercy our petitions hear.

.
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One ;
 Praise, honour, might, and glory be,
 From age to age eternally. Amen.

Translated from the Latin of sixth or seventh century
 by J. M. Neale, 1818-1868, with alterations.

70. O glory of Thy chosen race.

.
 All praise to God the Father be,
 All praise Eternal Son to Thee ;
 Whom with the Spirit we adore,
 One God both now and evermore. Amen.

Rev. F. J. A. HORT.

89. For thy mercy and thy grace.

.
 Glory to the God of Heaven,
 To the Father, to the Son,
 To the Holy Ghost be given,
 One in Three and Three in One. Amen.

H. DOWNTON.

97. O Lord of health and life, what tongue can tell.

.

Then grant us strength to pray, 'Thy Kingdom come' ;
When we shall know Thee in Thy Father's home,
And at Thy great Epiphany adore
The co-eternal Godhead evermore. Amen.

G. PHILLIMORE.

101. Sons of men, behold from far.

Doxology added, viz. :

Glory to the Heavenly King ;
Glory, all ye angels sing ;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

103. Awhile in Spirit, Lord, to Thee,
Into the desert would we flee.

Blest Three in One and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our past with fruits of righteousness.

In Mr. Julian's 'Dictionary' mention is made of 'a
Doxology from the Latin,' besides other alterations.

J. F. THRUPP.

107. Giver of the perfect gift !

Doxology added :

God the Holy Trinity,
Grant the mercy we implore ;
God the One, all praise to Thee
Through the ages evermore. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

116. O Thou, who through this holy week.

.

Doxology from Denton's Church Hymnal.

To God, the blessed Three in One,
 All praise and glory be :
 Crown, Lord, Thy servants, who have won
 Through Thee the victory. Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

117. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory.

.

Blessing, honour everlasting,
 To the Eternal One in Three ;
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Equal praises ever be !
 Glory through the earth and heaven
 To the Holy Trinity. Amen.

119. Comes once more the awful night.

.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One Almighty God of love,
 Praised by all the heavenly host
 In Thy shining courts above,
 We, O Holy Trinity,
 Bless Thee for Gethsemane. Amen.

127. Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Hearts to heaven and voices
raise.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Glory be to God on high !
To the Father, and the Saviour, who has gained the
victory !

Glory to the Holy Spirit, fount of Love and Sanc-
tity !

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! To the Triune Majesty. Amen.

An Easter Hymn, by CHR. WORDSWORTH,
Bishop of Lincoln.

141. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

KEBLE.

Otherwise—

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Spirit glory be,
The ever blessed Three in One,
Through all eternity.

‘Added’—*i.e.* substituted, by

THRING.

146. O Christ who hast prepared a place,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be
The raiser of our souls to Thee.
O future Judge, eternal Lord,
Thy name be hallowed and adored ;
To God the Father, King of Heaven,
And Holy Ghost like praise be given.

J. B. DE SAUTEUIL.

(*Tr. by J. Chandler.*)

148. The Lord ascendeth up on high.

.
 All praise to Christ our King be given,
 Who hath to heaven ascended ;
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God of Heaven's resplendent host,
 In bright array extended ! Amen.

A. T. RUSSELL.

154. All glory to the Father be.

-
 4. Three Persons, but one God, whose grace
 Has formed and saves our human race ;
 With joyful hearts and lips to Thee
 We sing this mighty mystery ;
 Thy Holy Name we magnify,
 O Trinity in Unity.

187. Where angelic hosts adore Thee.

.
 Praise to Thee, Who hast created
 Earth and heaven, with all their host;
 Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

193. The eternal gifts of Christ the King.

.
 To God the Father, and the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, One and Three,
 Was praise before the worlds begun,
 And praise for evermore shall be. Amen.

195. From hidden source arising.

For this Thy fourfold Gospel
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee,
In it Thyself revealing,
Eternal Trinity. Amen.

R. F. LITTLEDALE.

Written for, and first published in, the 'People's Hymns.' 1867.

199. Hark ! the sound of holy voices, chanting at the
crystal sea.

6. God of God, the One begotten, &c.

Pour upon us of thy fulness, that we may for ever-
more,
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy
Ghost adore.

Bishop CHR. WORDSWORTH.

For All Saints' Day. First published in his 'Holy Year.' 1862.

The Song of the Saints in the Revelation is ‘Salvation unto our God, which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb.’

220. Father of heaven, who hast created all,
O Son of God .
O Holy Ghost .
O Holy Ghost,

O Triune God, lo, at Thy word 'tis done,
 We speak, but Thine the might ;
 This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
 Yet pour on it the light
 Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,
 Thou Sun of all below, above.
 O Triune God.

A. KNAPP. 1798-1864.
 (Tr. C. Winkworth.)

272. *Public Thanksgiving for Victory.*

Great God of Hosts, our 'ears have heard.

.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God in Persons Three,
 All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
 Now and for ever be ! Amen.

284. Holy off'rings, rich and rare.

.
 To the Father and the Son,
 And the Spirit, Three in One.
 Though our mortal weakness raise
 Off'rings of imperfect praise,
 Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
 Crying Holy ! Holy ! Holy !
 On Thine altar laid we leave them ;
 Christ present them ! God receive them ! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1814-1875.

289. Arise, O Lord, and shine.

.
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed !
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
All glory give to God our king !
Missionary Hymn. W. HURN.

301. Lord of the living harvest.

.
Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son ;
And God the Holy Spirit,
O blessed Three in One !
J. S. B. MONSELL. 1817-1873.

307. Here may God the Father, God the Saviour Son,
God the Holy Spirit, be adored as One ;
Till the whole creation at Thy footstool fall,
And in adoration own Thee Lord of all !

310. When the Architect Almighty had created Heaven
and Earth,
Temple of the glorious Godhead, angels shouted
at their birth.

.
In that holy place Isaiah did Thy throne of glory
see,
And he heard the voice of seraphs singing hymns
of praise to Thee ;

Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of hosts eternally,
Sing they in the heavenly temple to the Blessed
Trinity.

Bishop CHR. WORDSWORTH.

311. Lift the strain of high thanksgiving,

Praise to Thee, Almighty Father !
Praise to Thee, Eternal Son !
Praise to Thee, all quickening Spirit !
Ever blessed Three in One !

J. ELLERTON.

314. Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay.

For Thee, O Lord Almighty	}	Addressed as one Person and one God.
Thyself the Master Builder		
Thyself the Corner-Stone		
O Comforter most blessed		
When Thou art Temple, Sacrifice, and Priest upon the throne		

316. Church Festival.

Angels' voices ever singing.

5. Honour, glory, might and merit
Thine shall ever be ;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity !
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and Heaven
Render Thee.

F. POTT,

The song of which this is supposed to be a rendering is that in Rev. iv. 11 :

‘Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power ; for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.’

319. Dedication of Organ.

Hark ! Hark ! the organ loudly peals.

.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One.

G. THRING.

.

321. 1. Eternal Father, strong to save, &c.
2. O Saviour, whose Almighty word, &c.
3. O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood, &c.
4. O Trinity of love and power.

.

And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

336. Behold the Lamb !

.

Behold the Lamb !
Worthy is He alone
To sit upon the throne
Of God above ;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Paraclete in praise,
All Light, all Love ! Amen.

M. BRIDGES.



338. Deeply laid, a sure Foundation,
Christ, the anointed Corner-Stone,
Reaching on to every nation,
Binding both the worlds in one,
Sion's joy and strong salvation,
Makes the faithful all His own.

All her halls a royal priesthood
Fills with music gloriously,
Praise of God from saintly voices
Ringing out melodiously ;
Heralding with endless joyance
God the One in Persons Three.

To the Everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost for ever,
Unity in Trinity ;
Honour, glory, virtue, blessing,
Praise, and might, and majesty.

Translated by J. M. Neale from the Latin (seventh century).

344. 1. Christ is our corner-stone.

Oh ! then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring ;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing ;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.

From the Latin (seventh century). Tr. J. Chandler.

346. Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but one.
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Original.

Per te sciamus, da, Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium ;
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula.

The English version of 'Veni, Creator,' in Church Hymns is the same as that in the Consecration Service in the Prayer Book.

In the Latin version in Palmer's 'Antiquities of the English Ritual,' the last verse is given as follows, with a reference to the Breviarium Sarisb. :

Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito ;
Nobisque mittat Filius
Charisma Sancti Spiritus.

347. Come, Holy Ghost, who ever One,
Reign'st with the Father and with Son.

Now to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise, and thanks, and glory given
By men on earth and saints in heaven.

ST. AMBROSE.

(*Translated by J. H. Newman.*)

In the hymns for Dominica, from the Roman Breviary,
are the following final verses :

Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne sæculum.

Præstet hoc nobis Deitas beata
Patris, ac Nati, pariterque Sancti
Spiritus, cujus resonet per orbem
Gloria mundum.

Deo Patri sit gloria
Ejusque soli Filio
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne sæculum.

Patri simulque Filio
Tibique Sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter
Sæculum per omne gloria.

Virtus, honor, laus, gloria
Deo Patri, cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula.

Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula.

Præsta, beata Trinitas,
Concede, simplex Unitas,
Ut fructuosa sint tuis
Jeniorum munera.

Sempiterna sit beatæ
Trinitati gloria,
Æqua Patri Filioque,
Par decus Paraclito ;
Unius Trinique nomen
Laudet universitas.

359. Father, Son, and Spirit are supposed severally on thrones, before each of which we successively worship and pray, summing up in v. 4 :

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

EDWARD COOPER.

376. Guide us [me], O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land :
We are weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

&c., &c.

Translated from the Welsh of W. WILLIAMS, 1717-1791.

399. Text: 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.'—
Ps. lxxiii. 35.

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all.

.

406. *Final Verse.*

Jesus, Name of wondrous love !
Human Name of God above !
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

Bishop W. W. How.

In my second Reminiscences I relate that immediately on reading a very kind and touching letter addressed by Bishop Ryder to my father on the occasion of a pew controversy, I made a resolution never to do, say, or feel any disrespect to a bishop. To the best of my memory and belief I have kept this vow, when much better and greater men have felt themselves bound by no such law. It is therefore with the greatest repugnance that I venture even to ask a bishop a question which he may find it not easy to answer. How can Bishop How reconcile his doctrine that Jesus is the human name of God above with the double announcement of the angel Gabriel, 'He shall be called the Son of the Highest,' and 'He shall be called the Son of God'?

430. Love Divine, all love excelling.

Jesu, Thou art all compassion.

Addressed to Jesus as God.

CHARLES WESLEY. (First line altered.)

431. March, march onward, soldiers true !

Praise, praise Him who reigns on high,
Praise the co-eternal Son,
Praise the Spirit, Lord of life,
Praise the blessed Three in One ;
&c., &c.

439. Now thank we all our God.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven.
The One eternal God
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore !

M. RINKART (1586-1649).

(*Translated by Catherine Winkworth.*)

461. 1. O Thou who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on Thee, and mourn.

2. Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
 The Man transfix'd on Calvary,
 To know Thee who Thou art,
 The One eternal God and true !

O let Thy dying love constrain
 Our souls to love their God again,
 Their Lord to glorify.

463. O ye immortal throng
 Of angels round the throne,
 Join with our feeble song,
 To make the Saviour known.

Praise, bright-winged host,
 The Three in One ;
 The Father, Son,
 And Holy Ghost. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

On this hymn Mr. Julian observes : 'The S.P.C.K. Church Hymns is an exception in favour of a text which is much altered, and a doxology unknown to Doddridge.'

465. Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing. (Ps. xcv.)

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

472. Oh ! Love, how deep ! how broad ! how high !
 It fills the heart with ecstasy !
 That God, the Son of God, should take
 Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

He sent no Angel to our race.

For us He was baptized, and bore.

For us to wicked men betrayed.

Translated by J. M. Neale from the Latin of fifteenth to seventeenth century.

476. O, what the joy and the glory must be
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see !

Low before Him, with our praises, we fall,
Of whom, in whom, and through whom are all ;
Of whom the Father, and in whom the Son,
Through whom the Spirit, with them ever One.

Translated, with alterations, by J. M. Neale, from the Latin. Fourteenth century.

I cannot understand, or even construe, these four lines.

477. Oh, worship the King,
All glorious above.

Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend ! (Ps. civ.)

By Sir R. GRANT.

This appears to be addressed simply to God the Father.

478. On our way rejoicing as we homeward move.

Unto God the Father, joyful songs we sing ;
 Unto God the Saviour, thankful hearts we bring ;
 Unto God the Spirit, bow we and adore,
 On our way rejoicing, now and evermore ;
 On our way rejoicing, as we homeward move,
 Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

481. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

O ! praise the Father, praise the Son,
 Blest Spirit, praise to Thee !
 All praise to God, the Three in One,
 The One in Three.

HARRIET AUBER. Dox. anon.

Mr. Julian observes that there is not a doxology in the original.

483. Pleasant are Thy courts above. (Ps. lxxxiv.)

H. F. LYTE.

This appears to be addressed to the 'Heavenly Father,' with not even an allusion to the Son and His work. Perhaps it is often used as it were to the Son.

487. Praise to the Holiest in the height,
 And in the depths be praise.

And that a higher gift than grace
 Should flesh and blood refine ;
 God's presence and His very Self,
 And Essence all Divine !

J. H. NEWMAN.

Written 1865. First appearance in verses on various occasions in the 'Dream of Gerontius.'

489. Rejoice, ye pure in heart.

Praise Him who reigns on high,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

Dean E. H. PLUMPTRE.

497. Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven ; in sweet notes raise
An endless Alleluia !

Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore ; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia !

Anon. from the Latin (fifth century) ; tr. J. ELLERTON.

To this is prefixed, in 'Church Hymns,' Rev. xix. 3 ;
in 'The Church of England Hymn Book,' Rev. xix. 6.
The passage describes the glory of God, and a solemn act
of praise, between the fall of Babylon and the Marriage of
the Lamb.

498. Sing to the Lord a joyful song. (Ps. cxiv.)

Repeated after every verse.

For He's the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL,
Vicar of Egham.

507. Take up thy cross, the Saviour said.

 To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
 All praise for evermore ascend ;
 Oh, grant us in our home to see
 The heavenly life that knows no end.
 C. W. EVEREST, alt. Dox. anon.

509. The Church's one Foundation.

 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God, the Three in One.

 S. J. STONE.

In another hymn-book I find the second line above :
 'With Father, Spirit, Son.'

511. The God of Abraham praise.
 This is very different in the two hymn-books before me.
 The following concluding stanza appears only in 'Church Hymns' :

The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

 : They ever cry.
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine !
 I join the heavenly lays ;
 All might and majesty are Thine,
 And endless praise.

Apparently selected from a hymn ascribed to Thomas Olivers. I cannot find the third line in any angelic utterances, nor can I find any angelic worship that could be so interpreted.

516. The strain upraise of joy and praise.

Last verse.

Praise be done to the Three in One.

GODESCALEUS (tenth century).

(*Tr. J. M. Neale.*)

528. Thou, whose Almighty word.

Holy and Blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might ;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light. Amen.

J. MARRIOTT.

This hymn is adopted in the Form of Prayer for 'The Day of Intercession on behalf of the Missionary Work of the Church,' published by the S.P.C.K., 1880.

529. 1. Three in One and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

4. Three in One and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee ;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear our palm.

In a long and interesting notice of this hymn by Mr. Julian, I find that it first appeared in Dr. Rorison's

cuser and accused may share alike, I have suggested that congregations care more for the music than for the words. The music of antiquity was much simpler than ours, and the instruments weaker, for there was nothing formerly to compare with one of our big organs. But there is more than the music in the question. Beside the words themselves, the tone of them, the swing of them, and the sweet inflection—may we not say inspiration?—carries us off our legs, and while we are delivering vocal sounds, it may be something beyond the sense that animates us.

Let us take the 'Rock of Ages.' It has been freely criticised, but a man might as well criticise Mont Blanc, or a storm in the Atlantic, or Homer, as undertake to prove that this hymn is not really suitable for public worship. He has on his side no less an authority than Toplady himself, who sang his own hymns in his own fashion. At midnight he would put on his surplice—a good warm garment in those days—sally forth from his parsonage at Broad Hembury, and ascend to Hembury Fort, a lofty hill commanding one of the grandest panoramas in Devonshire. There, far away from the haunts of men, and with nothing between him and the Eternal, he would sing his hymns, pouring out his heart's longings, careless of hearers or readers.

But how are these hymns sung Sunday after Sunday, say, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle? The

words of the 'Rock of Ages' are so familiar—in deed, so dear—to us all, that I need not quote them. I am told that when it is given out, there is nothing in all London to compare with the grandeur of the sight, the volume of sound, as if the voice of a nation, and the perfection of the harmony. But is it the 'ages' they are thinking of? No. The instant effect. Is it, indeed, 'me only'? No. There are five thousand of them. Are they trying to hide themselves? No. There are five thousand showing themselves to one another, and raising their voices as if each would be heard above all. Is the labour of their hands at all in question? Have they tried to fulfil the Law, and found it wanting? Has their zeal found no respite? How many tears have ever flowed from their wounded consciences? What efforts have they made, or neglected to make, to atone for sin? Have they brought nothing in their hands? They have all brought either silver or gold. Are they clinging to any cross? Are they naked? No; in their Sunday's best. Have they come to our Lord for dress? No; in the best dress which their means will afford. Are they helpless? No; very self-confident and independent. Are they foul? No; extra washed, and in clean linen. Are they waiting the approach of death? No; they are hoping to live a few years longer. Are they preparing for the Judgment day? Well, we will hope they are.

But I do not suppose the Tabernacle congregation to differ in these respects from other congregations—not even from the sedatest Church congregation—unless it be that they all join and sing more lustily. A young lady of the period assures me that she never thinks of the words she is singing, and is under a fixed impression that they have no meaning at all. No wonder, I must be allowed to observe. For words to carry their meaning with them, it is necessary there should be no very great departure from the tone, manner, and pose of conversation, or from words unaccompanied with music ; but in these days the music certainly does engross the sentient faculties, leaving a bare utterance to the words.

XXII

READ AT A MEETING OF THE RURAL DEANERY
OF OTTERY

THERE are hymns for common use, and hymns not for common use. The difference is important, but not sufficiently recognised. It may not be easy to draw a line between the hymns proper for common use, and not proper ; but undoubtedly a large proportion of the hymns included in popular collections are not so fit as other hymns are. This proportion, too, includes, perhaps, the great number of hymns that we should spontaneously read, reflect on, and remember. Private conditions, personal experiences, poetical effusions, passing thoughts and feelings, are often, indeed generally, unfit for common use. By common use is meant use by all the members of such a congregation as we see in our village churches, including all classes, and consequently many persons very simple and uneducated. It may be assumed, I think, that there ought to be some hymns or psalms in which all can join, if not in their voices, yet in heart and mind. On the other hand, it must be con-

ceded that in all churches, and in all times, hymns have been used which could not be regarded as simply for common use, except so far as the simplest might follow them at a humble distance, with a general idea of the subject, and picking up here and there a word, a name, or an epithet. This must be so when the hymns are in a dead language. It must be so when the words, the structure of the sentences, and the thoughts themselves are not those of the common sort.

Proceeding on the supposition, which we must all agree in, that there ought to be, in every service, one or two hymns for common use, what conditions can be laid down for their selection and composition? They ought to be very plain. They ought to be of simple construction. They ought to present no difficulty which shall set the mind at work, or as a puzzle. For this reason they ought not to be dogmatic, but in the language of Scripture rather than of controversy. They ought not to describe transient moods, despondencies, ecstasies, absolute certainties founded on personal feeling, or particular opinions as to the present state of the dead in Christ, or the employments of heaven, or the future state of the wicked and impenitent. They cannot but be subjective as well as objective, for singing itself is a very subjective process; so much so, that in most cases it is mainly subjective, and the contribution brought by each member of the congregation is not his full share

in the sense of the words sung, but in the spontaneous thoughts and feelings moved by the musical sounds. It is desirable that there should be as much agreement and accord as possible, so as to make the singing one act ; and for this end, the words ought to be very simple indeed, and such as ordinarily good Christians will not hesitate to join in. Having at different times looked through various collections, I have myself come to the conviction that the work is still to be done, and that the Church of England still wants hymns for common use. Our town congregations contain, unhappily, very few of the less educated men. We do not there find the desired spectacle of all classes uniting in hymns. In the country congregation we have more working men and women, and all seem to like the singing, but they do not generally join in the words or follow the sense. Indeed, it is to be feared very few do. Where the failure is so great, it may be reasonably suspected that a great change has to be made.

Any attempt to simplify our hymns starts under great difficulties. The modern verse or stanza is longer than the Hebrew, and length itself is against simplicity. It is in four divisions against the two of the ordinary Hebrew psalm ; for even when the Hebrew verses group themselves in pairs, they still express the meaning with more brevity than the English translations can manage. Whether rhythm be difficult

in English verse or prose, I will not pretend to say ; but it is a fact that a large proportion of our hymns are wanting in rhythm. They do not run off the lips and so favour the flow of thought and the music. But the great difficulty is the rhyme. I have long been of opinion that rhyme is not only a difficulty but a positive antagonism to sense and correct expression, being continually the reason why the sense is departed from, or confused, or weakly put. Even where this is not the case, the expectation of the rhyme and the sort of satisfaction with which it is retained seem to me to come between the mind and the sense and the feeling which the sense is intended to impart. Alternate rhymes are found in practice easier than rhymes in couplets, and therefore they tend to the use of the stanza of four lines, which has hence become the most common form of hymn. This must be a complex and artificial structure, and it is made more so when, for the sake of greater effect, the four lines are continued to six by the addition of a couplet with a new rhyme.

The copiousness of the English language offers peculiar facilities for both rhythm and rhyme ; and, as I have said, together, they favour the use of the quartette of octosyllabic lines. This fritters the sense into short clauses, each of which must have a certain distinctness. The whole result is a very great licence as regards force, exactness, and coherency. In the

most beautiful hymns may be found words, phrases, and whole lines which are only excusable from the necessities of the versification. It may be said that if they are beautiful, that is enough ; but nothing excuses want of propriety in the collocation of the ideas and words. Why are we to fall below the simplicity, grandeur, and harmonious expression of the Psalms ? There are, it is true, many long verses in the Psalms, but they are generally descriptive or amplifications, and therefore one simple idea largely stated. To dwell on a thought is a very different matter from complicating it. As I am not a Hebrew scholar, I cannot say how far these remarks apply to the original, but I find Keble, who was a scholar, and had the assistance of Pusey, saying much the same.

The faults of diction I have described cannot but have an effect on the doctrinal statements, in which it is evident a greater license is taken than is generally allowed in prose. When I read a sermon by any ordinary clergyman, or even a minister not of our Church, I do not expect to be startled by statements instantly presenting the question, Is this agreeable to Holy Writ ? But in many hymns in popular collections it might be supposed that the very object of the writer is to surprise us, or to carry us for the moment beyond our convictions. In my own early days I had for many years to think well of every verse I was called on to join in lest it committed me to some

point of the Calvinistic theory. In those days there were few churches where this could be the case. The danger is in the opposite direction.

When I came to Plymtree, eleven years since, I found no village choir, in the old sense, for it had been silenced many years. The Hymns Ancient and Modern of the period were feebly sung by a thin choir of young women and children, without any accompaniment, the small barrel-organ being out of repair. I had myself very little knowledge of Hymns Ancient and Modern, but without giving much thought to the matter, expressed a wish that they should be continued. I found that if they were, I should have no male voices and no instrumental music. There was put into my hands a not very pleasant attack on the collection, which attack I read with a strong prejudice against it—partly justified by the contents. But I found myself agreeing with so much that the assailant said, that I felt I could not make a stand for the book, when a mere accident, in which I had no concern, silenced the new choir. I let the old one return with the 'Tate and Brady,' and their instrument. Indeed, on my coming to residence, I found them in possession, and let them so remain to this day. I must own myself startled and even shocked at much I find in Hymns Ancient and Modern. I could not do battle for that collection, nor for any other that I know of.

Yet I need hardly say I am far from satisfied with 'Tate and Brady,' though I think that, as a poetical composition, it is really a work of high order. My choir, I suppose, do not see the Christian bearing of the Psalms, for they omit all the Psalms of a Messianic character. Having four to select each Sunday, they usually have two condemnatory, one in favour of charity or justice, and one in praise of God. If I thought they, or the congregation, paid the slightest attention to the sense of the words, I should interfere so far as to ask for a better selection; but I am sure the musical notes are all that is taken in, and perhaps the rhymes. How is it that very few men join in the singing of psalms and hymns either in church or anywhere else, insomuch that one is struck by the sight of anyone joining? How is it that, unless one knows the words, it is never possible to form even a conjecture of what the people and the women and children are singing, even immediately round one? It would not be so if the words were simpler, more emphatic, and more adapted to the common mood. That common mood is not one of indifference to sacred subjects, but it is one which rather resents the pressure of impulsive and ecstatic appeals to feeling.

I turn to a Confirmation hymn, and find it takes for granted that the persons joining in that hymn feel a renewed transport every time they think of that

day, and are hastening to interchange their warm feelings about it with their neighbours. We are supposed to share with rapid alternation the transports and black despondencies of such men as Cowper. No doubt there must be much of this sympathy in our worship. We are called on to sympathise with David and the other Psalmists, with the sufferings and rejoicings of God's people, especially of the good. But this is no more than happens in the course of home affairs, for not a day, hardly an hour, passes without our sympathy being invoked first in one direction then another. We open a letter, and the writer is alternately glad and sorry several times in five minutes. But none of this justifies the pretence of complete abandonment to delight or to woe, to confidence or to despair, made by hymns professing to be founded on personal experience, or a supposed realisation of the Divine attributes of love and vengeance.

I am aware that this was more done fifty years ago than now; but I must plead that I found an equal difficulty in following, as I was expected, the sense of many hymns in common use, but not, as I think, proper for common use. I even thought that of the two I would rather say my prayers at the foot of one of the crucified, naked, bleeding figures one sees in a continual Calvary, than industriously, word by word, raise up the image before my mind's eye. Let

others do this. Let them do it in that solitude that best fits the occasion. I feel a repugnance to it, and it is quite evident that the mass of mankind feel much as I do. Let us wish to praise God and pray to Him in psalms and hymns. I ask if it is not possible to do this in compositions very similar to the Psalms—similar in simplicity of style, similar in tracing the goodness of God through all His dealings with the outer world, and with the hearts of His true servants. The great work of Christ and the Gospel story can be treated simply, so as a child can understand.

I wish this could be done with rhythm and without rhyme, but the time, perhaps, has not yet come for that.

XXIII

THE INSTINCTIVE AND INSTANTANEOUS

IF anyone will consider the pace of human affairs, of conversation and of devotion, he must notice that it leaves little time for anything to call a mental operation. We cannot be always, or even frequently, putting our thoughts in order, comparing ideas, analysing, constructing, building one conclusion on another, guarding ourselves against possible error, or simply taking care that we are not altogether mistaken. The greater part of mankind can hardly do these things at all; indeed, are hardly called upon to do them, let alone their want of means and opportunity. But even the more fortunate and educated classes are much limited in this matter. Neither in childhood, nor when they have come to man's estate, and are actually engaged in the business of life, have they leisure or allowance to stay the course of instruction, of talk, or of action, for any exercise of the logical faculty. In some of the most important matters and occasions we cannot and do not exercise it at all, but act as it were by instinct. We enter life with instincts—

whence derived, or how formed, it matters not for the present purpose ; and we soon acquire by education, by force of habit, or by experience, other instincts upon which we act as instantly and decisively as children or the brutes. Whether we love or hate, or respect or despise, or trust or fear, or reverence, it is generally the result of the first glance.

You see a new face or a new figure, and you have formed an estimate of it in the tenth of a second. You like a man or dislike him, you know not why. You cannot give the reason ; or if you do, it is probably not quite the true account of the matter, only a patched-up reason to give colour to a foregone conclusion. The object of your dislike may think it hard, cruel, and unjust, but if he could himself search his own conscience, he might easily find what it was that produced this impression on you. You enter a building, and you are awestruck, or charmed, or disappointed by it ; you catch a glimpse of a landscape, and you have added a paradise to your memories. You hear a tone or notice a look, and are bewitched or revolted. The merchant goes to an Exchange with a distinct and simple idea of everybody he meets there, and is likely to transact business with. The legislator is soon equally well prepared for all comers in a Parliament, however numerous and miscellaneous. If the commander does not see at a glance how the land lies, and how he is to dispose his

forces for offence or defence, he is not likely to do better when the engagement has once begun. Many a homely saying warns us that we must not be thinking when we are called on to act. The child and the man are equally full of instincts, received in one case, formed and acquired in the other.

These instincts are marked in the features, the bearing, and the tone, and a man is known at once. It is the business of the portrait painter to catch this real, though sometimes indefinite character, which, like a spirit or a good genius, seems to co-exist and become a distinct though inseparable identity. There are painters who can catch it, and painters, very clever in their way, who cannot. There are painters, such as Vandyke, or Gainsborough, or Sir Joshua, who, with all their mannerisms, can produce the inner man, and associate it with a superb and almost divine grace and dignity. They are not always the men to reason or to inquire. They do the substantial and critical part of their work very quickly. It is the same with the poets. They must be felicitous, or nothing. A great poet will strike off in ten lines as many beauties as a laborious cultivator of the Muse will fabricate in five thousand lines, the result of five years' honest toil. It is the same with the preacher. One sometimes hardly knows how it is a man produces such an effect, and is so run after. The first condition of eloquence is that the speaker shall be

immediately understood and felt, and that he must therefore impose no labour of thought on his hearers. If they have to think about one sentence they will lose the next.

Now, if anyone were to ask, as indeed anyone might properly ask, for a book in which these conditions are fulfilled, and that can be read and read again, gratifying, moving, and satisfying the reader, as much by a singular simplicity as by the subject, that is the Bible. There is hardly a word in it that cannot be understood at once, in some sufficient sense, by any ordinary reader or hearer. He may wonder and feel that he has not obtained the whole sense of the passage, and that a wise expositor may have more to tell him, but there is nothing to puzzle him, no knot that he has to unravel, no positive bar between him and the sense. Of course, a miracle is an astounding thing. So, too, is a glimpse of heaven. So, too, the few words in which our Lord spoke of His own pre-existence and share of the Divine glory. But each is a simple idea, and not entirely new to the vulgar apprehension. Each is comprehensible to a certain sufficient extent; nay, not only comprehensible, but even familiar to those who have been accustomed to ask how man came to be, and what he was designed to be hereafter.

Surely, if there be any occasion on which logic, or what passes for logic, is an unwelcome intruder,

where we have to trust to instinct, and to lean on authority rather than on science, or what pretends to be such, that is the act of worship, whether it be prayer or praise, or thanksgiving or confession, or Holy Communion. The natural heart of man is not so disposed for these things as it ought to be, as indeed we recognise by the accessories found necessary in these days to raise the flagging soul to the pitch of devotion. The wings of love are not so ready or so powerful for the assumed flight. They will not bear the additional burden and difficulty of devices, suggestive of nets and gins. There is not a text in the Bible in which it will actually occur to an ordinary reader to ask who is speaking? Of whom is this said? Whom are we addressing? To whom are we praying? Whom are we praising? It is only the theologian who sees a difficulty, and his difficulty is that it does not fit into his own theory, that is, the theory of a particular school of thought, or of a national establishment.

Mental acts of contrition, prayer, and praise must constitute the greater part of the religion even of the best and most devout Christian. If they obtain utterance, it is usually as simple ejaculations. To whom are they addressed? They are addressed to the Father, or to the Son, or to the Spirit. There is many a text of Holy Writ suggesting, allowing, and encouraging a prayer to each, and distinct spiritual relations with each. Christians—I am speaking of

English Churchmen—are reminded of texts, and rely on them as upon charters of ready access and free intercourse. They put themselves for the moment in the place of the Jews, or of the disciples and apostles, or of the first converts. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the record on each occasion. The petition is to One believed, as if actually seen, or inwardly felt. It is the same when God is spoken of; when the life and words of Jesus Christ are related; when the Holy Spirit is the subject. True, in the historical record these are spoken of in their mutual relation. Especially is the Son spoken of in relation to the Father. Indeed, this relation to the Father is the most prominent teaching of the New Testament.

But, upon the whole, there is absolutely nothing in the Bible to encourage a continual arrangement of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit in such a way as to suggest one supreme object of worship, consisting of the Three discharging their respective offices within one individual Being. There is nothing intricate, artificial, wheel within wheel, as it were. There is nothing to take the matter out of the province of faith and piety, or to make demands on the intellect. There is nothing to give the scholar an enormous advantage over the poor rustic whose chief occupation it is to drive a straight furrow through a stiff or stony field. Even if the scholar may correct or enliven his devotions with the grand secrets, not to say the curiosities, of high

theology, he need not insult the crude apprehensions of the rustic, and impress upon him that the Gospel, the very news of our salvation, was not meant for such as he. But the melancholy truth remains, that few of us are better than the poor rustic is on the most trying occasions. Unless the Gospel be accepted in the very simplest form, we shall find ourselves hardly yet worthy to be called true converts in the hour of need. We shall find ourselves hardly yet babes in Christ when we should be men, and have long flattered ourselves that we were something more than ordinary men.

The invocation of a departed saint, though without a clear Scriptural warrant, is a simple and natural act, and litanies composed of successive invocations, though a more decided departure from the Scriptural basis, are only repetitions of simple acts. The same may be said of invocations addressed to supposed companies, whole classes, armies and hosts, to the elemental forces and powers. Such devotions are recommended to the use of the unlearned much for the same reason that processions and ceremonies of a sort to attract congregations are resorted to by the churches that best understand both the weakness and the strength of human nature.

The experience, indeed the practice, of all ages and countries testifies to the fact that there is no intellectual difficulty in these conceptions; indeed,

that the commoner sort of people are rather too prone to them, and have to be withheld from them sometimes, as in our own country, by positive legislation. Heaven is a very large place ; the coast is very clear, and the way, so we are apt to think, very open. We may people it, in imagination at least, as much as we please. Of course we are disposed to give our own friends the preference, but that done, to exercise some choice. We have only to look to the multitudes of Welsh and Cornish saints, to see there is no mental difficulty in the creation of personal sanctities. But these are all absolutely and wholly distinct persons, so we suppose, not many in one, or one in many.

XXIV

THE SONSHIP A REALITY

THE Bible is throughout a history of distant promises, imperfect revelations, faith in the unseen, hope for the unattained, possession deferred, and enjoyment ever lacking its proper completeness. Man is impatient. He wants to make quick work of it, even by some short cut or royal road, if necessary. He would have all in his hands at once, and so call it his own. Yes, his prize in the race, his lot in the inheritance. Not so are the ways of God with man. For aught we know they never will be ; and even in the world to come man may be still looking forward and arriving nearer and nearer the eternal secret for ever and ever. Certainly it is so here. We do not see God, or comprehend Him, or understand His ways, except that they are wise and good. Is it, then, in accord with all we know of God that we should at once attempt to bound, at a leap, over the revealed Sonship of Christ to the assumption of such a oneness or union, as is indistinguishable from absolute identification? Because the Bible says He is the

Son of God, are we, therefore, to add that He is Himself God indeed? and not only God in such sense as may be necessarily implied in Sonship, but even God the Son, a title which neither the Father, nor the Son, nor the Holy Spirit has given Him?

For nearly the whole of my very long life I have wondered who they could be that invented and bestowed a title which certainly overcomes all difficulties and supersedes all inquiry, by committing the supposed acceptor to a dogma alike repugnant to reason and to revelation. It has, indeed, been shown above that the Creed of the Church of England as thus interpreted may be justified as describing the Father as He is understood by the light of religious philosophy. It is a truth of natural religion that the Almighty is Creator, Saviour, and Sanctifier. There can be no doubt that in all the peoples history tells of, there was an inner circle of thinkers, inquirers, and worshippers who received and handed down the knowledge of such a Deity. But the Old Testament by anticipation, and the New Testament by revelation, attested by present fact and miracle, carried mankind immeasurably beyond that vague and general conception of the Deity. In the fulness of time the Son of God entered this world and accomplished for us a work beyond all that man had hoped or imagined—for the creation of a new family and the foundation of a new and heavenly kingdom.

Prodigious, incredible as the work was, nobody has yet so much as suggested that the Person, the mode, the teaching, and the example were unbecoming either the majesty of Heaven or the grandeur of the design. But He who did this work which has so utterly changed the world, while content to call Himself the Son of man, received from His disciples no higher or better title than the Son of God, and greeted them as His brethren. In the course of several years of intimate and even domestic association, He maintained and established firmly in their minds that He was indeed man, remained man as long as he was with them, and left no doubt that He would be man in His heavenly kingdom. Nothing in all this hindered that He should be also the Son of God, and so far, in such measure as the Father had given and should give, partaker of the Divine nature.

The Creed of the Church of England sends us back to the elder dispensation—earlier, indeed—making our salvation simply the work of one Lord Almighty, performing, as the occasion required, the parts of Father, Son, and Spirit. As we have said, any pious heathen knew as much, and often felt that much was still wanting—that is, the Son Himself and Spirit Himself.

Take that storehouse of theology, the wonderful discourse handed down and delivered at the Last Supper. I have to confess to a great difficulty in

conceiving how this could have been then and there all delivered as it stands in the Scripture ; and that I have much the same difficulty in what I may call the clerical composition of the whole of the fourth gospel. But I do not think that matters the least. From this discourse various texts are picked out to prove an absolute oneness between the Father and the Son, making, indeed, the Father Son, and the Son Father. But what becomes of such passages as John xvii. 3, one out of many like : ‘ And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent ’ ?

XXV

ALL GOODNESS RELATIVE, AND UNDER
DIVINE ORDER

As far as comes within human cognisance there is no such thing as absolute goodness. It exists only in its relative forms. These forms may be few and simple, as in the case of the poor workman doing his daily task and providing for the wants of a single household, perhaps for only one besides himself, perhaps even for himself alone. True, there is always One above, always the Saviour, always the laws of the land, always public decency, always a choice of company, always some opportunity of learning more, and often some new occasion of trial and new test of obedience.

As people rise in what is called the social scale, or in the cultivation of the intellect or the taste, and as their lot is cast in what they call a favoured land, or in a land of darkness, the relative forms of goodness become innumerable, theoretic, and fanciful. We can speculate on them, amuse ourselves with them, indeed, play with them. We can sit down and write

stories based on particular ideas of goodness, and conceiving characters so good, in a particular way, as also to do the right thing in the prettiest and most appropriate fashion. These ideal characters, ideal occasions, and ideal acts are emanational, emotional, or, as the phrase now runs, evolutions from the writer's own good and right-minded inner self. It is he who creates the little world, peoples it, and gives it its orders. He may be said to be in the beginning of it, and he entirely commands the end. He is thus the Alpha and Omega of his little dispensation. Gifted with imagination, possessed of a style, strong in self-reliance, with some knowledge of books, and, perhaps, a little of the living world, he finds the creations of his prolific fancy live and breathe and do their work with even unexpected vitality.

So few people possess these creative and governing faculties, and they contribute so much to the relief of idle hours, that they are entitled to a respectful and tender consideration. They are excelled in audacity by not a few composers of moral and philosophical systems who can map out the whole area of virtue and belief, found them upon any basis, trace their lineage, and give you their very beginning, if not in an authentic, at least in a convenient, indeed, quite portable form. If they cannot always tell you exactly what goodness is—for, in truth, they describe it as a development—they can do what is better, they

can tell us what it ought to be, and what it will be, if the world will only accept the primary assumptions and the logic of these grand discoverers. Again, as in the case of the writers of fiction dealing with moral ideas, we must feel a certain debt accruing to the man who thinks at all about the matter, if only because he compels people to clear their brains if they can. The unfortunate victims are the crowd who accept without a moment's hesitation baseless theories, gratuitous estimates, and ideas which are nothing more than the coinage, say rather the unredeemable paper issues, of writers who flatter themselves they possess the key of all truth and knowledge.

But what is the result invariably in the case of those whose mental nourishment has been of this purely ideal, fanciful, and speculative character? They cannot go to a school, to a college, to an office, to a country living, to a new neighbourhood, without immediately finding to their surprise and embarrassment that the people and things are wholly different from what they had imagined, and what they had, as they thought, a right to expect. They find everything bad, and everybody is in the wrong. They resent as an indignity anything that does not square with their own notions. They find it impossible to act or to be on common terms with people who, they would be bound to admit, are doing their duty after their own fashion. Instead of winning sympathy, they studiously

repel it, as if independent of it, and only interested in not incurring its obligations.

They are as much lost in what to them is a new world—new only because it is the world—as if they found themselves in the society of savages or some strange animals. They are virtually in the dark ; virtually among people speaking an unknown tongue, to whom their one language is equally unintelligible. Where are now the men and women they have written, read, and talked about ? Nowhere. Where are the happy occasions for the easy and complete satisfaction of their virtuous instincts and for the winning of high honours in that field ? No sign of them. What are those people whom they now find about them ? The only answer they could frame in their own minds is, that these people, being what they are, simply ought not to be, and may accordingly be treated with any slight or insult.

One resource, indeed, there is in such cases, and it is very generally adopted. It is by force of wit, money, friends, some little blunting of the finer instincts, and some hardening of the conscience, to set about creating a state of things quite different from that found to hand, and more amenable to the play of imagination and the exercise of a cultivated taste. The new clergyman raises a cry of distress, and appeals for succour far and wide. What can he do under existing circumstances ? His hands are

tied, he declares. He cannot present the Gospel as it ought to be presented. He can make no way. He is positively ashamed to meet his friends and have to confess the shortcomings of his parish and of his work in what are now thought matters of the first necessity. But how stand the naked, serious, and undeniable facts of the case? There will probably be in the parish some hundreds of persons, all only too glad of a word in season, or even a kind look, from this heaven-sent pastor; all requiring advice, or encouragement, or consolation under difficult circumstances—poverty itself an almost universal difficulty; all, at least, what God has made them, and where He has placed them. There will be drunkards, and worse. There will be dissenters, and worse, as there may easily be. There will be knaves, and there will be fools. Now here is work for everybody. The artificial being sent to mend all these matters declares them all completely out of his line. So he must have a new church, or a renovation and enlargement. He must have organ, choir, good musical services, for which the mass of the people have no heart, and in which they cannot join. Meanwhile, it is the standing excuse for all other omissions and neglects, that this grand operation requires all his time. Not unfrequently he finds the success so doubtful, and the whole ground so unpromising, that he declares he can find nothing to do,

and must seek elsewhere—in the metropolis, or at least in a fashionable town—a more suitable sphere for his indefatigable working powers.

Well, any clergyman who is not content with the many express and distinct duties which God, and the Church, and his own act, word, and deed have bound upon him, has at least one more resource possibly still more to his taste. If he cannot find in some half-crazy member of his flock some point of utter disagreement, entailing a long and fruitless warfare, he need be at no loss, for he can easily supply that desideratum. By this process many a man passes from a household supposed to be the very school of true faith and real goodness into a career—possibly a long one—of indolence and frivolity, ruffled now and then by the passing breeze of a ‘movement,’ a ‘cause,’ or an agitation.

Such is the only account to be given of most of the Church’s troubles and most of society’s quarrels. It is the error of men who would rather be anything than do their duty in natural or gospel fashion. To call it Christianity without Christ is to speak too well of it, for those people plainly think they have something better than either. They have a sentimental morality and an abstract philosophy better than anything resting on the trite old ‘It is written.’ It is a combination that has done greater things than disturb the thousand parishes and as many

social circles, for it was just such a concurrence that led up, by sure and almost measured steps, to the great French Revolution.

Our Lord is the great Example not of absolute goodness, simply because there is no such thing, but of relative goodness, the only form in which we know it to exist. He descended from heaven to accomplish a great work of relative goodness, to teach and preach relative goodness, to exemplify it, to perform numerous acts of relative goodness, relative duty, relative affection, relative obedience, and relative authority. He came down from a higher sphere to a lower; from a much higher sphere than a university, a metropolis, a fashionable centre, a cathedral town, or a gay watering-place, to an out-of-the-way, disagreeable, factious, and rebellious parish, as it might be called, that had always quarrelled with its appointed pastors, whatever they were and whatever they did. He came from an eternal glory to a continual humiliation. He had to take things as they were, without demanding an immediate change, or expecting the work to be done in a day. He did not desire, or believe it possible, that earth could be made heaven at once, nor did He set up a new heaven in the centre of the earth, with its celestial choirs, its glorious garniture, its perfected ministrants, its select, special, and highly privileged congregation. He did not at once insist

on teaching that one language of heaven which the oldest poets contrasted with the many tongues of much-divided man. He had to leave nothing untried, to seek the wandering sheep everywhere, to win the very outcast, to confound the most presumptuous, to detect the most hypocritical, to humble the proudest, to encourage the weakest, to smite down the mighty, and to lift the beggar from the dunghill. There was no common office of charity or good citizenship He had not to discharge. He had to declare Himself the heir of the universe, and submit to an ignominious execution.

All this was no stage performance, no pictorial illustration, no ceremonial mystery ; it was all a sad and terrible reality. He was tortured with anguish, enveloped in gloom, beset with strange mysterious misgivings, and compelled to open His heart to His Father. There is not a hint of His desiring another sphere more suitable to His exalted character, His mysterious properties, and unique qualities. He would not seek more work, or that of a less degrading character. He did not resent being chastened after His Father's pleasure. He came with a strict commission, and He executed it. He had received a message, and He passed it on. He gave and took security for its due transmission and performance by His successors. Now all this is relative. There is nothing absolute about it. Eternity and infinity

essence and substance, and what not, make little appearance in it ; scarce even does heaven appear. The unities insisted on by the old critics are strictly observed. It is all confined to the earth we stand upon, most of it to three short years, and to a small country that could be well walked over in that time.

XXVI

TEMPTATIONS OF PRESUMED ORTHODOXY

ALL experience shows that it is impossible for a man to have any great excellence, or any great power, without making ill uses of it, or at least uses manifestly below the dignity of the excellence, and quite outside of the purposes for which alone it can be supposed to have been given. A man cannot be very powerful or very rich, or very handsome or very eloquent, or very learned or very judicious, or even very good in such a way as to be recognised as a decidedly good man, without being thereby exposed to special temptations. Every one of these excellences is a power and an honour. A man may be easily too sensible of the honour, and be thereby led to make too much of himself in the exercise of the power. The possession of the divine gift of truth in the greatest and most important questions shares the liability attaching to all other gifts. The best man will be disposed to think much of himself if, in a world of error, a tempest of passion, and a

confusion of tongues, he believes he possesses the palladium which will save his own soul from error.

Nowhere is the value of truth, or the danger of its supposed possession, more felt than in our country. There exists here no living power, authority, or institution to which we could all agree to refer any religious question upon which two opinions are extensively entertained. Neither the Pope, nor the Church of England, nor the Sovereign, nor the British Parliament could obtain more than a respectable minority in favour of any doctrine, any proposition, any rule, or any trivial bit of ceremony, notwithstanding the great practical benefit of some agreement if it were possible. Indeed, the strongest opinions, and those that the holders would be most ready to die for, are those held by the smallest minorities.

Well, it will be said, the truth always has been the faith of the minority. The Bible is the history of the truth, and it is also the history of successive small minorities, small households, small families, small races, small states, few among many, wandering, sore beset, captive, in bondage, persecuted, scattered, robbed, and massacred. If such, indeed, is the fact, and this be, indeed, a faithful epitome of the golden legend of divine dealing, then such continued adversity is no argument against the alleged truth, but rather in its favour, for admittedly it is the truth

itself that has ever fared so ill. Yet if we are to take the divine mercy and wisdom into account, and to suppose that whatever has happened to the Church, or to truth, has been for its good, and was indeed necessary, we have at once a very serious warning that the truth, and still more a very confident sense of the possession of infallible truth, has its special dangers, and that it requires continual correction and chastisement.

Foremost among these dangers is that the proud possessors of truth never have been really content with truth in its simplicity, or as a divine gift, or to be held with definite moral obligations. They have always been too bent on making truth their very own, their own proud discovery, their own useful invention, their own formidable weapon, their own rod of power, their own solution of all intellectual as well as social problems. Even if the metal be divine, there must be some very human images and superscriptions. The truth must be something not only to pass current in a small circle of believers, but also to have a solid and convertible value in the markets of the world. How it might have been had the favoured recipients of divine morality always been content to believe what they were told, and to do what they were bid, it is quite impossible to say, for, in fact, there never was any considerable community who were so simple in their faith or so re-

strained in the enjoyment and use of it. There never even has been a time in which God's people, or those who would so describe themselves, exhibited the truth unalloyed with error. The story of the New Testament, transcendent as it is in beauty, interest, and import, is a development and a teaching of the truth by a reprobation of error. Indeed, a favourite thesis of some theologians is that the whole Christian revelation was imperfect, and so far erroneous, till near a century after the birth of Christ, when to the original series of revelations there was added a terrible prediction of heresies, shortcomings, chastisements, and world-wide disasters, all of them earned and entailed by perversions of the one divine truth.

But when we read in every page of Scripture that the truth itself is so liable to ill-handling, and goodness itself so weak, surely there is no disloyalty in suggesting the question whether the ills now environing the Church, dividing it, and seeming to threaten its very existence as a visible unity, be not partly owing to some things amiss in the Church itself. The question was asked very sharply over three centuries and a half since—two centuries and a half before the writer's own birth—and answered decidedly and with a tremendous severity. The evils alleged to justify the complete separation of England from the rest of the Catholic world were great, inveterate, and undeniable. The only apology

for them was that the course of political history had not allowed of any regular corrective process, and that while the State had been going their own way, the Church, as distinguished from the State, had gone its way from bad to worse. Is there no warning in this? Are we to maintain that, though all the rest of the world is grievously wrong upon one point or another, most of them upon many points, we of this island—the smaller half of the English population—are quite and altogether right? Are we to maintain that, while we are right in separating from almost everybody, nobody is right in a like cause against us?

The Church of England claims to be right—singularly right—against all Christendom besides. It protests against all other rule and authority, though it cannot define or discover its own. It cannot even assign place, or time, or circumstance to the distinctive Creed it is so proud of, so tenacious of, and for the sake of which it inflicts on its working clergy such troubles and losses. It has absolutely nothing whatever of a canonical character except one of a purely home manufacture, which confesses itself an imposture every time it parades itself. It is not even the Church of England, except in name; and while it is very severe, and sometimes very satirical, on bishops *in partibus*, it cannot claim for

itself anywhere—not even in its own country—a more real position.

The majority of men, whether clergy or laymen, whether scholars after a fashion or not, can no more enter into questions of words than the much traduced Gallio could ; and in this matter they must be regarded rather as sheep than as shepherds. The feeling that holds the mass of so-called Church people together is a warm loyalty and a strong sense of social superiority. The existence of these sentiments is no test of truth, for they have been, and still are, common to truth and error, and are, indeed, more found where people do not use their reason at all than where they do to some extent. The majority thus loyal, exclusive, and uncritical, thinking much of the Church Established, and not less of their own order, rank, and quality, contend that the question between them and the outer Christian world cannot be a question of words, as if a word could make the difference. But if a word can be of no real importance, why do we split the Church upon words? The truth is, they are of very great importance, as we recognise in every earthly question, and therefore we have to be careful how we use them in the gravest of all matters.

XXVII

INFIRMITIES OF GOODNESS

WERE this volume to close with the preceding chapter, it might be misinterpreted into an argument against theological truth, as either impossible of attainment or not worth it. That would, indeed, be a *reductio ad absurdum*, not only of this volume, but also of a life's long and weary incubation. The writer has never for an instant asked with Pilate, 'What is truth?' as if it were nothing more than what a man might fancy, think, or believe. On the contrary, he has always felt assured that there was solid ground under him, in the language of metaphor, the everlasting rock, the foundations of the earth that never shall be moved, the firmament over our heads.

Truth, in fact, does but share the fate of goodness, which a man must indeed be hardy to believe unattainable, or nothing at all. Truth and goodness have both their shortcomings, their counterfeits, and their dangers. Truth may be held in ungodliness, and goodness may equally be found in alliance with error.

The best and the wisest may still be warnings for the benefit of those who are less wise and less good. So this only brings one to the consideration of the greatest of all the difficulties in the way of anyone professing to set the world right on an important matter incapable of mathematical solution. Some allusion has been made to it in former volumes, indeed in this. It is only too natural to approach it and recoil.

That difficulty is the enormous mass of really good people, very good people, on the side of error. They have mostly put their own sense on words grammatically bearing a totally different sense; or they cannot be rid of fixed ideas established like idols in their minds, while their moral and spiritual being is meanwhile developing itself in obedience to the voice of conscience, in a freer, truer, and nobler fashion. Thus we are assured a Hindoo may be a very good man, better, may be, than his Christian master, though the worshipper of some monstrous idol. Anyhow, the chief obstacles in a reformer's way are not the bad people, but the good, sometimes, indeed, they of his own country and his father's house; indeed, they who have most known him, and have the best right to his tenderest regards.

Simple goodness is a poor, weak thing, a plant springing out of dry ground; in the language of the parable, hardly escaping foot of wayfarer, beak

of birds, smother of weeds, harshness of grit and stone. It generally presents itself in a form to be pitied or despised, or tolerated or resented, or challenged and persecuted. The good child is apt to remain a good child, and to find no place among the older grown. The result is a self-contained, confident, and at length unsympathetic form of goodness. Early goodness, even the warm-hearted, gushing goodness of youth, forming its own ways, its own order, its own manners, and its own longings, becomes absolutely intolerable to those whose lot is cast in this world of continual change, and who have to adapt their language to actual persons and to existing circumstances. Tossed about, as all must be, once in the ocean of life, we crave for something more than a pure elemental goodness, in what may be called its raw state, not adapted to the wants of man.

Early goodness is apt to be as the plant in the forcing-house, nursed with love, flattered by admiration, drawn out by sympathy, spared its share of frost and snow, wind and rain, still pleasant to look at, and distilling sweet odours. No sooner is it brought out into the open air, than check or wreck is the sure consequence. Leaf and flower fade and fall, and the only chance for the poor nursling is to begin life again, bare, mutilated, and unsightly. But the consequences of precocious goodness are often more lasting and more prejudicial to the good cause. It reveals

itself in a self-esteem rising to the pitch of arrogance ; in a jealousy for truth reaching to intolerance ; in a dictatorial tone, and a continual demand not only for submission, but for worship.

Perhaps it is not very common for a child to be taught from its earliest consciousness that truth and goodness are the most precious of all things within our reach. Perhaps it is still less commonly found that the child entirely accepts the teaching. But undoubtedly there are households in which the attempt is made, occasionally with a promise of success. But with the plant there spring up not only tares, but a worse weed—the dodder, that fastens round the stem, and starves, dwarfs, and deforms it till it dies. Even very good people show a repulsive rigidity, a ridiculous quaintness, a dangerous eccentricity, or a violent egotism, telling much against their influence, and even their reputation.

There are persons so strikingly suggestive of early wrong or mishap, and who so persistently pose as victims, that one must conclude there to be some sad mystery in their case. Their tone is querulous ; their very look desponding ; they sometimes rise into remonstrance, and even ascend to indignation. Even the Fates they conceive to be prejudiced against them, and the universe in the conspiracy. They find some consolation in identifying themselves with martyrs, confessors, and all who have suffered for

truth's sake, though it does not appear that they have willingly sacrificed anything—or, for the matter of that, done anything—in a good cause. As these are not bad people, or covetous, or malicious, or ambitious, how comes it they are disappointed? It may be found that they have been early trained on extract of goodness and essence of truth till they had learned the flavour of these spiritual condiments, and believed them part of their own spiritual composition. The flavour would not itself help them on with others who had not themselves fully acquired it—indeed, would answer no other purpose than to prevent communication. Hence the shy, reserved soul that broods on its own wrongs, contemplates its own virtues, and fosters an ever-growing quarrel not with man only, but with every power above and below that it can regard in any connection with its own life's story.

Others there be, fed from their infancy on goodness and truth, who certainly show more for their diet, neither inviting compassion nor enduring contempt. The satirical writer has not unfrequently been brought up in the very lap of goodness, and in the straightest lines of divine truth. Of course, all depends on what it is that he satirises, for his power is as the engines of war that destroy as they are turned on friend or on foe. It cannot be said that truth has no right to defend itself by its only weapon, or that

goodness, wanting better occasion, must always be passive. Yet goodness that begins with self-complacency and ends in satire cannot be said to fulfil its proper functions.

The truth is, it is very hard indeed to be good, and the better people are, the harder they find it. As their own scale rises, they regard at a greater distance those who have settled at a lower level—that is, the common world. They have decided many questions which the common sort are content to leave undecided. They have fixed not only on the right thing, but also the right way to do it; and even if there be much agreement as to the thing, the manner—that is, the proper presentation—and right course of action may be as fertile of differences as ever.

But all these infirmities of goodness, all these follies and vices, are summed up in the warning, 'Beware of hypocrisy.' The good man cannot but know and feel that he is good, and that therein he has a proper dignity and just claim. He has at least to declare his goodness, and not to hide that light under a bushel. But the process, necessary as it may be, cannot stop at a moderate amount of ostentation. The good man feels safe. He has a passport through this world to a higher. He can appeal from all tribunals below to one above. However his account may stand here, he is running up a

long score in his favour on an imperishable tablet. It cannot matter so very much what he does to the poor creatures who are blind to his merits, deaf to his appeals, and quite indifferent to his sympathy. What are they but as the brutes that perish? It is sad, indeed, to misuse the brute creation as we do, but we do them no wrong ; we are within our right, and death closes our account with them. Sad to say, even a good man may very easily come to a like conclusion as regards all inferior specimens of humanity, at least those that he has to deal with. It is the force of his own goodness that impels him to the conclusion, though manifestly there must be some error in the calculation.

What, then, is that error? Why should goodness be so often disappointing, so disagreeable, so unfruitful, so inconsistent, so hypocritical? We have to consider what goodness is. It is not a gift of nature in the common sense of that word. It is not an affair of circumstances. It cannot be forced, crammed, or impressed. It is a matter of freewill. Certainly it becomes a habit in time, but it requires time, and cannot be put on at once. It is a divine gift, with promises and on conditions. It involves and imposes active duties to God, and to all with whom we have any relation. It is more than a profession, more than a sensation, more than a knowledge, more than a rule for the measurement of moral differences, or a code

for righteous judgment and denunciation. It is a practical relation with the Author of all good, and with those whom He has appointed to receive its proper discharge and its genuine fruits.

Nor is there any reason to suppose that even the angels, be there myriads upon myriads of them, all engaged in the service of the Almighty, are all alike, not as it were cast in the same mould. Variety is a universal law of the creation, and no angel or angelic being is named in the Scriptures but with a distinct character and commission. They that minister to the saints must indeed have distinct experiences and duties. The frequent substitution in the sacred record of one person for another, one government for another, one king for another, one dynasty for another, one prophet for another, one city for another, and sometimes even a distinct command for its distinct contrary, suggests the idea of a great work to be accomplished, independently of the services of particular individuals, and of a whole for every part of which a suitable agency is to be found by the continual elimination of the unfit and unworthy.

Wandering at large in the regions of fancy or self-indulgence, and losing his moral bearings, man is apt to take refuge in mechanical ideas of truth, goodness, virtue, and theology itself, as far as he cares to look that way. Truth and goodness he comes to think straight lines, the dreary long lane through the

reclaimed morass, or the half-hour's exercise of the penitentiary. What, not to diverge for an instant ! Not to pick up a flower by the wayside ! Not even to look right or left ! A man might as well be fettered, handcuffed, or marched along with his eye always fixed on one spot seemingly not worth the trouble of reaching. They who feel this have brought the punishment on themselves. Moral truth and moral goodness are infinitely various ; indeed, it is impossible that any one good action, any one good choice, any one good intention, should be repeated even by the doer and intender himself, much less by any other person. The circumstances and all the considerations to be taken into account vary with every occasion ; and of every occasion it may be said that the royal decree has gone forth, 'Now or never.' There is no such thing as postponement in God's dealings with man, or man's response to the Divine call, for to-morrow will not be as to-day, nor will even the next hour be as that which is now slipping away from our careless grasp. It is not the man who promptly and gladly obeys the call of the hour that finds himself the slave of a routine and the victim of an unchangeable code. It is the man who resents the call to duty or to denial, because he thinks it new and uncalled for ; and who refuses to be led by the hand, because he thinks his own way better. His own way, and the liberty to pursue it, is the only freedom he

can conceive, and he is sure to find eventually that his own way is the dullest of rounds, the most incurable of monotonies, the most irredeemable of bondages, and the one prison from which there is no release or escape.

There is no idea, no conception, no aspiration so familiar, so dear to the higher and tenderer class of mind, as the combination of perfection and freedom. Perfection without freedom seems mere mechanism ; freedom without perfection, without, at least, the highest attainable, is so far licence. The whole course of human affairs, all the workings of the mind, all the currents of thought, all the rightly affectioned motives of the heart, tend to the hope of a kingdom in which dwelleth righteousness, that is purified from evil, living in the heart, and established in the common life.

XXVIII

THE VICAR OF CHRIST

IN the course of these pages expressions have been dropped, and arguments maintained, which the reader may or may not have thought it worth his while to compare and carry out to their just conclusions. The Anglican Creed has been challenged, that is, the Creed of the Catechism, the Litany, the Baptismal and Marriage Services. The position of the Church of England towards Dissenters has been described as weak and indefensible, its wall of social partition unjustifiable, and its economical arrangements probably the worst in the world. Whatever political inconvenience it inflicts on its rivals, it suffered at least as much, as the price to be paid for its supposed pre-eminence. Civil things have been said of Dissenters, and there has been some looking over the hedge at Rome. The ideal Church has been lifted well above the actual, and the writer has spoken longingly of the one body, the one great organisation, the one work, the one theme, plot, and drama of terrestrial annals, the

one abiding and universal presence of the Deity, of His Son, and of His Spirit. To see this exclusively in the Church of England, or to regard her as part of such a unity, requires at least the eye of faith. Has the vision become plainer? Is it no vision at all, but a grand reality, in the Church of Rome, towards which some of these expressions might seem to tend?

It is now twenty-two years since the definition of Papal Infallibility in what was then assumed to be its final form. The Roman Church declared the object attained, and celebrated a victory. By this time it ought to be possible to note consequences, to test calculations, to revise opinions, and to distinguish between the true and the false prediction. True, this cannot be done completely, judicially, and finally. None but the infallible can discern and prove the infallible. Infallibility is the instrument and exponent of that truth which is the sum of all good gifts, blessings, and promises; to be ever sought, never quite won, if we are to believe the divine oracles. But infallibility is a working power, and it was for present, indeed, and immediate benefits that all Christendom was summoned to establish it on a firmer basis.

What, then, has it done in the course of these twenty-two years? There is much to be said on both sides. On the one hand, infallibility has not saved the Pope's temporal power. It has not saved the

'eldest son of the Church' from a downfall beyond all example or anticipation. It has not materially affected the moral and political life of the States in union or compact with Rome. The Pope holds himself a prisoner in the Vatican. His friends point out that his predecessors have lost and regained their kingdom several times in history—indeed, in the present century. So far the world goes on as it did before, and if the Papal thunder has not destroyed a single enemy, neither has it scorched the hand that wields it.

In England the Roman Catholic still plays the part of the suffering saint, constructs a persecution out of the rates and taxes, and inserts himself in his own rack for sensational exhibition. He is still able to put a good gloss on the politics or the line of action that best suits his own convenience.

Not to have changed at all, and to be the same from generation to generation, is itself an achievement, and may be said to be even worthy of infallibility. It may not be easy always to recognise the spiritual element in this perfect uniformity, but all history testifies to a certain special value in that which changeth not, and which is to-day what it was thousands of years ago. Unchanged error seems to proclaim that deviation is erroneous, from whatever line, and disobedience a sin, whatever the authority. Much in this world stands upon custom, and if you

attempt to change the custom, it altogether disappears. In many nations, and many conditions of life, there is such an absence of the inventive faculty, or such a certainty of its misuse, that the dullest idolatry and the most sluggish superstition is positively beneficial in preventing that which would be worse.

But if Rome itself be unchanged, and if it cannot be shown that the mighty effort made twenty-two years ago has done her either good or evil, has there been change in other quarters? There can be only one reply, at least, as far as our own country is concerned. There have been great and manifold changes. The physical sciences are now everywhere uppermost. The philosophy founded upon them, to the rejection of sacred traditions and revelations, usurps the ground they occupied in the schools and even in the pulpit. English dogma has fared but ill since Rome last claimed the monopoly. Through failure of income, by the accident of seasons, and through resistances industriously fomented by political agitators, the Church of England has been reduced to poverty, with but small hopes of better days. The entire representative system of this country has been reconstructed on the principle that man has a right to govern himself, and make his own constitution, without any regard to divine commission or sacred authority. Capital and labour, as well as the

various classes concerned in the profession, occupation, and cultivation of land, have been latterly brought into sharp and dangerous antagonism. At this moment it is quite beyond conjecture who will be the owners of the soil of Ireland twenty years hence, nay, who will be the inhabitants—for that, too, is in question.

Englishmen have so long been habituated to regard the Pope as only second, if second, to the father of lies and the author of all evil, that they cannot open their eyes to the full dimensions of that which they protest against. Who is not infallible in his own eyes? Who is not quite sure that he has only to exercise his own judgment and he will be right? What church, what sect, what community, is not right in its own eyes? Yet, it must be admitted there are various kinds of infallibility, as regards its form and operation. The infallibility which claims to evolve, declare, and define, to the extent of making that a mortal sin to hold to-day which was an allowable opinion yesterday, certainly is one to excite alarm and to provoke antagonism. It lives and moves, and that is itself terrible. But the conception itself finds countenance in the progress and development of art, science, political opinions, and social customs. Fashion has a wide range of subjects, and it freely condemns to-day what it commended yesterday. Fickle, too, as it may seem, it always claims a hold on the immutable.

But there is one aspect—indeed, one part of this question, which concerns England much more than anything passing on the banks of the Tiber. The Church of England is an infallible Church. Its temporal head is infallible—at least, as far as the Church is concerned. The Tudor sovereigns and their advisers fully understood that they were wresting their priceless prerogative from the Pope, and conferring it upon the wearer of the English crown. Nor were they long about it. Many a little question it has taken centuries to decide, but it took a short life to see this more than kingly diadem snatched from one head to be placed on the other. We now believe ourselves possessed of the absolute truth in spiritual matters, and not the worse for being a diamond cut to the most effective form. The dogmatic teaching peculiar to the Church of England, and made a necessary condition of membership, can only claim enforcement on the ground of an infallible authority, and, so far, the Church of England has to prove its infallibility better than that of the Church of Rome. It will have to do that before long in the open field of controversy and in the great council of the nation.

XXIX

IS IT ALLOWABLE TO DISTURB LONG-EXISTING
BELIEFS?

THERE is a very prevalent opinion that it is better to leave long-standing beliefs to themselves, to wear themselves out, or to let them be stifled and supplanted, if it must be, by new beliefs. Some people think it arrogance and even impertinence to interfere with any existing mode of religion. At least, it is deemed the wisest course to let others think as they please, so as you are allowed to do the same. Seventy years ago there were several schools of religious thought at Oxford and in England generally. Not one of them could pretend an antiquity either of the old English sort or of the Catholic. But when there appeared a new school claiming antiquity and catholicism on its side, the newcomers were publicly—indeed, officially, denounced as disturbers of the public peace. The Apostles were charged with disturbing the peace of an Empire which had hitherto boasted that it kept peace between all the

old religions in the world on the single condition that they did not menace the State. Certainly a man had better think well and long before he tries to disturb long established or long popular forms of belief. He may destroy or weaken what is doing some good, and put nothing in its place.

But if the so-called Reformers were wise and right in disturbing beliefs and practices at least a thousand years old, some of them with a foundation in Scriptural authority and primitive usage, that is so far a precedent for challenging a settlement which can claim no higher authority than a Parliament and a young queen, and no longer antiquity than just about four times the life of the hand that writes these lines. Then, if indeed we are never to disturb a foundation once laid, and a settlement that has endured a century or two, every serious Christian must feel some misgiving as to our position and our prospect in our Indian Empire. Are we, indeed, to hold it our best wisdom and our highest duty not to interfere with the false faiths and abominable traditions long in possession of that ground? There are those who think so, and boldly maintain it. Not long ago there passed away a native chief who was held up to us as an example. He had received a European education ; he could converse in our language as well as any English gentleman ; but he remained to the end, at least outwardly, a Hindoo as to his creed and

devotions, and accordingly, it is added to his credit, did not offend his subjects, who are now in a condition to quote his authority, his practice, and its complete success. What he was doing a few years ago the Roman Empire did for many centuries both before and after the Christian era. There never was a time when it contended for the truth, or held truth to be more important than peace and prosperity. Worship whom you please, it said, and as you please. Have your temples, and your oracles, and your groves. Have your open processions and your secret mysteries, your outer and your inner circles, your beliefs and your unbeliefs, but let us have no disturbances, no cities in an uproar, no impossible questions forced upon our courts and our magistrates. Above all, have no one setting up any rivalry with our Emperor, who is at once the military, the civil, the political, and the religious head of this great empire. His rights are absolute, and not to be challenged. His will is his only law. His person is sacred. Assail him not in deed, word, or even thought. With this reserve, think, say, and do what you please. In fact, the Emperors were Popes in their way ; and when the Popes became Emperors, as they now account themselves, they did the same, and they do the same to-day as far as circumstances allow.

The result of this liberal, indeed, let-alone policy was that large portions of Europe remained subject

to the most degrading heathen superstitions for many centuries after the Christian era ; and that some even lost their first faith, to be converted a second time more effectually, and organised in more lasting fashion.

The most incumbent of all Christian duties, those of the Evangelist, Apostle, and Pastor, may be deferred, or neglected for indefinite periods, till only remembered to be immediately dismissed from practical consideration ; and yet the account may run up, and the work may one day be done, indeed, so thoroughly, that the wonder will be that it should have been so long deferred.

Let us hope against hope, and not in vain, that this may one day be the case with our hundreds of millions of fellow-subjects in the great Indian Peninsula. Why should they not be converted in a day, the weaker ones in the rush with the strong ? the stronger ones finding themselves few amongst many, and divided amongst themselves in the presence of a grand unity ?

The Gospel, like the Jewish faith, came from the East, and remains indelibly stamped, so our wise men tell us, with an Oriental character. Why, then, should it not find a home in the house it came from ? What, too, is there to hinder a like return to primitive truth on what might be deemed a smaller scale and a less important matter ? The sad truth has to

be confessed. There never has been such a settlement of the Christian Faith as could satisfy the Church at large, except as a respite from controversy, persecution, and even internecine strife, and a possible step to some still future and happier and more enduring consummation.

But to return to the individual—the unit who is left out of count in all large computations and large views. Surely the course is now open for every one to do what he thinks best, and what most commends itself to his own measure of himself and his circumstances. He may either volunteer to encounter the giants of error, while still young and ruddy, with his sling and stone, or he may wait for near a century, only to find matters getting worse and worse, and his own strength only the shrunk and dry remainder of once too self-confident and too enterprising power.

XXX

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE
NICENE CREED

THERE are not a few who, as English Churchmen, and in Anglican orders, seem to take it as a matter of course that they are standing on the Nicene Creed, and that they are thereby justified in charging upon others that they do not stand upon it, and are therefore heretics, or schismatics, or something of the kind. These self-complacent people, chary of their wits, but ever ready with their tongue, and freest to talk when least liable to be answered, can hardly have given the least thought to a matter which has been at once the great staple of human progress and the field of man's saddest downfalls and disasters. At this very moment some hundred thousand English gentlemen and ladies are taking it for granted that the Nicene Creed is that which most stands in the way of a re-union between the sadly severed branches of what once was the Church of England. At all events, they hold their own position

unassailable ; they call their Church the one historic Church—that is, the only Church in these isles able to prove an actual continuity of existence and form with the Church of the Apostles, and the only representative of Nicene, indeed, ante-Nicene, theology. Where there has been really no thought at all, hardly consciousness, certainly no wish to be better informed and more distinctly assured, it is necessary to resort to some degree of violence, or some departure from the routine of social comity, to rouse sensation, attention, and reflection. This, I hope, will justify me in asking some questions on the Nicene Creed, and suggesting to those who say they stand upon it the only possible answers.

Is any one of the following words and expressions, constituting the vocabulary of Mediæval and Anglican theology, to be found in the Nicene Creed :—Trinity, Person, Triune, Three in One, One in Three, Godhead, equal, inferior, afore, after, comprehensible, measurable ?—Answer : No.

Does the Nicene Creed say that the Holy Spirit is of the same substance with the Father ?—Answer : No.

Does the Nicene Creed say that the Father, the Son, and the Spirit are one God ?—Answer : No.

Does the Nicene Creed speak of Three Persons and One God ?—Answer : No.

Does the Nicene Creed speak of 'God the Son,' or 'God the Holy Ghost'?—Answer: No.

Does the Nicene Creed style Jesus Christ simply and absolutely God, Light, Maker of all things?—Answer: No. It styles Him, God *of God*, Light *of Light*, and says that the Father Almighty is the Maker of all things, assigning to the Son the place of an only-begotten Son in that work.

Whom does the Nicene Creed call the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ?—Answer: The Father Almighty.

Does it call the Holy Ghost His Father?—Answer: No.

Does the Nicene Creed say that it was God who did, said, and suffered all we are told of in the second division of the Nicene Creed?—Answer: No. Jesus Christ.

Where does the Nicene Creed say Jesus Christ is now?—Answer: On the right hand of the Father.

Answers have been made not only on the rare occasions on which questions have been asked, but even in anticipation. The Creed, we are told, like anything else, is attacked, and has to be defended. The assailant uses any weapons that will do the work, and the attacked must do the like. If he cannot find words or phrases to hand, he must invent new ones. The world is always new and old, and the householder must have things new and old in his

store. Inconsistencies are pointed out ; they have to be explained ; and this can only be done by reconciling text with text, and interpreting one by the other. The comparisons of phrase with phrase compels the use of terms that shall be common to both. We have induction in science, why not in theology ? Why is the whole world to move on, and theology stand still ? The Bible has had the same treatment, and has received the same defence. The interpreter must have his ' views,' his opinions, and his apt expressions, conveying much in a few words. It would be no reply to a defence of the Bible that it is not to be found in the Bible.

The fact, however, remains that English Churchmen do not stand on the Nicene Creed, but on a later theology, which I must pronounce a mere philosophy, at variance with it, contradicting it, and effacing it.

Upon the whole, the Nicene Creed is a sensible, prudent, and peace-making summary of the great truths of Revelation, as far as is necessary for a truce between many sects, and a *modus vivendi* between many factions. There is not a clause in it that does not suggest the texts which the compilers of the Creed had in their eye. The Fathers assembled at Nicœa had, no doubt, their opinions, their traditions, their interests, and their mental proclivities, but they had to produce what later days have called chapter and

verse, not indeed in the same literal fashion as people now do, for they were rather loose and uncritical at quotation ; still, they did appeal to Scripture as a last resource.

That appeal remains open and in force. At least half our fellow-Christians in this country, when they appeal, as they sometimes do in very noisy fashion, take good care that they shall be heard, even if not listened to. But the day cannot be distant when the Church of England stands with her enemies at the gate, and has to count her children. Would that her most forward advocates were as well versed in Scripture as many of her assailants are. But there lies her worst difficulty. Few educated men in this country have as familiar, ready, and appreciative a knowledge of the Bible as they have of Homer, Horace, and Virgil. For a hundred holy texts on the tips of their tongues, they will have a thousand more or less profane—good for social intercourse, but not much good for a vital controversy.

But besides the absorbing theme of the Bible and its grand unity, it attracts by its vast multiplicity and its endless variety. It is not simply the rush of one stream, it is the sound of many voices. It presents innumerable surface inconsistencies. This it has in common with any history, any one life, any cause, and any collection of documents. But no other book represents so many

persons, circumstances, moods of mind and phases of thought. Its most remarkable characters are one and many. Its very material consists of conversions, changes, revolutions, developments, departures, successions, settlements, visitations, migrations, collisions, dispersions, consummations, all revealing something new, and having to be interpreted, the unknown by the known, the surprising by the familiar. As you please, and according to your bent, you may construct out of them a faith, or a school, or a theory, or a blank negation, leaving you an outsider in the presence of a glorious moral creation, a rebel, as you flatter yourself, but in the end an exile.

Inconsistency, anomalies, and self-contradiction can never be quite eliminated from the matter. Where variation is the source, there will be variation in each successive change, and to the end. It is in the Scripture ; it is in the Creed ; it is in the Creed that aims to explain the Creed ; it is not less in any attempt to dispense with Scripture, Creed, and explanatory Creed altogether. There always remains an unsettled account.

The obvious lesson inculcated upon us by such a state of things is no longer to insist on an absolute uniformity of intellectual conception and formal utterances. If the tremendous authority of the Bible seems to fail of its object, much more will the

philosophic fiction, the philological trap, the grammatical enigma, the play of words, the shallow refrain, the senseless war cry. If the sacrifice be not made by us, it will soon be made for us, and that by rougher hands than our own, and more likely to do it effectually.

XXXI

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO

THEN you would leave your fold open for any stranger to enter, any wolf to devour or to scatter. The poor sheep themselves will seek shepherds of their own. Whatever you say about dogma, there can be no doubt that it meets an instinct and a necessity. People love it all the more, because it makes no demands on the intellect or on the affections, and leaves people to settle its moral requisites as they please, without too distinct a purpose. They even like it better when sung than when said. If the Church of England fails to supply this want, then the gentlemen and ladies will go to Rome for it, and find it ; while the mass will go where they will find any kind of dogma, subjective rather than objective, possibly as unintelligible, but preached with more effective enunciation and sung with a larger and deeper chorus. The hundred gates of Rome are open night and day to receive the houseless stranger. You know something of Rome, and surely you

cannot be insensible to this danger. Perhaps you think it no danger, but rather a deliverance.

It is true that I ought by this time to know something about Rome, for the whole course of my life has been at her threshold—once, indeed, at the very point of entering. Twenty-three years ago I undertook the singular errand of picking up and arranging the stray leaves of the mighty Sibyl as the opening and the shutting of the door might throw them in my face. Some people thought I was half-hearted, but in one respect I was like the rest of the Fathers assembled on that occasion. I returned from Rome not a bit more of an Infallibilist than I had been before.

To that rare experience I have now to add the more common one of a protracted stage of reflection and meditative life. I have been compelled to think over the past, and latterly I have found something like a new light thrown on every name, every incident, every utterance, as often as it recurs to me. What, then, is the summing-up so far? Tactically, and from a politician's point of view, it may be safe, and even wise, to advise those in authority to let people go their own way, and read the Scriptures by the light of their own understandings, and choose their own interpretations and their own shepherds: but what am I to recommend as the best course to those who have some option in the matter, and the

conscience to use that option well? Here, then, is what may prove my last dying speech and confession.

It may be reasonably hoped that a quarter of a century of comparative retirement adds somewhat to the value of any counsels a public adviser may be called on to offer. Speaking for myself, I am not sensible of any material change as regards the matters before us, whether in this volume or in its now numerous predecessors. On some important points I have for more than half a century been too fixed and obstinate to give entire satisfaction to all friends and neighbours. My own more ordinary and superficial instincts, those that generally move me, would prompt me to leave things alone, to go my own quiet way, and let others do the same. Earlier in life I had had dreams and prepossessions of my own sufficiently engrossing and self-rewarding to allow me to tolerate the like in others, and to prevent me from taking a serious part in religious controversy. Even when these dreams disappeared and realities took their place, half-heartedness and something like double-mindedness remained. Circumstances threw me into enterprises, causes, and crusades, which ran their appointed course, and left me finally more disposed than ever to see that all sides have a good deal to say for themselves—certainly on all the questions between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. Both these Churches credit themselves with all the

requisites for a right judgment in all things ; but for my part I see nothing in the judgment but a determination of the will. Each one inwardly says, *Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas.*

But as the most equable tempers and the best regulated minds have often been found to break out unexpectedly into violence and extravagance of one sort or another, so is it with the most indolent, most tolerant, and most indifferent in religious questions. In this respect the latter part of a long life is often found in contradiction to the first. Few can ever be quite satisfied with a course which allows things to go with a run, or to rust, moulder, and rot, or to flare up, or to fall into hopeless entanglement, according as so-called accident, or folly, or wickedness may prevail. The deeper feelings are those which ought to prevail, and which will prevail in the warmer hearts and the stronger minds.

Now I may or may not be credited with opinions worth offering or entitled to respect, but a long experience, most of it of a strictly clerical character, and very large sacrifices, make me sufficiently confident in my right to emerge, if by God's help I can, from the present confusion of tongues. The net result of this experience is that each community of Christians had best work conscientiously and diligently on its own lines, and charitably towards its neighbours, till Heaven send a deliverance. This is

not saying that all communions are one as good as another, or that the maintenance and the denial of the same doctrine may be equally true, or that it is all a matter of good intentions and feelings, not of objective truth or of obedience. It is only saying what most Englishmen assert with the utmost confidence when it is the Pope who is to be taught liberality of sentiment. Of course he has no right to pronounce this man wrong and that man right, or to anathematise this man and beatify that. But he cannot be the only man in the world liable to infirmity of judgment, and therefore better employed in keeping his own house in order than in throwing stones all around. If Englishmen generally say, 'Let there be no Pope,' I reply, 'Let there not be some thousand Popes. Let us all mend ourselves before we stigmatise others, who have only done what we do—that is, as their fathers have done before them.'

The Anglican and the Roman settlements are of equal antiquity—if, indeed, antiquity in any serious sense can be ascribed to settlements only four times as old as I am. The Church of Rome and the Church of England emerged out of the same furnace of affliction and the same din of theological and ecclesiastical warfare in the middle of the sixteenth century. Both Churches claim to have then scoured themselves of many old defilements, and both are liable to the reproach of having thus imported, or

authorised, some novelties. Of course, there arises the question, 'What is a novelty?' for on that depends the question, 'What is an antiquity?' There are English divines who think only of the semi-barbaric travesty of the Christian Faith found in Western Europe in what we too justly call the Dark Ages, as genuine as antiquity—nay, more genuine—than the traditions and conclusions of the Early Fathers. Anyhow, if Rome is to be recalled to primitive antiquity, let not England herself decline that ordeal. Let her not trust to that legendary purgation she boasts to have undergone at the rough hands of her self-styled Reformers.

It will be said, perhaps, that any charge of errors or shortcomings on our own communion, even if it be proved or admitted, has nothing to do with the question now before us. That is not a question of preference or of charity, or even of theology; it is a question of self-preservation. But let it be granted that we are in a dangerous condition, and let it be also accepted that Rome is the enemy, or rival, we have most to fear and guard against in these isles, 'Fas est et ab hoste doceri.' Whatever Rome has been, she is now a purely voluntary society, and England has laboured now for a long time most industriously and successfully to bring her to that pass. We have helped to make her members—that is, the population comprised in Roman allegiance—both as free and as

powerless as ourselves—as free to hold what dogma they please, and as powerless to enforce it upon others. Nobody, high or low, in any foreign country, need be a Roman Catholic unless he chooses. What is more, under that ægis of political liberty which England has largely contributed to interpose between the persecutor and the persecuted, any Roman Catholic may observe the particular obligations of his religion much as he pleases. It is notorious how very easily a Roman Catholic gentleman bears what we suppose to be an intolerable burden. How this is managed it is not for outsiders to inquire into. In these days there is a universal agreement to let people and communities manage their own affairs. If Roman Catholics are, after all, very like other people, it is not for other people to complain of the resemblance. Nor is it for Englishmen to criticise the particular process by which the Roman Catholics have been latterly assimilated to the rest of the human race. No doubt it has been forced on them. Force has been a powerful element in the history of our own religious and political ideas.

But how can a communion be called voluntary, it will be said, which does not truly and consistently stand upon the voluntary principle? Rome is a reign of terror. She imposes penalties. She excommunicates, with serious social results. In an instant she reduces the largest heart and the greatest mind of a nation or a century to the rank and state of an out-

cast—a pariah. Even if her oppression be only a dark shade, who can bear to live always out of the sunshine, or in a gloom through which are dimly seen mysterious and hostile eyes, hands, and weapons? Is this voluntary action? The voluntary principle cannot be said to have been thoroughly accepted if it is only claimed and appealed to in order to make war against the natural and universal liberties of the human race.

Be it so. Yet there are in these isles hundreds of societies, clubs, connections, churches great and small, social circles, self-constituted local Parliaments, besides many conspiracies pure and simple, that may be said to reign by terror. They impose rules, inflict penalties, and expel, as they may find necessary. That is, they excommunicate, and, in some sense, anathematise. Any Church holding itself to be identical with the Church whose foundation we find in the New Testament, must feel itself voluntary though under severe obligation to the highest spiritual authority.

But there necessarily ensues a change when this voluntary body allies itself, enters into partnership, and even establishes an actual identity with a civil and political body. No State, covering a whole territory, can be voluntary as regards the obedience of its members. They enter the State by the act of birth, and cannot leave it except by death or by flight,

which may or may not be possible. Concordats and Acts of Toleration fall far short of both the voluntary and the involuntary conditions, for they are designed to reconcile the opposites. All depends on the loyalty of the contracting parties, and the mutual recognition of the rights conferred and reserved. The alleged necessity of a temporal sovereignty, though only on the pretence of exhibiting to the world a true 'City of God,' proves that the Church of Rome does not quite trust its claims as a voluntary institution. It is now more of a voluntary Church than it ever has been—quite as voluntary, indeed, as any of our long list of British denominations. Of course, any Church theory, whether on the voluntary principle or not, meets with insuperable difficulties from the perpetual intrusion of adverse elements, whether in the higher or in the lower strata of the social organisation. Under the most despotic, or most tyrannical, or most bigoted system, a man may often live just as he pleases ; and, on the other hand, he may find himself the victim of grinding oppression in a professedly free State or Church. These inconsistencies are of universal occurrence.

Practically, the greatest peril that a church can either fall into or occasion, is entanglement with a political cause, or secular interest, or faction, or a class. The history of the Roman Catholic Church has been one series of unfortunate alliances and evil

experiences with the worst constitutions, the most depraved dynasties, the most profligate rulers, the most corrupt aristocracies, and the most sinful practices in the world. Always wanting power, always extravagant, pompous, and vainglorious, it has had to seek money or support by any means, fair or foul. That is the case of the Church of Rome, and may be again ; it ever leans that way.

What is the case of the Church of England ? Only the other day it was politically and indissolubly leagued with all the worst causes in our social state. It really is needless to recapitulate them, for my readers have only to recall anything that was bad in our system and in our customs in the last century and some way into this, and the Church of England was in political league with it. The consequence has been that it has been lamentably wanting in the power of self-government, self-adaptation, and self-purgation, and, though loud in its pretensions to primitive faith and practice, is successfully challenged on those very points by Christian communities outside its pale. It cannot defend the special creeds with which it aims to improve on a Christian antiquity, but cannot find courage to give them up. It is too complicated with those whose interest lies in things just as they are, or whose vanity forbids the confession of error.

Even if a universal reform and universal union be hopeless, or only to be discovered in the dim

twilight of a far-off future, still all must be credited with the hope and the desire. All must be supposed ready to take a step that way, to sacrifice something for it, and to find a bond of union in the very idea. All may justly deem it more to their honour than to their shame, if they own themselves interested in such an operation as that desired in these pages.

It is not necessary that people should precipitate action, suffering, rather, which they now only fear to be steadily approaching. It is not necessary they should at once abandon a position which has its advantages as long as it lasts, and which confers dignity on those who hold it. To hold your ground, to stick to your post, to stand firm where Providence rather than yourself seems to have placed you, is generally wise, always honourable. It is the regimental idea, and it is not everybody who can aspire to a place in the staff of a Church Militant, or demand the immediate mobilisation of the great army. But every soldier is bound to be prepared for marching orders, and for the sudden call and quick compliance necessary on the battle-field.

There is a very old and very sacred text warning us not to be hasty and partial in our interpretation of great disasters ; not to pronounce them judgments, or to conclude the sufferers much worse than other men, but rather to accept the warning for ourselves. A quarter of a century ago Rome summoned all her

bishops from every nook and corner of Italy and the earth to show her strength, and to illustrate her pretensions. As an exhibition the result was a splendid success, and the immediate outcome was hardly below what had been anticipated. The Vatican Council has been described as the most august assemblage ever seen on this our poor earthly scale. When the Council parted, as it supposed, to meet again, not only was the Roman Catholic Church the established Church of the city of Rome, but no other faith was so much as tolerated in the city. In a couple of months it had ceased to be the established faith in the old sense, and every other faith was tolerated that satisfied the requirements of peace, order, and civil duty. England looked as placidly and cheerfully on the sudden change as the two Britons interwoven in the tapestries of the Roman theatre might have been supposed to do at the transformations of which they were the senseless agents. But had England given a thought or a feeling to the matter, it might have gathered a lesson that its turn might come, and that it was best to be prepared.

It is often said that there is actually more liberty of opinion and action in the Church of England, which professes to be the religion of the State, and the law of the land, than in the voluntary bodies that reject and protest against such a pretension. Practically nobody is so free as a Churchman, though he

cannot be baptized, and cannot even marry, without being pledged to a Creed, which would have been thought a detestable heresy in the first four centuries of the Church. Chains of paper and parchment hang light on the muscular frame of the ordinary English Churchman, and, so as he is allowed to live and talk as he pleases, he is indifferent to the peculiarities of belief floating in the air about him, and to the eccentricities of pious practice, so long as they reach not sight or hearing. While other people are amusing themselves after their fashion, he will amuse himself after his own. But our Nonconformists, as a rule, stand neither on antiquity, nor on any merely inherited faith or practice, nor in the presumed efficacy of an official class to do the work of salvation for them. They must do it all, and they must do it themselves ; and as they act and think in concert with the rest of the particular connection, there ensues a more solid, and, in process of time, a more obligatory religious practice than is necessary in an established Church. Thus, while the involuntary degenerates into laxity and licence, the voluntary often endures and hardens into a tyranny far beyond any exercised by the Church of Rome in these degenerate days.

XXXII

MIRACULOUS ENCOURAGEMENT

IN one of my volumes of *Reminiscences*, I relate an incident which left on me a life-long impression that the Almighty is near me, and with me, and in me, leading me and encouraging me. In the year 1820, a week or two before I went to Charterhouse, we were let out of Mr. Higginson's school at eleven, that we might make preparations for a great eclipse of the sun, to begin at twelve. I was sitting on a chair placed against a book-case in my father's library, the lower shelves of which were filled with the 'Monthly Review' of last century. Without turning in my chair, I put out my hand behind me, took out a volume, and opened it at random. The first words that caught my eye were: 'Whoever survives to witness the great eclipse of 1820, will have the opportunity of observing certain appearances,' or words to that effect, and the writer proceeds to describe what have since come to be called 'Bailey's beads' and 'protuberances,' &c. I had not the requisite apparatus, so the astronomical

result in me was slight, the spiritual great. That was seventy-two years ago.

Now for what occurred on the 4th of this present month of August, 1892. My sister Fanny had brought my widowed sister-in-law from Derby, and was bound to return this day. She had half an hour to spare for me. It might be, and it may still be, our last meeting. We seemed at once to feel we must make a good use of it. I mentioned that this series, seventy volumes, after being dispersed for many years, had now all reverted to me ; that I had arranged the volumes in chronological order, and procured a second-hand book-case, and that though sadly damp eaten and gas rotted, indeed, a ragged regiment, as a friend styled it, yet it had now the character of uniformity. My sister observed that my sister Anne had never found it worth consulting. I replied that I had never looked into it without finding something new and interesting, and that it had raised my estimate of the last century. So here was one little point of issue between me and my sister Anne. From childhood I had had many and many a little tiff with her, owing, I suspect, to our being so like one another, and therefore always running on the same line. On this occasion I persisted in my testimony as to the 'Monthly Review,' and was glad to dismiss the topic and think of some other.

We passed on to our early experiences, of which

my sister gave some interesting particulars. I said that in my younger days there were more superstitions, charms, and amulets than are to be found now, and that in many cottages in Northamptonshire there was hung up an alleged letter from our Lord to Agbarus, King of Edessa, in a frame, with certain directions for its proper use as a preventive against ague, then the worst plague of Northamptonshire. It was generally, but, as far as I can remember, not always, accompanied by some rude outlines, supposed to be a portrait of our Lord sent to Agbarus. I added that in my youth I had mixed up Edessa with Odessa in the Black Sea, and had wondered at the implied relations between that and the Lake of Gennesareth.

‘Where is Edessa?’ said my sister. I could only reply, not far from Palestine, and eastward of it. However, I was not satisfied with that answer, and set about looking for it. I consulted my maps, ‘Mosheim,’ ‘Hartwell Horne,’ the ‘Dictionary of the Bible,’ ‘Gazetteer,’ some works on geography, a ‘Dictionary of 30,000 Miracles,’ all in vain. I thought of ‘Gibbon’; indeed, he was then before me, in bulky form. But my arm is weak, my fingers numbed, and for consulting the index I should have had to look for the big lens I require for small print. So I had to let my sister go to make a P.P.C. call, promising to return just for a final good-bye. As

soon as she had gone I bethought myself. Have I not rated those 'Monthly Reviews' too high, and delivered myself in the spirit of contradiction? I went to my dingy acquisition, took out a volume at random, and opened it at random. The first words that caught my eye were those at the top of the page held in my right hand. My thumb was all but on the very word *Edessa*. The page was 311, vol. lx., year 1779:—

From Mosul Mr. Niebuhr travelled with a caravan through the desert, by way of Mardin to Aleppo. When we read the preparations to be made, and the account of the baggage, which is required for a journey through the deserts, we thought it threw light upon several passages of Scripture, and particularly Ezek. xii. 3, 4. The caravan passed *Diarbekr*, which is the ancient *Amida* (as this place still is called in Turkish records), and *Orfa*, called by the Greeks *Edessa*, famous in ecclesiastical history. Of both places Mr. Niebuhr gives an account. He saw, not far from Orfa, several wells, to which the girls from the neighbouring villages came to water their flocks and cattle. Their faces were uncovered, and they were, as Mr. Niebuhr expresses himself, well-shaped beauties, burnt by the sun. As soon as our author and others had saluted them, and alighted from their horses, they came and offered them water, and likewise watered their horses. Mr. Niebuhr was particularly struck with this civility, because Rebecca, who, in his opinion, was certainly born and educated in this country, showed herself equally civil towards strangers (Gen. xxiv. 18). Our author is so much pleased with this idea, that he thinks he has drank out of the same well

from which she fetched the water ; for *Haran* is still a place, about two days' journey from Orfa, which is frequented by the Jews, and probably the very place which Abraham quitted for Canaan (Gen. xii. 9).

The traveller was a man of much note in his own time, but destined to be eclipsed by his more celebrated son, the historian ; and he was now employed by the Danish Government on a roving commission, in the interest of geographical science, and for possible openings in trade.

On my sister's return, I immediately asked what we had been talking about before she left. 'About Edessa. You were trying to find it, and could not.' 'Was not there another point, one on which I and Anne differed ?' 'Yes. Anne used to say she never found anything in those "Monthly Reviews" worth the trouble of looking into them. You said you always found yourself rewarded.' 'Here, then,' said I, 'is an answer to both these questions,' and I showed her the passage, much to her surprise.

On my referring to my 'Lists of the Fathers at the Œcumenical Council of 1869-70,' I find that Edessa was represented there by Giuseppe Cardoni, Archbishop *in partibus*, born at Rome in 1802, and, at the time of the Council, residing at the *Accademia Ecclesiastica*. Edessa is described as in Mesopotamia.

The more I think of this very extraordinary incident, the more do I feel myself to realise its significance, which my survivors may soon realise much more than even I can do. I will, therefore, add what I can briefly to the above account of Edessa, accepting the risk of my better-informed readers thinking it a very superfluous digression. From Gibbon I learn that Edessa was a city of great importance, the capital of Osrhoena, between the Euphrates and the Tigris, at the north-west end of Mesopotamia, situated twenty miles from the former of these rivers. Its inhabitants, from the time of Alexander, were a mixed race of Greeks, Arabs, Syrians, and Armenians. After a long period of unwilling and uncertain dependence on the Romans, they were finally subdued by Caracalla, A.D. 230, and the Agbarus, or Ackbar, of the day carried in chains to Rome. Gibbon observes that the polished citizens of Antioch called those of Edessa mixed barbarians, but of the three dialects of the Syriac, the purest and the most elegant, the Aramæan, was spoken at Edessa. About A.D. 361, the so-called apostate Julian, upon hearing that the Arians at Edessa were behaving very ill to the Valentinians, disestablished and disendowed the Arian Church, and divided the proceeds between his soldiers and the poor, in order to show the Arians that he was truer to the Galilean faith than they were. The Nestorians who had found a refuge in Edessa had disappeared

from the Roman Empire in the days of Justinian, but attained a sudden but transient splendour at their new home, where they inculcated their tenets in the purest Aramaic upon the surrounding Persians, and taught them to anathematise the Alexandrian Fathers, of whose persons and language they were wholly unacquainted. There is some uncertainty as to the doctrines of these Nestorians, and some variety in the record, but there is no doubt that the one original and comprehensive ground upon which the majority, if, indeed, a majority, of the assembled Fathers at Ephesus were able to drive Nestor and his adherents out of the pale of the Roman Empire, was that Nestor could not see his way to entitling the Virgin Mary 'the Mother of God.'

It was not till the middle of the sixth century that there occurred the great event which Gibbon humorously observes reflects on the industry or the honesty of the historian Eusebius. Edessa was besieged and sorely pressed. Its bishop happily discovered an image, that is, a portrait of our Lord, in a niche in a wall, where it had been hidden for five centuries, and of which it was known with certainty that it was the handicraft of the Almighty, made without hands, and that with it was the assurance that so long as it is in good hands the city could not be taken. The city was not taken, and the fame of the image, the copies, and the veneration of them,

spread over the world, and added much to the original difference as to the use of pictures and of statues between the East and the West. No doubt it was to the picture rather than to the letter that I had now become indebted for my acquaintance with King Agbarus.

Under the Emperor Maurice, about A.D. 602, the Roman garrison at Edessa was sufficiently numerous and mutinous to be a disturbing force in the Empire. By the intervention of the Crusaders in A.D. 1087, Edessa became a Frank or Latin principality, which subsisted till A.D. 1145, when Zinghi, after a siege of twenty-five days, stormed the city and recovered it from the Franks, who recovered it again in a few years, when it was held, much to its advantage, by a succession of wise and chivalrous Counts of the Norman, but now English, family of Courtenay.

Amid these and still greater political changes, the material wealth and industry of this region, and the dress, manners, and language of the people, remained much as it was in the days of Abraham. In 'The Land and the Book,' the writer expresses his astonishment at the annual arrival of sheep in such numbers as to confound the imagination, on their way to the populous coast of Syria from the upper waters of the Euphrates, where the country literally swarms with sheep. Everything which thus recalls the patriarchal history, I can the more easily realise from

having been more than once entangled in a moving column of sheep all the way from Salisbury to Cholderton, eleven miles, no sooner extricating myself from one flock than finding myself in another. It was said that with their sharp little feet they did more harm to the road than all the wheel traffic by picking off its skin. They threw up dust, gathering much of it in their fleeces, and they vitiated the air. They were not allowed to drink of any running stream. The stronger ones would run a long way ahead, to get a few mouthfuls of grass by the roadside. When they were pastured for the night, they would turn a paddock, a churchyard, or half a dozen acres, into a surface as bare of grass as a worn-out Turkey carpet by the time they had to be off next morning.

These were from the West of England to Weyhill Fair, and when the Cholderton children heard the Dorsetshire sheep had come following their shepherds, instead of being driven, they used to come to the doors, clap their hands, and scream for delight. A very common incident on Salisbury Plain suggests the trick played by Rebecca on poor Isaac. When a lamb died it was usual to envelop in its skin the offspring of a ewe that had borne twins, and put it with the borrowed mother, which, after some doubt and hesitation, finally accepted the imposture.

Well, *satis superque* about Edessa, the reader will say ; but I advise him to bestow a few spare hours

to the sacred and still teeming source of God's own people, and so make it holy ground. On thinking over the whole matter, I have come to think it possible that some pious clergyman had persuaded the very primitive folk of Northamptonshire that their county, reaching from the centre of England to near the sea, and traversed by the head-waters of the southern rivers, was the English Mesopotamia, and had a claim to share the special privileges attaching to that character. There is a current story of an old woman in whom a young clergyman looked to find some distinctively Christian hope or feeling, and could only extract from her, 'Oh, that blessed Mesopotamia !' Is it possible that the poor old soul represented some expiring tradition handed down by a succession of old women from Crusading and still earlier times ; a certain strain of soft patriarchal sentiment holding its own for ages, amid much that was better, much that was worse ?

Now, I don't know, nor do I very much care to know, what philosophers and theologians may say about this. I feel it to be nothing short of a miraculous intimation to me to persevere in my present efforts to induce the Church of England to restore its Creed, its teaching, and its worship to better accordance with Scripture and to the Nicene Creed. If it be objected that the Almighty does not speak in this way, but more directly and more solemnly, then I reply

that it is the very way to speak to me. I have been told, indeed I have sometimes myself told my readers, that I am more superstitious than religious, more scrupulous than serious, apt to lose myself in trivialities, and to wander off the right road. Such a one is to be caught by hook or by crook, and if the summons answers the purpose, that becomes its explanation.

XXXIII

FINAL APPEAL

MY days, my hours rather, are numbered, and I cannot expect, and certainly do not desire, to have to take a part in a protracted controversy. So far, here has been no controversy, nor have I gone the way to procure it. Partly through my own defaults, partly through various mishaps, partly through the state of things in this country and the whole theological world, there has for a long time really been no controversy upon the national or popular Creeds. Rites, ceremonies, and other externals, have held possession of the lists. If I have been lifting my voice in vain, now for ten years, beginning five years after the age when the late Cardinal said a man ought to lay down his pen altogether, I have no just cause to complain. If I have put off plain speaking so long, may not others do the same?

But a considerable number of comments have been made in periodicals of more or less repute, by the unhappy gentlemen requested to analyse, sum up, and pronounce judgment upon bulky volumes, after two or three cuts of the paper-knife, and a quarter of

an hour's skimming. If these gentlemen were not always fore-armed or fore-warned they were evidently prepared, were it only one thing they had to say, one fatal thrust, as they supposed, 'Oh, then you avow yourself not Athanasian, and consequently, if not an Arian, certainly no Catholic, and not a real believer in the divinity of Christ.' For their own part, these critics say, they are prepared to stand by the Catholic faith. 'What matters it,' these gentlemen proceed, 'if certain dogmatic words and statements are not to be found in the Bible? The sense of Scripture is Scripture. The appeal to Scripture is the palmary device of Satan. The Son of God must be God, and there cannot be two Gods, there is only one. The Creeds are only summaries of Scripture, and if you object to them you must object to the Bible also, as the advanced critics are doing more honestly than you are.'

I have read dark allusions to something worse even than irreverence or heresy itself in my pages. Some one sent me an Oxford paper containing a sermon by a northern bishop. I had only to hold up the page to the light, and I could read on the other side of it the whole matter compressed into one sentence: 'In becoming a journalist he has ceased to be a moral agent, and this is an end of him.'

Then I have been described as losing myself in metaphysics, not my line, and avoiding the point by

endless digressions. Well, again I admit, I have no right to complain, as far as I am myself concerned. But I am sure the time is at hand when the controversy will be no longer one of words but of measures, and when verdicts will be given to be followed by sentence and speedy execution. It becomes necessary to be straight and brief.

The Church of England professes to appeal to Scripture, to the Creeds, to the early Fathers and the chief Councils, and, by the use of the word Catholic, to the Catholic Church, as far as we are understood to accept the term. In all this extensive and varied mass of documents and authoritative matter is there to be found the expression 'God the Son'? Are there to be found the words 'One in Three, and Three in One'? Is there a prayer, or a hymn, to the Trinity? Is it stated that the Son is absolutely all that the Father is? Is He identified as the One God of the First Commandment, beside whom there is no other God? Is the Almighty worshipped as the Triune God?

Is it hopeless to make the appeal? Surely there must be those who can meet it! Are there not among the masters in Israel men with the once solid and much respected title of D.D. added to their names, pinned to their sleeves, and painted on their robes? Surely there is ample learning and sufficient leisure somewhere in this busy land. Surely, too, there are

men who do not think it sufficient to denounce as wicked and detestable any doctrinal position they cannot otherwise deal with. I have lately read an old review of a work by Bishop Kaye in his later days, in which the reviewer gave him great and almost unqualified praise, only complaining that his Lordship came to lack fervour in his old age, and could even regard those who differed from him with misapplied gentleness and a dangerous tenderness. The ruler of a north-eastern diocese, the very nursery of dissent, had no doubt come to see the wisdom of those old advisers whom the young King of Israel and Judah disregarded to his cost. Not a few passages in our own history tend to illustrate the same moral, and history, we all know, is only too apt to repeat itself.

But I know well what some of my readers, perhaps those whom I should most respect, are already saying : ' You profess yourself ready to fall back on the Nicene Creed, and on the Catholic Church, and on Scripture. But the people you wish to win back to the Church are prepared to fall back from every one of these battle-fields to the absolute self-sufficiency of private opinion. You have yourself said that everybody has his own creed, which, on that supposition, must be saving. But controversy is futile when positions are only held provisionally and the object is entirely negative. When this is the

case, no Creed, no Church, no appeal to Scripture, no Faith, no opinion is worth a day's purchase unless it be worth something to prove the whole matter a delusion, a madness, or an organised hypocrisy.

As matters now stand, and as they have stood for many centuries, the question is forced upon any one who ventures to ask what it is that he is required to believe, and perhaps also to teach and preach. In these days the utterance of the individual writer is properly called his monograph ; it is treated with charity, perhaps even respect, but it remains what the writer sees, and thinks, and says—no more. The modest form of the monograph involves a certain egotism, that is, the occasional use of the first person singular. This leave I ask by the way.

The question enters holy ground in one of the most prominent and most awful passages in the Old Testament, and returns in the not less prominent and awful passage in the New, which, by almost universal admission, is associated with the older. Who was the really and truly Existent whom Moses saw in the wilderness? Who was the really and truly Existent who declared Himself to the unbelieving Jews at Jerusalem?

It is proudly said of all the Creeds that they are masterpieces of constructive and even analytical science. We have right to a science, it is said. Every other matter has its art and its science, why

not we? If there be uneducated masses, or people too engrossed in the matters of this world, or people naturally incapable of science, that is their misfortune, and we, who are more favoured or less hindered, are not bound to share their loss. That would be to reduce all the world to a lower level, with an inevitable tendency to descend to a lower still. The demand is plausible, and more than plausible, for it has something to say for itself. St. Paul is here and there argumentative, which may be called an approach to science. But there are also in his epistles passages which have come to be regarded as creeds, compendiums of Christ's doctrines, in the form of hymns, as if learnt by new converts, children, and other simple folk. These possible Creeds are by no means scientific, not more so than the 'Apostles' Creed.'

But since the claim is made as if founded on the laws of our nature, the general practice, and the rights of Christian men, let us see how that stands. The claim has no more foundation in nature than it even has in grace. There is very little indeed of this world that can be reduced to exact science. All but a few amateurs, or devotees, as they might be called, are obliged to leave simple arithmetic and pure mathematics behind them at school or at college, and thenceforth address themselves to the difficulties—moral difficulties they often become—of mixed mathematics.

But Creeds, certainly in this country, are not official or professional. They are everybody's concern, from the *savant* and the hero, to the labourer and the child. They are part of our religion. They have their part in the saving of our souls. They relate to our highest aspirations, our grandest inheritance, our spiritual nature, our deepest and purest delights. Religion is everybody's affair, and everybody has that in him and about him that is comparable with religion, that may assist it, or interfere with it, and that is apt to become a religion, occupying the same ground in his outward presentment and his inner life. These matters of earth having a certain resemblance and relation to the matters of infinitely higher concern, should have certain analogies, the lower with the higher. In matters of taste, in poetry, in politics, whether of faction or of opinion, in the choice of friends, in the addiction to particular pursuits, in our amusements, in our reading, in the selection of favourite characters, in dress, in manners, and very much else, we refuse and resent the bondage of exact rules, and artificial systems. We simply feel that they are inapplicable. Even if a friend interposes with the generalities and formalities of wisdom, we think him a nuisance, perhaps also a hypocrite. We insist on acting and choosing for ourselves, and would, indeed, rather make an ill choice than accept one by constraint or over persuasion.

No poet, no historian, no orator, no painter or sculptor, no general, no statesman, can explain to others how he succeeds, or can himself be made to understand how he fails. No man or woman of the world—that is, of society—can communicate the secret of personal power. Perhaps it is too simple to be accepted by those who look for something more, and who would rather quarrel with a whole world than abate the least from their own sweet will and lofty claims. There is no remedy for a man who will have his own way, but the inevitable failure, which may not cure the disease, but will, at least, curtail the range of its mischief. Providence has allowed the wisest man in the world to commit the greatest follies and betray the greatest weakness, in order to show to us that where the heart, the will, and the imagination are concerned, we must look for a better guide than any weak device of man's construction—some living guide.

But the truth is we live in a world of mysteries; of dreams, fancies, and opinions; of things partly seen, partly unseen; of clouds, mists, and vapours; of edges and fringes; of refractions and reflexions; of irregular tides and variable currents; of things seen distinctly afar off, and indistinctly very near; of perishing remainders and doubtful beginnings; of rifts, glimpses, and cross lights; of audacious errors and cowardly truths; of dull carnivals and gay

solemnities ; of the solemn call neglected, and the trifles of the hour made the business of the life. In all this impending chaos and ever-emerging order, emerging not by anything that we have done, but as it were by a nightly burial and a daily resurrection, what place, what functions remain for the hard-and-fast, the cut-and-dried Creed that nobody ever understood, and nobody ever will understand—the Creed framed on the old principle of *obscurum per obscurius*? It remains a monument, a warning, and a lesson ; and the lesson is that we give up the vain attempt to bind the reason and curtail the liberty of Christians as good as ourselves, not only those now living, but to all time.

I believe I have now said my say about all the Creeds, and nothing remains for me but to make my bow to the good men whom we call the Fathers, as the Jews called their great ancestors, good, bad, and indifferent, the Patriarchs. These truly but variously illustrious personages stepped one by one out of the darkness of heathendom, out of the mazes of a decrepit and long-surviving philosophy, out of a world-wide strife of arms and of tongues, out of deserts and cities, out of camps, courts, and schools, to take their several parts in the greatest work ever suddenly imposed upon the human mind—a lasting settlement of what all future generations were to believe, and how they were to understand sacred text and

tradition. If I seem to have spoken with scant respect and grudging candour of the men called on to undertake this Atlantean problem, now is the time, and in this my eighty-seventh year, to make what reparation is possible to me. They had, or at least they believed they had, to define the indefinable, to reduce the Infinite Truth to the private conception, to make that plain which is hidden from mortal eye, and to render that, which primeval piety durst not pronounce, a current phraseology.

It was the necessity of the occasion that all this should be made plain, pronounced, and peremptory. But therein lay the danger. The plain is the very region of the mist and the mirage. Writers of all ages, historians, theologists, philosophers, have gravely assured their readers that they had purposely avoided grace of style, fictitious ornament, and pleasant digression, in their one prevailing wish to be perfectly plain and absolutely true. If the matter does not admit of perfect plainness, except by some departure from the truth, or of truth, except at the sacrifice of plainness—that is, if the truth must ever remain partly conjectural, partly hidden—then the very attempt to master the difficulty is fatal to all hopes of success. Every one of the Fathers had his own views, which he had taken great pains to explicate and elaborate, and which he had now to exhibit in large letters, and force upon the intellectual

vision of the world. There must be no faltering, no childish lisp, no lowering of the note to distinguish between the certain and the uncertain, the indubitable and the probable, the hypothetical, the actual, and the inferential. Conceptions were to be stated so succinctly and exactly as to take the reason by storm, to astound, to daze, and to hold the ground, thus won, by right of sole possession, and in course of time by the rule of long prescription.

The first step in this process demanded the supreme exercise of singular gifts and of energy at its full stretch. The front rank and the immediate recipients of the dogma were not ordinary or passive. They had their views also, and they had to give or accept wager of battle one by one in the sight of several contending hosts. Some of them were giants, and they had to be encountered by men sometimes so fresh to their faiths and to their profession that they could hardly yet have proved their armour, and had therefore to do the work that was to be done by rough and ready weapons. We must not quarrel with the weapon when the work is done. We read in Scripture of a millstone having done its work in one place, a dagger in another, a mallet and tent-peg in another, a round pebble from the brook in another, an arrow shot at a venture in another, while there was even more variety and chance work in the instruments of directly beneficial power. Some of

the theological engines now in question have done their work for good, and, must we say, for ill, now for fifteen hundred years. They have become indelible, and necessary to the understanding of history and controversy. We no longer fight with spears, or bows and arrows, or even wooden men-of-war, but we have to be acquainted with their forms and uses. The men who invented and who employed them are at least worth our acquaintance. So good-bye, I shall say to them soon ; I hope to meet again where all is forgiven,—whether forgotten also, is more than I can venture to say.



A Catalogue of Works

IN

THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

PUBLISHED BY

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.,

Abbey and Overton.—THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By CHARLES J. ABBEY, M.A., Rector of Checkendon, Reading, and JOHN H. OVERTON, M.A., Rector of Epworth; Rural Dean of Isle of Axholme. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

Adams.—SACRED ALLEGORIES. The Shadow of the Cross—The Distant Hills—The Old Man's Home—The King's Messengers. By the Rev. WILLIAM ADAMS, M.A. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

The Four Allegories may be had separately, with Illustrations. *16mo. 1s. each. Also the Miniature Edition. Four Vols. 3amo. 1s. each.*

Aids to the Inner Life.

Edited by the Rev. W. H. HUTCHINGS, M.A.; Rector of Kirkby Misperton, Yorkshire. *Five Vols. 3amo, cloth limp, 6d. each; or cloth extra, 1s. each.*

With red borders, 2s. each. Sold separately.

OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. By THOMAS À KEMPIS.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

THE DEVOUT LIFE. By ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

THE HIDDEN LIFE OF THE SOUL.

THE SPIRITUAL COMBAT. By LAURENCE SCUPOLI.

Allen.—THE CHURCH CATECHISM: its History and Content. A Manual for Teachers and Students. By the Rev. A. J. C. ALLEN, M.A., formerly Principal of the Chester Diocesan Training College. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Barry.—LIGHT OF SCIENCE ON THE FAITH. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1892. By the Right Rev. ALFRED BARRY, D.D., Canon of Windsor, formerly Bishop of Sydney, Metropolitan of New South Wales, and Primate of Australia. *8vo.*

Bathe.—Works by the Rev. ANTHONY BATHE, M.A.

A LENT WITH JESUS. A Plain Guide for Churchmen. 'Containing Readings for Lent and Easter Week, and on the Holy Eucharist. 32mo, 1s.; or in paper cover, 6d.

AN ADVENT WITH JESUS. 32mo, 1s.; or in paper cover, 6d.

WHAT I SHOULD BELIEVE. A Simple Manual of Self-Instruction for Church People. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Bickersteth.—YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER: a Poem in Twelve Books. By EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, D.D., Bishop of Exeter. *One Shilling Edition*, 18mo. *With red borders*, 16mo, 2s. 6d.

The Crown 8vo Edition (5s.) may still be had.

Blunt.—Works by the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, D.D.

THE ANNOTATED BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER: Being an Historical, Ritual, and Theological Commentary on the Devotional System of the Church of England. 4to. 21s.

THE COMPENDIOUS EDITION OF THE ANNOTATED BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER: Forming a concise Commentary on the Devotional System of the Church of England. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

DICTIONARY OF DOCTRINAL AND HISTORICAL THEOLOGY. By various Writers. Imperial 8vo. 21s.

DICTIONARY OF SECTS, HERESIES, ECCLESIASTICAL PARTIES AND SCHOOLS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. By various Writers. Imperial 8vo. 21s.

THE BOOK OF CHURCH LAW. Being an Exposition of the Legal Rights and Duties of the Parochial Clergy and the Laity of the Church of England. Revised by Sir WALTER G. F. PHILLIMORE, Bart., D.C.L. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A COMPANION TO THE BIBLE: Being a Plain Commentary on Scripture History, to the end of the Apostolic Age. *Two vols. small 8vo. Sold separately.*

THE OLD TESTAMENT. 3s. 6d. THE NEW TESTAMENT. 3s. 6d.

HOUSEHOLD THEOLOGY: a Handbook of Religious Information respecting the Holy Bible, the Prayer Book, the Church, etc. etc. Paper cover, 16mo. 1s. Also the Larger Edition, 3s. 6d.

Body.—Works by the Rev. GEORGE BODY, D.D., Canon of Durham.

THE SCHOOL OF CALVARY; or, Laws of Christian Life revealed from the Cross. Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF JUSTIFICATION. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF TEMPTATION. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

Bonney.—CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES AND MODERN THOUGHT: being the Boyle Lectures for 1891. By the Rev. T. G. BONNEY, D.Sc., Hon. Canon of Manchester. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Boulton.—A COMMENTARY ON THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By the Rev. T. P. BOULTON, formerly Principal of the London College of Divinity, St. John's Hall, Highbury. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

Bright.—Works by WILLIAM BRIGHT, D.D., Canon of Christ Church Oxford.

MORALITY IN DOCTRINE. Sermons. *Crown 8vo.*

LESSONS FROM THE LIVES OF THREE GREAT FATHERS:

St. Athanasius, St. Chrysostom, and St. Augustine. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

THE INCARNATION AS A MOTIVE POWER. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

Bright and Medd.—LIBER PRECUM PUBLICARUM ECCLESIAE ANGLICANÆ. A GULIELMO BRIGHT, S.T.P., et PETRO GOLDSMITH MEDD, A.M., Latine redditus. [In hac Editione continentur Versiones Latinae—1. Libri Precum Publicarum Ecclesiae Anglicanae; 2. Liturgiæ Primæ Reformatæ; 3. Liturgiæ Scoticanae; 4. Liturgiæ Americanae.] *Small 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

Browne.—AN EXPOSITION OF THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES, Historical and Doctrinal. By E. H. BROWNE, D.D., formerly Bishop of Winchester. *8vo.* 16s.

Campion and Beamont.—THE PRAYER BOOK INTERLEAVED. With Historical Illustrations and Explanatory Notes arranged parallel to the Text. By W. M. CAMPION, D.D., and W. J. BEAMONT, M.A. *Small 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

Carter.—Works edited by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A., Hon. Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.

THE TREASURY OF DEVOTION: a Manual of Prayer for General and Daily Use. Compiled by a Priest. *18mo.* 2s. 6d.; *cloth limp*, 2s.; or bound with the Book of Common Prayer, 3s. 6d. *Large-Type Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

THE WAY OF LIFE: A Book of Prayers and Instruction for the Young at School, with a Preparation for Confirmation. Compiled by a Priest. *18mo.* 1s. 6d.

THE PATH OF HOLINESS: a First Book of Prayers, with the Service of the Holy Communion, for the Young. Compiled by a Priest. With Illustrations. *16mo.* 1s. 6d.; *cloth limp*, 1s.

THE GUIDE TO HEAVEN: a Book of Prayers for every Want. (For the Working Classes.) Compiled by a Priest. *18mo.* 1s. 6d.; *cloth limp*, 1s. *Large-Type Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 1s. 6d.; *cloth limp*, 1s.

[continued.]

Carter.—Works edited by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A., Hon. Canon of Christ Church, Oxford—*continued.*

SELF-RENUNCIATION. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

THE STAR OF CHILDHOOD: a First Book of Prayers and Instruction for Children. Compiled by a Priest. With Illustrations. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

Carter.—MAXIMS AND GLEANINGS FROM THE WRITINGS OF T. T. CARTER, M.A. Selected and arranged for Daily Use. Crown 16mo. 1s.

Chandler.—THE SPIRIT OF MAN: An Essay in Christian Philosophy. By the Rev. A. CHANDLER, M.A., Rector of Poplar, E. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Church's Seasons (The), and other Verses. BY YOLANDE. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Conybeare and Howson.—THE LIFE AND EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. By the Rev. W. J. CONYBEARE, M.A., and the Very Rev. J. S. HOWSON, D.D. With numerous Maps and Illustrations.

LIBRARY EDITION. Two Vols. 8vo. 21s.

POPULAR EDITION. One Vol. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Copleston.—BUDDHISM—PRIMITIVE AND PRESENT IN MAGADHA AND IN CEYLON. By REGINALD STEPHEN COPLESTON, D.D., Bishop of Colombo. 8vo. 16s.

Devotional Series, 16mo, Red Borders. Each 2s. 6d.

BICKERSTETH'S YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER.

CHILCOT'S TREATISE ON EVIL THOUGHTS.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

FRANCIS DE SALES' (ST.) THE DEVOUT LIFE.

HERBERT'S POEMS AND PROVERBS.

KEMPIS' (A) OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

WILSON'S THE LORD'S SUPPER. *Large type.*

*TAYLOR'S (JEREMY) HOLY LIVING.

* ——— HOLY DYING.

** These two in one Volume. 5s.*

Devotional Series, 18mo, without Red Borders. Each 1s.

BICKERSTETH'S YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

FRANCIS DE SALES' (ST.) THE DEVOUT LIFE.

HERBERT'S POEMS AND PROVERBS.

KEMPIS' (A) OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

WILSON'S THE LORD'S SUPPER. *Large type.*

*TAYLOR'S (JEREMY) HOLY LIVING.

* ——— HOLY DYING.

** These two in one Volume. 2s. 6d.*

Edersheim.—Works by ALFRED EDERSHEIM, M.A., D.D., Ph.D.,
sometime Grinfield Lecturer on the Septuagint Oxford.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS THE MESSIAH. *Two Vols.*
8vo. 24s.

JESUS THE MESSIAH: being an Abridged Edition of 'The Life and
Times of Jesus the Messiah.' *Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

PROPHECY AND HISTORY IN RELATION TO THE MESSIAH :
The Warburton Lectures, 1880-1884. 8vo. 12s.

TOHU-VA-VOHU ('Without Form and Void'): being a collection of
Fragmentary Thoughts and Criticism. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

Ellicott.—Works by C. J. ELLICOTT, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester
and Bristol.

A CRITICAL AND GRAMMATICAL COMMENTARY ON ST.
PAUL'S EPISTLES. Greek Text, with a Critical and Grammatical
Commentary, and a Revised English Translation. 8vo.

I CORINTHIANS. 16s.

GALATIANS. 8s. 6d.

EPHESIANS. 8s. 6d.

PASTORAL EPISTLES. 10s. 6d.

PHILIPPIANS, COLOSSIANS, AND

PHILEMON. 10s. 6d.

THESSALONIANS. 7s. 6d.

HISTORICAL LECTURES ON THE LIFE OF OUR LORD
JESUS CHRIST. 8vo. 12s.

Epochs of Church History. Edited by MANDELL CREIGHTON,
D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Peterborough. *Fcap. 8vo.* 2s. 6d. each.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN
OTHER LANDS. By the Rev. H. W.
TUCKER, M.A.

THE HISTORY OF THE RE-
FORMATION IN ENGLAND. By
the Rev. Geo. G. PERRY, M.A.

THE CHURCH OF THE EARLY
FATHERS. By the Rev. ALFRED
PLUMMER, D.D.

THE EVANGELICAL REVIVAL IN
THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
By the Rev. J. H. OVERTON, M.A.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.
By the Hon. G. C. BRODRICK, D.C.L.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAM-
BRIDGE. By J. BASS MULLINGER,
M.A.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE
MIDDLE AGES. By the Rev. W.
HUNT, M.A.

THE CHURCH AND THE
EASTERN EMPIRE. By the Rev.
H. F. TOZER, M.A.

THE CHURCH AND THE ROMAN
EMPIRE. By the Rev. A. CARR.

THE CHURCH AND THE PURI-
TANS, 1570-1660. By HENRY OFFLEY
WAKEMAN, M.A.

HILDEBRAND AND HIS TIMES.
By the Rev. W. R. W. STEPHENS, M.A.

THE POPES AND THE HOHEN-
STAUFEN. By UGO BALZANI.

THE COUNTER-REFORMATION.
By ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD, Litt. D.

WYCLIFFE AND MOVEMENTS
FOR REFORM. By REGINALD L.
POOLE, M.A.

THE ARIAN CONTROVERSY. By
H. M. GWATKIN, M.A.

Fosbery.—Works edited by the Rev. THOMAS VINCENT FOSBERY, M.A., sometime Vicar of St. Giles's, Reading.

VOICES OF COMFORT. *Cheap Edition. Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
The Larger Edition (7s. 6d.) may still be had.

HYMNS AND POEMS FOR THE SICK AND SUFFERING. In connection with the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. Selected from Various Authors. *Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Garland.—THE PRACTICAL TEACHING OF THE APOCALYPSE. By the Rev. G. V. GARLAND, M.A. *8vo. 16s.*

Gore.—Works by the Rev. CHARLES GORE, M.A., Principal of the Pusey House; Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

THE MINISTRY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. *8vo. 10s. 6d.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC CLAIMS. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Goulburn.—Works by EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., D.C.L., sometime Dean of Norwich.

THOUGHTS ON PERSONAL RELIGION. *Small 8vo, 6s. 6d.; Cheap Edition, 3s. 6d.; Presentation Edition, 2 vols. small 8vo, 10s. 6d.*

THE PURSUIT OF HOLINESS: a Sequel to 'Thoughts on Personal Religion.' *Small 8vo. 5s. Cheap Edition, 3s. 6d.*

THE CHILD SAMUEL: a Practical and Devotional Commentary on the Birth and Childhood of the Prophet Samuel, as recorded in 1 Sam. i., ii. 1-27, iii. *Small 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

THE GOSPEL OF THE CHILDHOOD: a Practical and Devotional Commentary on the Single Incident of our Blessed Lord's Childhood (St. Luke ii. 41 to the end.) *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

THE COLLECTS OF THE DAY: an Exposition, Critical and Devotional, of the Collects appointed at the Communion. With Preliminary Essays on their Structure, Sources, etc. *2 vols. Crown 8vo. 8s. each.*

THOUGHTS UPON THE LITURGICAL GOSPELS for the Sundays, one for each day in the year. With an Introduction on their Origin, History, the Modifications made in them by the Reformers and by the Revisers of the Prayer Book. *2 vols. Crown 8vo. 16s.*

MEDITATIONS UPON THE LITURGICAL GOSPELS for the Minor Festivals of Christ, the two first Week-days of the Easter and Whitsun Festivals, and the Red-letter Saints' Days. *Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.*

FAMILY PRAYERS compiled from various sources (chiefly from Bishop Hamilton's Manual), and arranged on the Liturgical Principle. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. Cheap Edition. 16mo. 1s.*

Harrison.—Works by the Rev. ALEXANDER J. HARRISON, B.D., Lecturer of the Christian Evidence Society.

PROBLEMS OF CHRISTIANITY AND SCEPTICISM; Lessons from Twenty Years' Experience in the Field of Christian Evidence. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

THE CHURCH IN RELATION TO SCEPTICS: a Conversational Guide to Evidential Work. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

Holland.—Works by the Rev. HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, M.A., Canon and Precentor of St. Paul's.

PLEAS AND CLAIMS FOR CHRIST. *Crown 8vo.*

CREED AND CHARACTER : Sermons. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

ON BEHALF OF BELIEF. Sermons preached in St. Paul's Cathedral. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

CHRIST OR ECCLESIASTES. Sermons preached in St. Paul's Cathedral. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

LOGIC AND LIFE, with other Sermons. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

Hopkins.—CHRIST THE CONSOLER. A Book of Comfort for the Sick. By ELLICE HOPKINS. *Small 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

Howard.—THE SCHISM BETWEEN THE ORIENTAL AND WESTERN CHURCHES. With special reference to the addition of the *Filioque* to the Creed. By the Rev. G. B. HOWARD, B.A., sometime Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

Ingram.—HAPPINESS IN THE SPIRITUAL LIFE; or, 'The Secret of the Lord.' A Series of Practical Considerations. By the Rev. W. CLAVELL INGRAM, M.A., Vicar of St. Matthew's, Leicester. *Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

INHERITANCE OF THE SAINTS, THE ; or, Thoughts on the Communion of Saints and the Life of the World to come. Collected chiefly from English Writers by L. P. With a Preface by the Rev. HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, M.A. *Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

Jameson.—Works by Mrs. JAMESON.

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART, containing Legends of the Angels and Archangels, the Evangelists, the Apostles. With 19 etchings and 187 Woodcuts. *Two Vols. Cloth, gilt top, 20s. net.*

LEGENDS OF THE MONASTIC ORDERS, as represented in the Fine Arts. With 11 etchings and 88 Woodcuts. *One Vol. Cloth, gilt top, 10s. net.*

LEGENDS OF THE MADONNA, OR BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. With 27 Etchings and 165 Woodcuts. *One Vol. Cloth, gilt top, 10s. net.*

THE HISTORY OF OUR LORD, as exemplified in Works of Art, Commenced by the late Mrs. JAMESON continued and completed by LADY EASTLAKE. With 31 Etchings and 281 Woodcuts. *Two Vols. 8vo. 20s. net.*

Jennings.—ECCLESIA ANGLICANA. A History of the Church of Christ in England from the Earliest to the Present Times. By the Rev. ARTHUR CHARLES JENNINGS, M.A. *Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

Jukes.—Works by ANDREW JUKES.

THE NEW MAN AND THE ETERNAL LIFE. Notes on the Reiterated Amens of the Son of God. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

THE NAMES OF GOD IN HOLY SCRIPTURE: a Revelation of His Nature and Relationships. *Crown 8vo.* 4s. 6d.

THE TYPES OF GENESIS. *Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

THE SECOND DEATH AND THE RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

THE MYSTERY OF THE KINGDOM. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

Keble.—MAXIMS AND GLEANINGS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN KEBLE, M.A. Selected and Arranged for Daily Use. By C. M. S. *Crown 16mo.* 1s.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN KEBLE, M.A. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

King.—DR. LIDDON'S TOUR IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE IN 1886. Benig Letters descriptive of the Tour, written by his Sister, Mrs. KING. *Crown 8vo.* 5s.**Knowling.**—THE WITNESS OF THE EPISTLES: a Study in Modern Criticism. By the Rev. R. J. KNOWLING, M.A., Vice-Principal of King's College, London. *8vo.* 15s.**Knox Little.**—Works by W. J. KNOX LITTLE, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Worcester, and Vicar of Hoar Cross.

SKETCHES IN SUNSHINE AND STORM: a Collection of Miscellaneous Essays and Notes of Travel. *Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME. *Crown 8vo.* 6s. 6d.

THE HOPES AND DECISIONS OF THE PASSION OF OUR MOST HOLY REDEEMER. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

CHARACTERISTICS AND MOTIVES OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. Ten Sermons preached in Manchester Cathedral, in Lent and Advent. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

SERMONS PREACHED FOR THE MOST PART IN MANCHESTER. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PASSION OF OUR MOST HOLY REDEEMER. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

THE WITNESS OF THE PASSION OF OUR MOST HOLY REDEEMER. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE. Sermons preached on Various Occasions. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. Sermons preached for the most part in America. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

Lear.—Works by, and Edited by, H. L. SIDNEY LEAR.

FOR DAYS AND YEARS. A Book containing a Text, Short Reading, and Hymn for Every Day in the Church's Year. 16mo. 2s. 6d. *Also a Cheap Edition, 32mo. 1s.; or cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.*

FIVE MINUTES. Daily Readings of Poetry. 16mo. 3s. 6d. *Also a Cheap Edition. 32mo. 1s.; or cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.*

WEARINESS. A Book for the Languid and Lonely. *Large Type. Small 8vo. 5s.*

THE LIGHT OF THE CONSCIENCE. 16mo. 2s. 6d. 32mo. 1s.; *cloth limp, 6d.*

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHIES. *Nine Vols. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.*

MADAME LOUISE DE FRANCE, Daughter of Louis xv., known also as the Mother Térèse de St. Augustin.

A DOMINICAN ARTIST: a Sketch of the Life of the Rev. Père Besson, of the Order of St. Dominic.

HENRI PERREYVE. By A. GRATRY.
ST. FRANCIS DE SALES, Bishop and Prince of Geneva.

THE REVIVAL OF PRIESTLY LIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IN FRANCE.

A CHRISTIAN PAINTER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BOSSUET AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

FÉNELON, ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAI.

HENRI DOMINIQUE LACORDAIRE.

DEVOTIONAL WORKS. Edited by H. L. SIDNEY LEAR. *New and Uniform Editions. Nine Vols. 16mo. 2s. 6d. each.*

FÉNELON'S SPIRITUAL LETTERS TO MEN.

FÉNELON'S SPIRITUAL LETTERS TO WOMEN.

A SELECTION FROM THE SPIRITUAL LETTERS OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

THE SPIRIT OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

THE HIDDEN LIFE OF THE SOUL.

THE LIGHT OF THE CONSCIENCE.

SELF-RENUNCIATION. From the French.

ST. FRANCES DE SALES' OF THE LOVE OF GOD.

SELECTIONS FROM PASCAL'S THOUGHTS.

Library of Spiritual Works for English Catholics. *Original Edition. With Red Borders. Small 8vo. 5s. each. New and Cheaper Editions. 16mo. 2s. 6d. each.*

OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

THE SPIRITUAL COMBAT. By LAURENCE SCUPOLI.

THE DEVOUT LIFE. By ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

OF THE LOVE OF GOD. By ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. *In Ten Books.*

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. 5s. *Edition only.*

Liddon.—Works by HENRY PARRY LIDDON, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.,
late Canon Residentiary and Chancellor of St. Paul's.

LECTURES AND ESSAYS. *Crown 8vo.*

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS. *8vo.*

SERMONS ON OLD TESTAMENT SUBJECTS. *Crown 8vo.* 5s.

SERMONS ON SOME WORDS OF CHRIST. *Crown 8vo.* 5s.

THE DIVINITY OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

Being the Bampton Lectures for 1866. *Crown 8vo.* 5s.

ADVENT IN ST. PAUL'S. Sermons bearing chiefly on the Two
Comings of our Lord. *Two Vols. Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d. each. *Cheap
Edition in one Volume. Crown 8vo.* 5s.

CHRISTMASTIDE IN ST. PAUL'S. Sermons bearing chiefly on the
Birth of our Lord and the End of the Year. *Crown 8vo.* 5s.

PASSIONTIDE SERMONS. *Crown 8vo.* 5s.

EASTER IN ST. PAUL'S. Sermons bearing chiefly on the Resurrec-
tion of our Lord. *Two Vols. Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d. each. *Cheap
Edition in one Volume. Crown 8vo.* 5s.

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF
OXFORD. *Two Vols. Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d. each. *Cheap Edition in
one Volume. Crown 8vo.* 5s.

THE MAGNIFICAT. Sermons in St. Paul's. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

SOME ELEMENTS OF RELIGION. Lent Lectures. *Small 8vo.*
2s. 6d. ; or in paper cover, 1s. 6d.

The Crown 8vo Edition (5s.) may still be had.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF H. P. LIDDON, D.D.
Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

MAXIMS AND GLEANINGS FROM THE WRITINGS OF H. P.
LIDDON, D.D. Selected and arranged by C. M. S. *Crown 16mo.* 1s.

DR. LIDDON'S TOUR IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE IN 1886.
Being Letters descriptive of the Tour, written by his Sister, Mrs. KING.
Crown 8vo. 5s.

Luckock.—Works by HERBERT MORTIMER LUCKOCK, D.D.,
Canon of Ely.

AFTER DEATH. An Examination of the Testimony of Primitive
Times respecting the State of the Faithful Dead, and their Relationship
to the Living. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

[continued.]

Luckock.—Works by HERBERT MORTIMER LUCKOCK, D.D.
Canon of Ely—*continued.*

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE BETWEEN DEATH AND JUDGMENT. Being a Sequel to *After Death*. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

FOOTPRINTS OF THE SON OF MAN, as traced by St. Mark. Being Eighty Portions for Private Study, Family Reading, and Instructions in Church. *Two Vols. Crown 8vo.* 12s. *Cheap Edition in one Vol. Crown 8vo.* 5s.

THE DIVINE LITURGY. Being the Order for Holy Communion, Historically, Doctrinally, and Devotionally set forth, in Fifty Portions. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. The Anglican Reform—The Puritan Innovations—The Elizabethan Reaction—The Caroline Settlement, With Appendices. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

THE BISHOPS IN THE TOWER. A Record of Stirring Events affecting the Church and Nonconformists from the Restoration to the Revolution. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

LYRA GERMANICA. Hymns translated from the German by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. *Small 8vo.* 5s.

MacColl.—CHRISTIANITY IN RELATION TO SCIENCE AND MORALS. By the Rev. MALCOLM MACCOLL, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Ripon. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

Mason.—Works by A. J. MASON, D.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

THE FAITH OF THE GOSPEL. A Manual of Christian Doctrine. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d. *Also a Large-Paper Edition for Marginal Notes.* 4to. 12s. 6d.

THE RELATION OF CONFIRMATION TO BAPTISM. As taught in Holy Scripture and the Fathers. *Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

Mercier.—OUR MOTHER CHURCH: Being Simple Talk on High Topics. By Mrs. JEROME MERCIER. *Small 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

Molesworth.—STORIES OF THE SAINTS FOR CHILDREN: The Black Letter Saints. By Mrs. MOLESWORTH, Author of 'The Palace in the Garden,' etc. etc. With Illustrations. *Royal 16mo.* 5s.

Mozley.—Works by J. B. MOZLEY, D.D., late Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford.

ESSAYS, HISTORICAL AND THEOLOGICAL. *Two Vols. 8vo. 24s.*

EIGHT LECTURES ON MIRACLES. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1865. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

RULING IDEAS IN EARLY AGES AND THEIR RELATION TO OLD TESTAMENT FAITH. Lectures delivered to Graduates of the University of Oxford. *8vo. 10s. 6d.*

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, and on Various Occasions. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

SERMONS, PAROCHIAL AND OCCASIONAL. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

Mozley.—Works by the Rev. T. MOZLEY, M.A., Author of 'Reminiscences of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement.'

THE CREED OR A PHILOSOPHY. *Crown 8vo.*

THE WORD. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

THE SON. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

LETTERS FROM ROME ON THE OCCASION OF THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL 1869-1870. *Two Vols. Cr. 8vo. 18s.*

Newbolt.—Works by the Rev. W. C. E. NEWBOLT, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT. Being Ten Addresses bearing on the Spiritual Life. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

THE MAN OF GOD. Being Six Addresses delivered during Lent at the Primary Ordination of the Right Rev. the Lord Alwyne Compton, D.D., Bishop of Ely. *Small 8vo. 1s. 6d.*

THE VOICE OF THE PRAYER BOOK. Being Spiritual Addresses bearing on the Book of Common Prayer. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

Newnham.—THE ALL-FATHER: Sermons preached in a Village Church. By the Rev. H. P. NEWNHAM. With Preface by EDNA LYALL. *Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.*

Newnham.—ALRESFORD ESSAYS FOR THE TIMES. By Rev. W. O. NEWNHAM, M.A., late Rector of Alresford. CONTENTS:—Bible Story of Creation—Bible Story of Eden—Bible Story of the Deluge—After Death—Miracles: A Conversation—Eternal Punishment—The Resurrection of the Body. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

Newman.—Works by JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, B.D., sometime Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford.

PAROCHIAL AND PLAIN SERMONS. *Eight Vols. Cabinet Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. each. Popular Edition. 3s. 6d. each.*

SELECTION, ADAPTED TO THE SEASONS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR, from the 'Parochial and Plain Sermons.' *Cabinet Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. Popular Edition. 3s. 6d.*

FIFTEEN SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. *Cabinet Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. Popular Edition. 3s. 6d.*

SERMONS BEARING UPON SUBJECTS OF THE DAY. *Cabinet Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. Popular Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

LECTURES ON THE DOCTRINE OF JUSTIFICATION. *Cabinet Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. Popular Edition. 3s. 6d.*

THE LETTERS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN DURING HIS LIFE IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH. With a Brief Autobiographical Memoir. Arranged and Edited by ANNE MOZLEY. *Two Vols. 8vo. 30s. net.*

. For other Works by Cardinal Newman, see Messrs. Longmans & Co.'s Catalogue of Works in General Literature.

Osborne.—Works by EDWARD OSBORNE, Mission Priest of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cowley, Oxford.

THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR. Instructions to Children on the Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Illustrated. 16mo. 2s. 6d.*

THE SAVIOUR-KING. Instructions to Children on Old Testament Types and Illustrations of the Life of Christ. *Illustrated. 16mo. 2s. 6d.*

THE CHILDREN'S FAITH. Instructions to Children on the Apostles' Creed. *Illustrated. 16mo. 2s. 6d.*

Oxenden.—Works by the Right Rev. ASHTON OXENDEN, formerly Bishop of Montreal.

PLAIN SERMONS. *Crown 8vo.*

THE HISTORY OF MY LIFE: An Autobiography. *Crown 8vo. 5s.*

PEACE AND ITS HINDRANCES. *Crown 8vo. 1s.; sewed, 2s., cloth.*

THE PATHWAY OF SAFETY; or, Counsel to the Awakened. *Fcap. 8vo, large type. 2s. 6d. Cheap Edition. Small type, limp. 1s.*

THE EARNEST COMMUNICANT. *New Red Rubric Edition. 32mo, cloth. 2s. Common Edition. 32mo, 1s.*

OUR CHURCH AND HER SERVICES. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

[continued.]

Oxenden.—Works by the Right Rev. ASHTON OXENDEN, formerly Bishop of Montreal—*continued.*

FAMILY PRAYERS FOR FOUR WEEKS. First Series. *Fcap.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. Second Series. *Fcap.* 8vo. 2s. 6d.

LARGE TYPE EDITION. Two Series in one Volume. *Crown* 8vo. 6s. COTTAGE SERMONS; or, Plain Words to the Poor. *Fcap.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. THOUGHTS FOR HOLY WEEK. *16mo, cloth.* 1s. 6d.

DECISION. *18mo.* 1s. 6d.

THE HOME BEYOND; or, A Happy Old Age. *Fcap.* 8vo. 1s. 6d.

THE LABOURING MAN'S BOOK. *18mo, large type, cloth.* 1s. 6d.

Paget.—Works by FRANCIS PAGET, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford.

THE SPIRIT OF DISCIPLINE: Sermons. *Crown* 8vo. 6s. 6d.

FACULTIES AND DIFFICULTIES FOR BELIEF AND DISBELIEF. *Crown* 8vo. 6s. 6d.

THE HALLOWING OF WORK. Addresses given at Eton, January 16-18, 1888. *Small* 8vo. 2s.

PRACTICAL REFLECTIONS. By a CLERGYMAN. With Prefaces by H. P. LIDDON, D.D., D.C.L., and the Bishop of Lincoln. *Crown* 8vo.

Vol. I.—THE HOLY GOSPELS. 4s. 6d.

THE PSALMS. 5s.

Vol. II.—ACTS TO REVELATION. 6s.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS. 4s. 6d.

PRIEST (THE) TO THE ALTAR; or, Aids to the Devout Celebration of Holy Communion, chiefly after the Ancient English Use of Sarum. *Royal* 8vo. 12s.

Pusey.—Works by the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D.

PRIVATE PRAYERS. With Preface by H. P. LIDDON, D.D. *32mo.* 1s.

PRAYERS FOR A YOUNG SCHOOLBOY. With a Preface by H. P. LIDDON, D.D. *24mo.* 1s.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, D.D. *Crown* 8vo. 3s. 6d.

MAXIMS AND GLEANINGS FROM THE WRITINGS OF EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, D.D. Selected and Arranged for Daily Use. By C. M. S. *Crown* 16mo. 1s.

Reynolds.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF IMMORTALITY.

By the Rev. J. W. REYNOLDS, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's. *Crown* 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Sanday.—THE ORACLES OF GOD: Nine Lectures on the Nature and Extent of Biblical Inspiration and the Special Significance of the Old Testament Scriptures at the Present Time. By W. SANDAY, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis and Fellow of Exeter College. *Crown 8vo. 4s.*

Seebohm.—THE OXFORD REFORMERS—JOHN COLET, ERASMUS, AND THOMAS MORE: A History of their Fellow-Work. By FREDERIC SEEBOHM. *8vo. 14s.*

Stanton.—THE PLACE OF AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By VINCENT HENRY STANTON, D.D., Fellow of Trinity Coll., Ely Prof. of Divinity, Cambridge. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Stephen.—ESSAYS IN ECCLESIASTICAL BIOGRAPHY. By the Right Hon. Sir J. STEPHEN. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

Swayne.—THE BLESSED DEAD IN PARADISE. Four All Saints' Day Sermons, preached in Salisbury Cathedral. By R. G. SWAYNE, M.A. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Tweddel.—THE SOUL IN CONFLICT. A Practical Examination of some Difficulties and Duties of the Spiritual Life. By MARSHALL TWEDDELL, M.A., Vicar of St. Saviour, Paddington. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

Twells.—COLLOQUIES ON PREACHING. By HENRY TWELLS, M.A., Honorary Canon of Peterborough. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

Welldon.—THE FUTURE AND THE PAST. Sermons preached to Harrow Boys. By the Rev. J. E. C. WELLDON, M.A., Head Master of Harrow School. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

Williams.—Works by the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D.

A DEVOTIONAL COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE. *Eight Vols. Crown 8vo. 5s. each. Sold separately.*

THOUGHTS ON THE STUDY OF THE HOLY GOSPELS. OUR LORD'S MINISTRY (Third Year).

A HARMONY OF THE FOUR GOSPELS. THE HOLY WEEK.

OUR LORD'S NATIVITY. OUR LORD'S PASSION.

OUR LORD'S MINISTRY (Second Year). OUR LORD'S RESURRECTION.

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. A Series of Sermons. *Crown 8vo. 5s.*

THE CHARACTERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. *Crown 8vo. 5s.*

THE APOCALYPSE. With Notes and Reflections. *Crown 8vo. 5s.*

SERMONS ON THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS FOR THE SUN DAYS AND HOLY DAYS. *Two Vols. Crown 8vo. 5s. each.*

[continued.]

Williams.—Works by the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D.—*continued.*PLAIN SERMONS ON CATECHISM. *Two Vols. Cr. 8vo. 5s. each.*SELECTIONS FROM ISAAC WILLIAMS' WRITINGS. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D., Author of several of the 'Tracts for the Times.' Edited by the Venerable Sir GEORGE PREVOST, as throwing further light on the history of the Oxford Movement. *Crown 8vo. 5s.***Woodford.**—Works by J. R. WOODFORD, D.D., Bishop of Ely.THE GREAT COMMISSION. Addresses on the Ordinal. Edited, with an Introduction, by H. M. LUCKOCK, D.D. *Crown 8vo. 5s.*SERMONS ON OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT SUBJECTS. Edited by H. M. LUCKOCK, D.D. *Crown 8vo. 5s.***Woodruff.**—THE CHILDREN'S YEAR. Verses for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. By C. H. WOODRUFF, B.C.L. With an Introduction by the Lord Bishop of Southwell. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.***Wordsworth.***For List of Works by the late Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln, see Messrs. Longmans & Co.'s Catalogue of Theological Works, 32 pp. Sent post free on application.***Wordsworth.**—Works by ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CREED. *Crown 8vo. 5s.*ST. CHRISTOPHER AND OTHER POEMS. *Crown 8vo. 6s.***Wordsworth.**—Works by CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of St. Andrews, and Fellow of Winchester College.ANNALS OF MY EARLY LIFE, 1806-1846. *8vo. 15s.*PRIMARY WITNESS TO THE TRUTH OF THE GOSPEL, to which is added a Charge on Modern Teaching on the Canon of the Old Testament. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.***Younghusband.**—Works by FRANCES YOUNGHUSBAND.THE STORY OF OUR LORD, told in Simple Language for Children. With 25 Illustrations from Pictures by the Old Masters. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*THE STORY OF GENESIS, told in Simple Language for Children. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*THE STORY OF THE EXODUS, told in Simple Language for Children. With Map and 29 Illustrations. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty,
at the Edinburgh University Press.

20,000/10/92.